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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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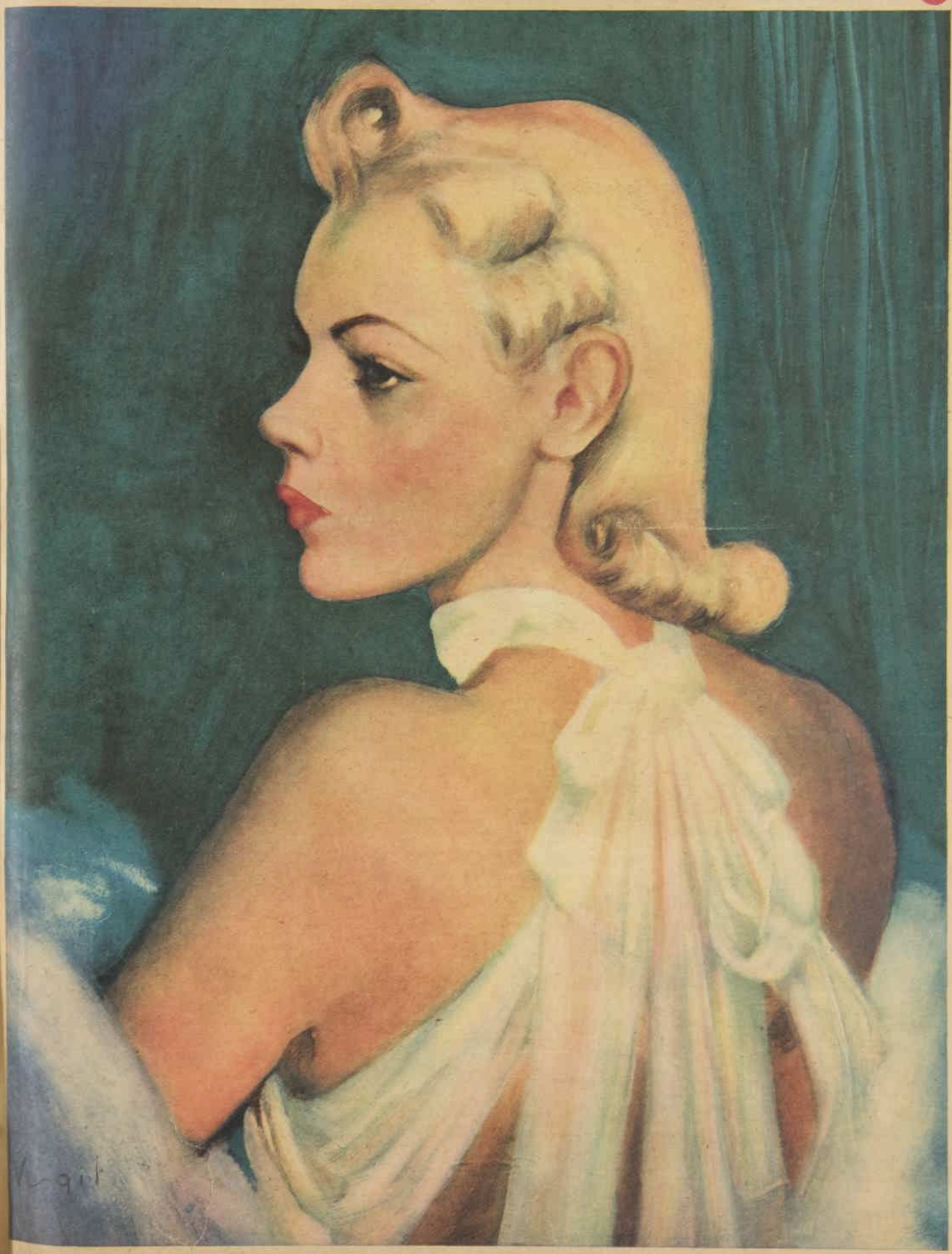

TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN GIRLS — Painted by VIRGIL. *No. 7 – The Blonde*

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They're almost five

Casting the horoscope of the "QUINS"

By DR. K. FOELSH
Famous American Professor and Astrologer

Now that the "Quins" are nearly five (they will celebrate their birthday on May 28) I am going to cast their horoscope.

THE Dionne quintuplets were born under Gemini—the twin sign. Even astrology wasn't prepared for the marvel of quintuple births—but Gemini was a nice gesture.

Multiple births always present an acid test of astrology and the Dionne "Quins" provide such a test by which astrology may well stand or fall.

I accept that offer.

These five children were born within so narrow a margin of time as to enter life under the same constellation of stars.

The single horoscope which I have worked out for them will, therefore, when Time bears it out, put the correctness of astrological forecasts beyond doubt!

Shortly before the arrival of the Dionne quintuplets, Venus stood bright in the eastern sky as morning star opposite the very spot where Jupiter had set on the western horizon.

These two planets generally herald good fortune, according to astrologers, but their particular constellation before the birth of the "Quins" meant a critical moment as far as their actual delivery was concerned.

Danger for the life of the newborn was indicated, not only during their actual birth but for the entire first year of their lives.

All the more praise is therefore due to the physician and his assistants for the fact that all five babies have survived.

What are the mental and temperamental tendencies of these children?

This is a question of greatest importance for the education of the babies.

Their temperament shows a tendency to melancholy, often amounting to choleric outbursts.

And when, in the train of Venus, dangerous Uranus rose over the horizon, additional danger for the life of the newborn was indicated, not only during their actual birth but for the entire first year of their lives.

The inherent placid nature of the children may frequently, and for infinitesimal reasons, be upset.

Such tantrums, if not subdued in early years, may easily assume most unpleasant forms later and may lead to serious conflicts with those surrounding them.

Their horoscope, in fact, indicates that they may suffer considerable financial losses by insisting too stubbornly on their own opinions and desires.

The children have a love of nature and its beauty.

This may not show as strongly now as later.

The tendency to appreciate nature should be encouraged by wanderings and by living in rural surroundings.

It is in nature that these babies find that serenity which is absolutely essential for their later development.

In fact, the "Quins" need this more than other children and they should be kept away from the turmoil of crowds.

There is evidence of a decided artistic leaning present which should be encouraged, especially in reference to music and drama.

Music refers primarily to the first-born and the drama as far as the later born are concerned.

A feeling for the applied arts is very well developed in all five of them.

Inasmuch as the children will not be forced to choose a vocation for mere financial reasons, it will be advisable to direct their training early towards developing their artistic potentialities.

The children may be expected to develop rather early physically and spiritually; they will be eager to learn and they will prove to be endowed with very good memories. Their health is good on the whole, but there are some dangers concerning the health of the later-born children.

There is a tendency for febrile conditions, especially of the throat and the organs of digestion, and in later years operations may prove necessary.

The "Quins" belong to those people who will be touched by life early.

They will undergo their greatest experiences and have the most impressive moments of their respective fates before reaching middle age.

The conflict with their parental house, as already indicated in their horoscope and which, as is only too well known, actually developed, will be temporarily ameliorated in later years.

Despite all this, the "Quins" in later years will liberally support their parents and relatives, financially speaking.

Absence of a parental roof, however, and especially lack of parental devotion, will make itself felt eventually, and, remarkably enough, will find its expression in a definite tendency to attach themselves to older persons, even when quite mature.

Love and friendship will bring many disappointments into their lives.

They will not understand how to combine these two qualities. While they may be imbued with lofty ideas about love and marriage, their inborn impetuosity will frequently entice them into hasty and ill-considered actions, utterly in contrast to the ideals they cherish.

In conflicts of heart and head, the heart may be expected to win.

The "Quins" will show compassion and understanding for their less fortunate fellow-men and will support philanthropic schemes generously. They will administer their fortunes on a grand scale, at the same time trying to amass greater wealth by investing in industrial enterprises and real estate.

They will acquire large fortunes quickly and easily, but they will lose them just as speedily; there are indications that, as a result of their innate impulsiveness, violent and sudden developments will strongly influence their destinies.

Extensive travels and changes of abode are indicated, especially in connection with the films.

Neither in love nor in marriage will the "Quins" be especially favored by fate. They do not possess the instinct that makes a happy choice of a true love partner.

Strong jealousies will not only destroy hastily contracted associations, but will also threaten to break up their relationship with each other.

THE "QUINS" smile into the future as the signs of the zodiac foretell for them wealth and fame.

The "Quins'" sign is GEMINI — *the twins*

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

57.40.27

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Papal State Secretary

CARDINAL LUIGI MAGLIONE has been appointed by the Pope as Secretary of State.

Born at Naples on March 2, 1877, Cardinal Maglione is a year younger than the Pope. He was special envoy to Berne (Switzerland) during the war. He was Papal Nuncio to Switzerland in 1920, and in France from 1921 till his recent appointment.

Leads Defence Service

LADY VIOLET ASTOR

Controller of the County of London Auxiliary Territorial Service, one of the most important women's defence organisations.

The wife of Major John Astor, M.P., she takes a keen interest in Empire affairs, and in welfare work among women and children. She is an excellent horsewoman and an expert angler.

Artist Tiger Hunter

MR. CARL SHREVE, the famous artist, who has designed many of the charming cover pictures for The Australian Women's Weekly, is at present tiger hunting in India.

Mr. Shreve is a great traveller and has visited far-flung corners of the earth, where he interested the lives of the people in his sketch and note books.

After leaving India, where he has been for some time, he will fly by flying boat to Singapore.

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Queen farewells her "stay-at-home" Princesses

THE KING riding in Windsor Great Park with the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

Will be "kings of the castle" during parents' tour

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

"The Queen spent the day with her children."

This simple announcement was made in the last feverish days before the King and Queen boarded the Empress of Australia for Canada.

As a matter of fact the Queen was being photographed with her children in the lovely gardens at Sandringham and telling them they would be "kings of the castle" while she was in America.

THE Princesses, who are not going to Canada with their parents, obtained consent to "see the boat off."

They were at Southampton when the Empress of Australia sailed for Quebec, but the more intimate goodbyes had been said days before.

Except for the Australian tour when Princess Elizabeth was a baby, the Queen has not been separated before from her family for any length of time.

Despite long sessions with her dressmakers, public appearances, and intimate Royal parties of farewell, the Queen contrived to spend a lot of time with her children before sailing.

They discussed their studies and their music with the Queen.

Margaret Rose, who will be nine in August, is now able to play duets on the piano with her sister Elizabeth.

"Dookie," their Welsh Corgi terrier, is always a soulful listener at these music sessions at Buckingham Palace.

Their mother is greatly interested in their musical education, and is invited to listen to a full dress rendition of all new pieces when the Princesses consider they are perfect enough for "public performance."

There is a homeliness and a charming, unobtrusive concern for their welfare about the Royal couple's personal care of the children.

Morning canter

THE King took the opportunity while at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, for a few final words with the bridegroom, Smith, about taking the Princesses riding while he is away.

He invariably manages to take them himself for a morning canter in the Windsor Great Park every week-end, often covering eleven or, twelve miles.

The splendid seat they have on a horse is due in no small way to the King's tuition of his children.

Although it was first planned that the Princesses should spend most of their time at the Royal Lodge, it has now been decided, in order not to interrupt their studies, that they will follow much the same routine as if Their Majesties were in England.

The children will be much more in the company of Queen Mary, who is particularly adept at handling children, and who is a great favorite with both Princesses.

The King and Queen posed for intimate family shots at Buckingham Palace, Sandringham and Windsor.

The King was photographed riding with the children and the Queen had some lovely family studies taken with the two little Princesses in the gardens at Sandringham.

Before sailing, the Queen had many conferences with Queen Mary, the Duchess of Gloucester and Duchess of Kent regarding the social engagements and welfare of the Princesses.

The Queen spent a lot of time with governesses and other members of the Royal household staff on matters concerning the children.

All this was sandwiched in between long sessions with a staff of dressmakers at Norman Hartnell's famous West End salon.

One fitting lasted almost five hours and after it was over the Queen, tired but satisfied, thanked everyone personally for the care they had taken.

—An indication of how much the Queen is thought of by the people who prepared her wardrobe for the tour is shown by the fact that, although 400 people were more or less in the know, the secret of the dresses did not leak out.

Seamstresses, embroiderers, cutters, and designers who shared in the preparation of the Queen's clothes were literally besieged by fashion spies from both sides of the Atlantic.

The fact that the secrets were preserved is a tribute to the devotion paid to the Queen's smallest wish.

Although Their Majesties will be absent, the season in London will go on.

The Duchess of Gloucester, who is now enjoying good health, will be prominent at most big social functions, while society is making the most of the opportunity of seeing as much as possible of the Duchess of Kent during her last season before leaving for Australia.

Society plans to make the end of the season a particularly brilliant welcome back to Their Majesties.

The itinerary

THE King and Queen will arrive in Quebec on May 15, Montreal on the 16th, Ottawa on the 17th, and Toronto on the 22nd.

On Empire Day, May 24, the King and Queen will be in Winnipeg, and from there the King will broadcast.

Striking across Canada, they will be in Vancouver on May 29, and they will then come east again for their U.S. visit.

The Royal train will cross the American border at Niagara Falls late in the evening of June 7.

They will arrive in the capital about 11 a.m. next day, and at the White House will receive the heads of missions of the diplomatic corps.

When they arrive in Washington they will be met at the station by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, who will drive with them in a procession to the White House.

On Friday morning, June 9, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt will take their visitors to Mount Vernon, George Washington's home.

The wooden house is on the Potomac River, fifteen miles below Washington, and the party will go by water in the President's yacht Potomac, lunching on board.

Their Majesties will attend the World Fair at New York.

After that their Canadian tour will be resumed. They will leave St. Johns, Newfoundland, for England, on June 17, reaching Portsmouth on the 22nd.

What Americans are told about the King and Queen—see page 32.

Intriguing new mystery serial

AGATHA CHRISTIE is recognised to be one of the most brilliant writers of detective fiction in the world to-day.

An absorbing new serial, "Cards on the Table," by this popular author will begin in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

Be sure to read this thrilling story. It is something DIFFERENT in mystery stories.

A BEAUTIFUL Marcus Adams study of the little Princesses playing a piano duet, with the Queen as an interested listener. "Dookie," the Corgi pet of the Princesses, always attends these recitals.

THE rhythm and brightness of the Banjo Mandolin is the Golden Key to the door between you and the admiration of others. You can be the most sought after — the most popular person in your set — in demand wherever you go. A decision today in a few weeks' time means — Personal Magnetism — Popularity at parties and picnics — and more invitations.

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Our girls glamorous but need 'polish'

LEFT: Outdoor life may be ruinous to good complexions. (Above): Soignee English beauty. Three sisters—Lady Nunburnholme, who has three children; Lady Kathleen Stanley, the eldest of whose four sons is seventeen; and the Marchioneses of Northampton.

YOUTH and vitality, natural manner and wealth of personality enable Australian girls to "put it all over" English and American girls, says Miss Hewland.

Beauty Expert's Comment After Australian Tour

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, *Our Special Representative in London.*

Australian girls are "extremely glamorous," but they lack the polish and poise of their English sisters, according to Nancy Hewland, London beauty expert, who has just returned after a tour of the Commonwealth.

She thinks that Australian men should give far more encouragement to women to retain a smart appearance.

NANCY HEWLAND, well-known London beauty expert.

MISS HEWLAND, who travels the world dispensing glamor, is a keen observer and critic of women in all walks of life.

"The young Australian girl," she said, as she packed her trunks for a tour of South Africa, "is the most attractive in the world.

"With her youth and vitality, her natural manner and wealth of personality she 'puts it all over' the American and English girls, but once she's 'got her man' the tendency is to let herself go, with the result that more mature years find her lagging far behind her European and American sisters.

"I was appalled in Australia to hear a radio beauty expert tell her listeners, 'Don't let yourself be old at thirty.'

"English women don't think they are old at 40, and it gave me a shock that these glamorous Australian creatures, with their smart clothes and lovely figures, their zest for life and happy outlook, were content to take a back seat in their thirties."

Men's Influence

MISS HEWLAND blames two things for the tendency of the older Australian woman to neglect her appearance—the male influence, and the climate.

Australian men's comment on clothes is, she says, "simply devastating."

"What can be more discouraging than to find men apathetic to a glamorous appearance and frankly terrified of a smart new hat?" she asked.

"It seemed to me that yours is very much a young people's country. Daughters believe that mother should 'take a back seat' when the daughter grows up.

"In fact, daughters are probably as devastating critics as husbands.

"How often one hears them say, 'Mother, you can't wear that!' when poor mother dares to try on an ultra-smart hat.

"If mother has preserved her looks and figure so well that she is mistaken for her daughter's sister it should be a matter for family pride rather than disapproval.

Effects of sunshine

"WHEN the lovely sunshine is grand for an outdoor life, it is ruinous to a good complexion.

"If the Australian girl wants to keep youthful attraction she must be twice as careful of her skin as women in colder climates. Yet I found that it was quite the reverse.

"Very few women of mature years can afford to wear the sunhat which was so becoming in their twenties. Forty overtakes all of us, but it is in every woman's power to stay attractive if she takes herself well in hand.

"Poise and careful grooming will result in a soignee appearance which is infinitely more charming and lasting than the most dazzling brand of glamor.

"With a well-preserved appearance women gain confidence and can wear again the chic and exciting clothes for which the Australian woman has a definite flair.

"Look after your face and figure," Miss Hewland says. "Don't be afraid to seek new aids to beauty and don't let harsh male criticism keep you from wearing smart clothes, and there will then be no reason why Australia's older women shouldn't take their place among the most attractive in the world."

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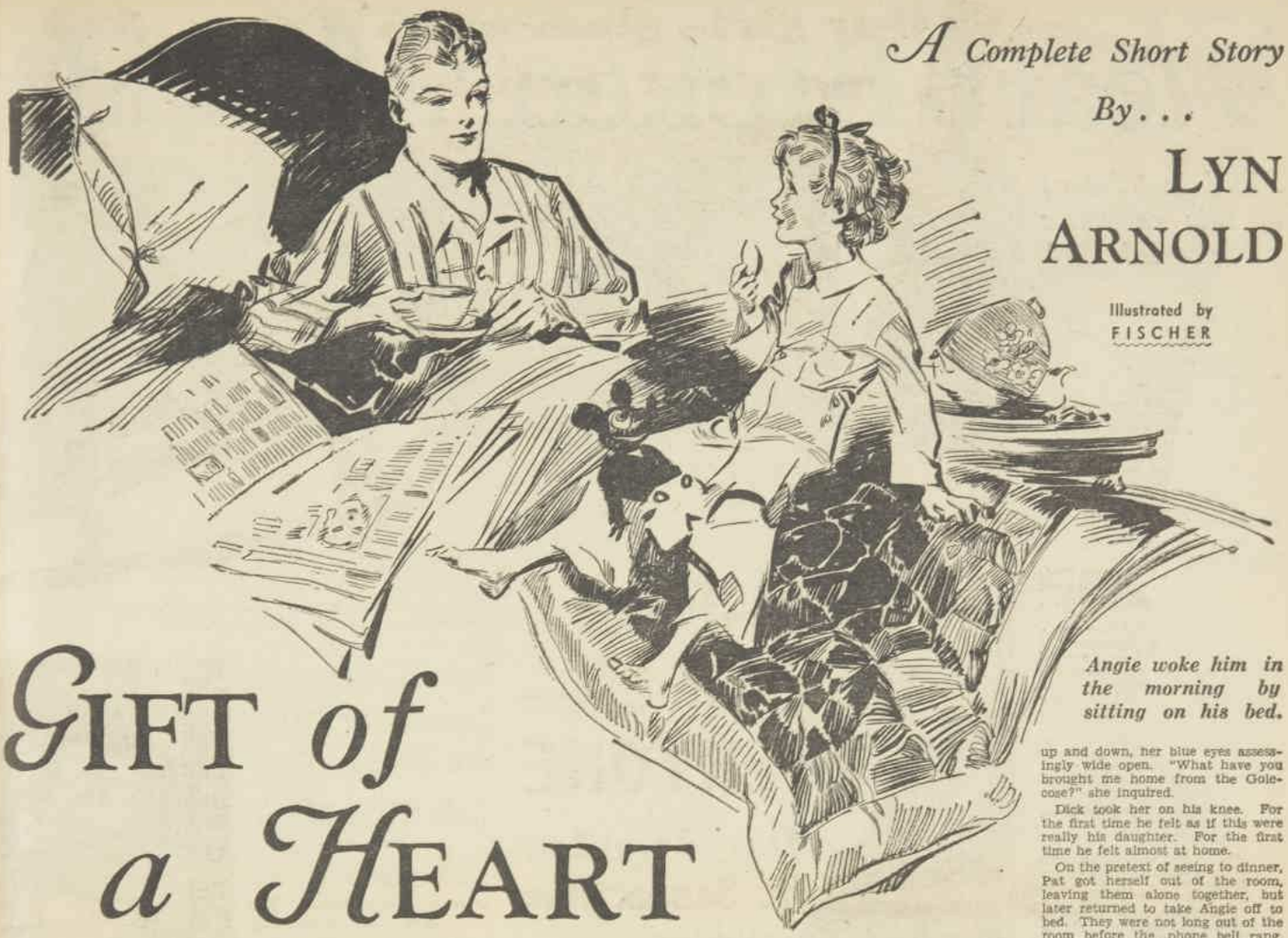

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

LYN ARNOLD

Illustrated by FISCHER

Angie woke him in the morning by sitting on his bed.

GIFT of a HEART

There was a barrier between them that seemed to grow more serious as the days went by.

STRAIGHT out of her letter it jumped, tentative, incoherent, accusing and completely characteristic of Pat: that entirely unnecessary excuse.

Dick Clancy got up abruptly from his solitary meal, and took Pat's other letters from his safe, and—yes, there was no denying now what had, at the time, escaped his notice. Since March, Pat's letters had changed.

For the three years of his Gold Coast exile, Pat's letters had brought him, clearly as though he saw them on a large-sized television screen, flashes of his home so vivid that it was difficult to believe himself hundreds of miles away.

He saw the firelight dancing on Pat's brass, her flowers in their white vases, her sewing on a little rosewood table, her books on the leather pouffe. Presently he saw his small daughter Angie, who by now was four, absorbedly building bricks on the rug, cheerfully offending rich relations, asking the vicar awkward questions about the digestion of Jonah's whale.

He saw Pat, with one leg tucked up under her, and her tongue just showing, knitting the pullover which she subsequently sent him, giving bridge parties that broke up into laughing recriminations because Pat could never remember how many trumps were out, interviewing intimidating cooks, placating rival grannies. Lately, he had seen Pat telling some young man or other that she could not dance with him to-night; adding that she had hurt her foot, in transparent, Pat-like excuse.

He hated to think of Pat sitting at home night after night in her lonely grass-widowhood, when at her age she ought to be out dancing and enjoying herself. He tried to say, in his next letter: "Darling, I love you; don't miss all the things that are fun, just because you think I'll mind." But he had not Pat's gifts of expression. What he actually wrote was, "As far as I'm concerned, why don't you go?"

Then the March letter came, full of a good time she was having with somebody improbably called Robert Scott-Ellis. There was no mention at all of bridge, cooks, grannies or even Angie. The April letter supplied these wifely details and did not refer to Ellis. But Dick would have noticed nothing had not Pat added, to her next letter, that fatal P.S.

"Oh, darling, I had such a lovely Sunday in Oxford last week," she wrote, adding a very black exclamation mark. "Robert Scott-Ellis asked if I wouldn't cheer him up by letting him drive me there. Poor man, he's so very lonely now he's divorced his wife. I felt it was the least I could do."

Dick knew then; and his plans of campaign included horsewhips and pistols for two and suicide with a not-too-painful poison on the boat home, and subsequent burial at sea. But that was on an occasion when he understandably got very tight, and in the end he knew he would do nothing drastic, except as a last resort. He wrote and told Pat, unemotionally, that he would be home in time for Angie's birthday, and asked her not to meet him at the boat. If there were to be a scene, better have it in the privacy of his own home.

He managed to keep pretty calm on the voyage home; but as his taxi raced across an unbelievably changed London he had to hold himself firmly in check. In ten minutes he would be seeing Pat again, after three years, and he loved her. Keep calm? It would be difficult. Not to say impossible.

But when the taxi drew up before his own blue-painted front door and he noticed a new knocker and little box trees, now, in black tubs at the top of the steps, a cold unfamiliarity swept over him. It was all so unreal that he did not think, for the moment, he would make any false moves.

A strange maid let him into a little hall somehow different from those cherished television flashes; and the door to the lounge was being opened; he was walking in.

Pat herself was so firmly ensconced behind the tea table that it would in any case have been difficult to bring off a passionate embrace. But she was evidently disconcerted to find, when she proffered her cheek, that Dick had also proffered his.

But when he looked at her it was with a terrible melting of the heart. She looked so pretty! Younger than ever in the little china-blue cotton frock with the white frill at her throat, the faint quick flush coming to her cheeks, a light in her eyes leaping and then snuffing out through her long dark lashes. He hadn't quite remembered the rosy delicacy of Pat's finger-nails, the blue veins in her wrist, the perfection of her tiny, pink-tipped ears.

When she walked forward to pick up Angie, who was playing on the floor, Dick noticed that Pat's silly, adorable legs were just the same. If anything, slimmer than ever. It had always made Dick laugh, how Pat's legs looked as if they should always wear socks and sandals.

"Say hullo to Daddy," said Pat with downcast eyes.

Angie looked at Dick unsmilingly, without interest. "Hullo," she said obediently.

"Hullo," said Dick.

"Have you come to tea?" Angie asked disconcertingly.

"Well . . . ," said Dick.

Pat met his eyes anxiously. "I tried to tell her . . ." she began in a whisper. Dick shook his head as if to say, "It doesn't matter! Don't worry!"

"Well, yes," he admitted to Angie.

"Instead of Uncle Robert?" she asked seriously.

Pat gave an almost inaudible gasp; Dick did not bat an eyelid. "Well," he began, "I don't know really. Were you expecting Uncle Robert?"

"Not to-day, Mummy said," murmured Angie. "Other days he comes mostly always."

Dick laughed. "Well, I'm afraid it's only me to-day," he said cheerfully.

"I'd rather have Uncle Robert," replied Angie.

Pat's cheek was laid on Angie's straight, flaxen hair, but the tiny sickle of her skin that was visible, Dick saw, was fiery red. "Run and ask Alice for some more hot water, sweet," she said hurriedly. Angie took the jug in her fat hand and went off.

Pat gave Dick his tea. Her blushes were hidden no longer. "Oh, Dick, I'm so . . ."

"Why, Pat, don't be silly," Dick said blandly. "Of course I can mean nothing to her after all these years. Of course she prefers somebody else, this Uncle Robert Whateveritis."

"She made it sound as if he had tea here every day," faltered Pat, "and he doesn't. It's only because he's so lonely, now he's divorced his wife."

Dick lit his pipe. "Robert," he said carefully. "That's the Scott-Ellis chap, isn't it?"

"Oh, why yes, Dick; did I tell you about him?" Pat asked eagerly.

Separations are dangerous

"Well . . . just once or twice . . ." Dick replied. "We must ask him round for a drink one of these days. Or will he be round anyway?"

Pat took the hot-water jug from a panting Angie, patently grateful for the diversion. "Oh, thank you, darling," she said.

Angie looked at Dick. "'Suncle Robert coming?" she inquired loudly. "When's he coming?"

"I don't know whether . . ." Pat began.

"I'll ask him," said Angie. "Can I, Mummy? Can I phone him up and ask him now? Can I?"

Pat was too flabbergasted to say more than a weak: "But darling," and Angie climbed with dangerous rapidity from a stool to the chair by the telephone table, and slowly sticking out her tongue began to dial.

"'Smiss Anjia Ker-lancy speaking," Angie said clearly into the mouthpiece. "You tell him to ring me up as soon as he gets in."

Then she came and looked Dick up and down, her blue eyes assessingly wide open. "What have you brought me home from the Golecose?" she inquired.

Dick took her on his knee. For the first time he felt as if this were really his daughter. For the first time he felt almost at home.

On the pretext of seeing to dinner, Pat got herself out of the room, leaving them alone together, but later returned to take Angie off to bed. They were not long out of the room before the phone bell rang. Dick whipped off the receiver before anyone outside the room could have heard it.

"Miss Angela Clancy?" came a muffled voice.

Dick manoeuvred an easy chair into position with an impatient foot and made himself comfortable. "I'm afraid she's just gone to bed," he murmured. "It's Dick Clancy speaking. You're Scott-Ellis?"

There was a moment's paralysed pause, then a hearty, "Yes, I am, sir; how are you?"

Dick said: "Angie was phoning for her mother and me to ask if you'd come and have a drink with us tomorrow."

AFTER another perceptible pause, the voice warmed. "I certainly will! Pat seemed to have got it into her head that you wouldn't exactly . . . er, approve of me. I told her stern husbands went out with bustles. What? I'll be glad to meet you, sir. No room for pre-war sentiments these days, eh?"

"Absolutely not!" said Dick, surprised at the ease with which he assumed the jargon. "To-morrow at six-thirty, then. Good-bye."

Pat came in just as he was ringing off. She did not ask who it was, but looked so much as if she wanted to know that Dick told her. "Your friend, Ellis."

"Oh, Dick; you didn't . . ."

"He'll be round for a drink to-morrow about six-thirty," said Dick nonchalantly. "Don't let me forget to tell Angie."

He did not quite know from the look Pat gave him whether she was afraid, or angry, or both; or if the look held something else he had not fathomed.

They spent the evening, after dinner, sitting by the fire. It would have been an admirable evening, between strangers.

At ten-thirty, Pat was tired.

"I'll come up with you," said Dick. "I shan't be sorry to turn in either."

With tender amusement he saw that Pat's hand was trembling as it travelled up the baluster ahead of his own. At the top of the stairs she moved forward and opened the door of the spare room. "I had your things put in here," she murmured, moving from bed to towel-rail to dressing-table, in a nervous hostess-flutter of seeing that everything was there.

Please turn to Page 44

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Heart-Broken Melody

Final instalment of this romantic serial

But in the morning he told her he had taken an enormous sum from Broome.

Illustrated by VIRGIL

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

BUT the next day she was troubled again, and for the first time realised that she had been troubled by his manner before, more than once, and that Paul had changed in some very serious way, had grown somehow harder, swifter in type. There was almost a fierceness about him now, when his mood of confidence and gaiety for a moment relapsed; he spent money recklessly, angrily, as if by defying its importance he could minimise its place in his life.

They looked at five apartments, chose a beautiful penthouse, with more than one terrace, forty floors above street-level, and views of river, park and city that made Honor catch her breath.

The rent was twelve thousand a year. She looked timidly at Paul as he agreed to the arrangement, stipulated that an extra bathroom should be built in among the four servants' rooms, and discussed in his own easy, nonchalant, charming manner the change that would turn a small extra bedroom into a study. Bookshelves; a door sealed; an indicated window cut. He signed a lease. "Well, madam, this is your New York foothold for three years!"

In the elevator, sweeping down, he was jubilant.

"Like it?"

"Like it!" she echoed reproachfully. "It's the most thrilling place I ever saw. It's a sultan's palace high over Bagdad! That tiled place with the fountain, those terraces—imagine them at night, with all the lights!"

"Going to like it as much as poking around a Connecticut place with Persons?"

"You idiot!" she said affectionately. But the fears, like a tide swept away with an ineffectual broom, crept back. "Paul—three years at such a robbers' rent!" she suggested.

"That isn't robbery, darling. There are fifty people in town to-day who'd pay that gladly for that place. Simmons happened to hear of it, and we got in before it was on the market. It's a great piece of luck—jump in the car, sweet, we're going to lunch—it's a great piece of luck to have got it. You don't know a person, Honor, who won't be mad with jealousy when we begin to give parties there."

"Four servants' rooms," she murmured.

"We'll only need three. Cook, man, housemaid."

"And your driver." She nodded towards him.

"WELL, that's outside. No; I'm perfectly wild about that place," Paul said. "And if—" he added, and repeated the phrase impressively, "—and if something I'm nursing along at the moment comes through, we can count on seventy or eighty thousand a year, apart from fees and fliers generally. That's getting into the millionaire class, and we don't have to stop there. I was darn—excuse me, Miss Brownell!—I was pretty close to it a year ago; it slipped away. They assessed us and assessed us on a Mexican mine I was in on, and I let my stock slip. The other fellers came in for a pot of money apiece—and I don't mean maybe!"

"Oh, Paul, what bad luck!"

She meditated upon this. It did not seem to promise the sort of life in which one balanced, economised, kept one's house in order. She saw, glancing at him, that he was thoughtful, too.

"Something worrying you, Paul?"

"Nothing much. I hope and believe that by this time next week our troubles will be over! Nothing to do but take possession of Six-Sixty and have fun." He smiled at her reassuringly. Paul's wonderful flash of white teeth in a copper face, and she thought that the touch of silver at his temples was infinitely becoming. "Who's coming to-night?" he asked with a sudden change of mood.

"Nobody, really. The Cazavants, and a girl who's staying with them, and the Jewells. And Sandy and Broome, I suppose — Howard Broome."

"Ahah! Is he coming?" Paul demanded, with a sudden access of interest. "I'd like to play backgammon once more with that bird. We played at the Morrisons' the night after the big fight a month ago, and he plucked me clean!"

It hurt her somehow, deep down within her being, but the hours rushed by; she was dressing; Paul had come out for dinner; she had no time to analyse the hurt. It was eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and Birge and the others had come in, and were leaving wraps in the hall. Paul and the Englishman Broome fell upon each other and the backgammon board with cries of delight; Birge and Margaret and Honor and Sandy started a quiet game of spinner; in no time at all the library was quiet except for occasional exclamations over the games.

Honor won, with Birge for a partner, and enjoyed winning. Their game was ended a little after twelve; the others went home, and Honor and Birge went upstairs, leaving Paul and Howard Broome still passionately absorbed in backgammon. There were heavy winnings or losings on one side or the other, Honor saw, for scrawled in the Englishman's fine hand were unmistakable figures on a score pad, sixteen hundred, twenty-one hundred, eleven hundred. Could it be dollars? It made her a little sick to think that it might be, and that Paul might be losing.

Upstairs in the big hallway Birge said good-night to her at her door.

"Nice time to-day," she said gratefully, raising eyes that were smiling although heavy with pain and tears.

"What's wrong?" he asked quickly. And then in a different tone: "You mustn't feel that way. That—why, that's nothing! He and Broome had a scrimmage a few weeks ago, it seems, and of course Paul wanted to get back at him! I mean, there's no significance to it," Birge floundered. "He never thought, that's all."

"Is it so perfectly obvious that it—it hurts me?" Honor demanded, her eyes brimming, her voice unsteady.

"Well, it was to me. I happened to be looking at you. But, good Lord, I told you he was a sport!" Birge said hearteningly.

"I know. But just the same, we're to be married day after to-morrow! One might have thought—— But after all I'm not a sentimental high school girl," Honor said, somewhat confusedly.

"It's settled for Wednesday, is it?"

"We decided at dinner. Adeline will be back from New Jersey, and will start for the west that night." She was regaining her self-control, and spoke with her usual smile. "I'll probably try to thank you—somewhere in there——" she began hesitatingly.

Birge colored.

"For what?" he asked.

"For the happiest days of my life," she said.

"Those are ahead," Birge said a little awkwardly. "Well. Good-night to you!"

She went to bed, but lay wakeful a long time. After more than an hour she crept out into the hall and looked down into the great space below. Tiny streaks of gold still showed beneath the drawing-room door; they were still playing, then?

Adeline went upstairs at half-past ten; Birge followed shortly afterwards. The guests had gone, and Honor and Paul were left to settle down to a fire and discuss such plans as were left unfinished on the night before the wedding eve. She did not keep him late; she was tired and a little distracted; she presently dismissed him. Adeline was still awake when she entered the room, and the two talked in a somewhat desultory fashion about the wedding.

"Blue?" Adeline asked suddenly, surprised.

"Blue?" Honor echoed, on the same note. But she could not add anything to the monosyllable; her lip trembled and her eyes stung. She busied herself at the dressing-table.

"Lots of girls are," Adeline submitted timidly from her pillows.

And Paul losing perhaps. It made her nervous that he should lose, and she still could not sleep. If only he wouldn't bet so recklessly. Hundreds and hundreds!

But in the morning he told her that he had taken an enormous sum from Broome, and showed her the Englishman's cheque, and she felt happier. If one's men must gamble, it was as well that luck were with them! Honor was confident and gay as she and Paul drove down to the city for luncheon, a last inspection of the marvellous penthouse, and some shopping. They ordered monogramed towels and sheets, looked at silver, idled along the Avenue, and reached home at about six. Adeline was there and Birge; there were two or three other guests for dinner; everything was very simple and harmonious to-night, and the game after dinner was a silly round game called "Screwy Louie," at which there was limited betting and a great deal of laughter and nonsense.

"Silly!" Honor said thickly. "I'm tired."

She did not speak again, but she presently went over, in her ivory satin pyjamas and blue and ivory coat, to kneel beside Adeline, and they said their prayers together as they had years before. Then Adeline kissed her and turned over, snapping off her light, and Honor got into her own bed and started to read.

An hour went by; another hour. It was one o'clock. Honor was suddenly afraid that she was losing her mind. She got up and swallowed a sedative tablet, walked to the window and looked out, went irresolutely to the hall door and opened it.

Birge's rooms were upstairs; she had seen them: a long bedroom lined with books, a study with a desk and reference volumes, a high balcony, very luxurious dressing-room with hunting boots and golf jackets neatly ranged in a big shallow closet. He had taken her up there to show her a long river view and the autographed photographs of distinguished writers and artists which decorated his workroom.

Noiselessly, in the stillness of night, she went up the stairs and tapped on his door and opened it, and was in his room. He was sitting up in bed, garbed in grey-and-blue striped pyjamas, reading under a flood of light.

The rest of the place, window seat, low ceiling, flooring of old oriental rug, stretched away into shadows.

"Birge," Honor said breathlessly, going straight to the bed and seating herself on it, her hand on his. "I had to see you. Paul's coming up from town at nine in the morning, and to-morrow's our last day. I had to see you first. Birge——"

She stopped, choked. Her beautiful eyes, ringed with the pallor of sleeplessness and anxiety, were near his own; her tawny hair was disordered and hung in loose curls and waves about her face.

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MAN of ACTION

By... Oscar Schisgall

Illustrated by WEP

MR. HORATIO TWINN,
Hotel de l'Oiseau Bleu,
Paris.

Dear Mr. Twinn,

Thank you so much for your lovely postcards from Plymouth and Cherbourg and Paris. It was sweet of you to remember me, and I do appreciate it. Whenever I look at the fascinating views on these cards I simply can't help sighing and envying you a little. To think, Mr. Twinn, that you are actually travelling abroad!

I suppose that by the time this reaches you, in about ten days, you will be preparing to journey on to Switzerland and Italy. Just writing the names of such glamorous countries makes me feel—oh, stuck-in-the-mud! But, then, I sometimes think, I shouldn't complain. I'm more fortunate than most women. Being a librarian, I have many splendid travel books right at my elbow, so to speak; and by turning their pages I can almost accompany you in your adventures.

I must tell you that Cleavertown misses you these summer days. At any rate, I do. You used to come to the library so often. Practically every day, wasn't it?

I take it, of course, you'll be back in time for the opening of the school term. It wouldn't really be an opening, you know, without the presence of the headmaster. So don't let Europe and its pretty midinettes (you see, I haven't quite forgotten my French) keep you away from us. We shall look for you in September. And do write again.

Cordially,
NORMA WILMOTT.

Miss Norma Wilmott,
Cleavertown Public Library,
Cleavertown, Ontario.

Dear Miss Wilmott,

Thank you heartily for your letter of the 23rd. I am writing this reply under a most terrific strain. Something quite dramatic and unbelievable has happened to me here in Paris. In a few hours I shall confront one of the major crises of my life—perhaps its greatest crisis. How far it may involve me in a labyrinth of international intrigue, I do not yet know. There are still three hours—unnerving hours—to wait for the climactic moment.

To-day, just before lunch, I stopped at a place called the Cafe des Pecheurs de la Seine on the Boulevard des Capucines for what the French term an aperitif. Merely a drink. I was seated alone at an outside table, idly watching the traffic and the crowds stream by, when a man at the next table leaned towards me. He was stout and bald, and he had a tiny black beard at the tip of his chin. He was nibbling a cigar to his lips. Smiling, he said in English, "May I trouble you for a light, monsieur?" It was, of course, a perfectly natural request, since my fingers were toying with matches. So I lit his cigar for him.

He puffed, took it from his mouth, and smiled at it. He was still leaning towards me, away from a young woman who shared his table. He might have thanked me. Instead, without changing his expression, he whispered: "To-night at eleven, comrade. Twenty-three rue de la Mer. Twenty-three. The apartment on the top floor."

That was all. Quite bland, he turned away, gave his attention to the young woman, and, you would have imagined, forgot me completely. Not once did he glance at me again. After a few moments he and the lady departed.

When he brought his hand out again, he was pointing a revolver at me.

Frankly, I was bewildered. Why this man should be offering the information to me, of all people, I could not understand. The only satisfactory explanation was that he had mistaken me for someone else.

I was still seated at my table, gaping after the couple and wondering whether to correct the fellow, when somebody touched my arm. I looked up into as gaunt a countenance as I have ever seen. He said sternly, "Your pardon. I must ask monsieur to accompany me."

I turned to him in surprise. "Accompany you?" I said. "Why?" Where?"

"To the Prefecture of Police."

TO say that I was appalled, Miss Wilmott, would be putting it feebly indeed. In truth I sat dumbfounded. Then I managed to demand "What for? Am I under arrest?"

"I will explain en route. Come—unless monsieur prefers a scene."

There was something indescribably ominous in the way he said it. Certainly I had no wish to be arrested in that alfresco cafe, with hundreds of people looking on; yet here was a detective—an agent of the famous Surete—ordering me to come to the Prefecture! To resist, I saw, would have been sheer idiocy. Besides, I asked myself, what had I to fear? I was guilty of nothing. Yet I felt rather shaky as I rose to accompany him. He signalled a taxi, and we rode off.

"Will it be necessary," he asked coldly, "to use handcuffs, or will monsieur have the goodness to come in the manner of a gentleman?"

In growing consternation I assured the man I had no intention of attacking him or of attempting to escape. "Just what," I insisted, "have I done?"

"Monsieur was observed to receive a message," he told me, scowling, "from one of the most dangerous men in Paris—a man we have been keeping under surveillance for many weeks. We shall want to question you, perhaps to hold you. We shall see. It will depend."

"Hold me?" I protested, overcome. "But that's impossible! I've done nothing."

"It will depend, I say," he repeated, "on who monsieur turns out to be."

"But I'm nobody!" I cried. "I mean I'm not a—a spy or anything like that. My name is Horatio Twinn. I'm a Canadian. I'm headmaster of a boys' school—the Cleavertown Academy in Cleavertown, Ontario. I am using my summer vacation to travel, and——"

"Your passport, s'il vous plait?" He spoke sharply and continued to frown as he extended his hand.

I fumbled in my pocket, produced the passport. For a few minutes, while the taxi carried us along the boulevards, he studied my credentials. They were unchallengeable, of course. There it was before him—Horatio Twinn, age forty-two, height five feet five inches, weight 137 lb., hair fair, eyes brown—you know, every bit of detail to identify me.

The detective appeared profoundly puzzled. He looked at me again in a new, searching way. When at last he returned the passport he asked, "Then why did Michel Troveski speak to you?"

"I don't know," I stammered. "He must have mistaken me for somebody else."

"What did he say?"

I repeated verbatim the cryptic message about seven that evening at 23 rue de la Mer.

"So?" whispered the detective. He seemed very much startled and pleased. He peered, narrow-eyed, at the chauffeur's neck. "Saprist! Maybe we have him now!"

By this time we were speeding across the vast Place de la Concorde. We were coming close to the Prefecture, and my nerves were pounding more wildly than ever.

Suddenly my companion reached a decision. He ordered the chauffeur to pull up to the kerb. Then he turned to face me, and his features were set in hard lines which could not wholly mask his excitement.

"Monsieur Twinn," he said, "I will not—parbleu, I cannot—conceal the truth from you! Michel Troveski is a spy. We know it. We have known it for months. But so far we have been unable to prove anything against him. He is a dangerous figure—one of the most dangerous in France, monsieur! He must be removed. And he will be removed—nom d'un nom, this very night!—if you will help the authorities to capture him with evidence."

"I?" The request stunned me. "But what can I do? How——"

"You can go through with this affair!"

I began, "Good heavens——"

"Tiens!" he interrupted tensely. "Consider! It is clear that Michel Troveski believes you are somebody else—somebody sent to establish contact with him. Perhaps—qui sait?—perhaps you inadvertently gave him a pre-arranged signal. When you were toying with those matches, for example. Such things are possible. Now, if you go to his apartment this evening, as he directed, he may release valuable information to you. There may be enough to incriminate him. We shall ask you only to report what he says and does. That is all, monsieur."

"But—but really——" I objected. "I've never——"

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With My Little Hatchet

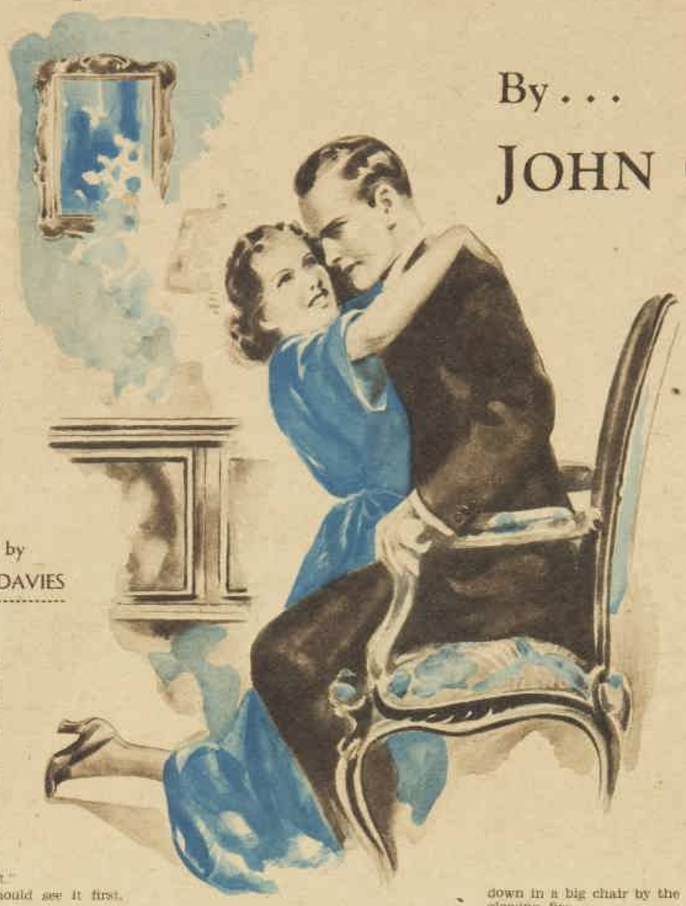
The tale of a very tempestuous young woman, who knew what she wanted...

By . . .

JOHN CROPPER

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



A pair of ecstatic arms went round his neck.

"BUT can't you see what this means to me?" John's voice was tense. "It's the chance of a lifetime. A whole university — almost a small city — to design and create! All the money in the world to work with, and a free hand!"

Carol took a last sip of coffee and picked up her gloves. Her eyes swept idly over the nearby tables for a last reminder of who was lunching at Voisin that day.

"I can see what it would mean for me!" she said sweetly. "Mosquitoes and alligators and snakes and filthy natives. No, darling. When you asked me to marry you, nothing was said about two years in a jungle! By the way, how soon will you be back in your own flat?"

He shrugged impatiently.

"What with the fire and the water, it's still a mess. Look here, Carol —"

"It was nice of Donald Cooper to lend you his place while he's away," she went on brightly. "I hope you're comfortable."

"Perfectly, thanks," he said dryly. "An excellent bed, a telephone in every room; and, of course, Bates is with me. I appreciate your concern about my physical welfare, Carol, but to get back to the subject——"

"John, dear, please! For days I've heard nothing except Chile, Signor Mendoza and his committee. There is a limit. And it isn't as though you needed the money. We'll have plenty——"

"We're not going to live on your money! You know that."

"Of course not, John," she agreed. "But surely, for a brilliant young architect, there is plenty of opportunity here in London without traipsing off to South America?"

"If you won't go there with me, what about postponing our wedding until I get back?"

She stared at him incredulously; then she burst out laughing.

"You are a passionate lover, aren't you? No; the bridesmaids' dresses are ordered and they'd be out of fashion in two years!" Then her voice hardened. "The wedding is arranged for next month, John."

"But, Carol, let's face facts. I'm not your sort. I'll never be able to give you what you want or make you happy. You're not really in love with me. Why do you want to go through with it?"

HER eyes had narrowed, but when she spoke her voice was cool.

"Isn't love a rather old-fashioned idea? We still talk about it a lot, but who really believes in it?"

"I do," John muttered.

"As for what you call my going through with it, you're much too modest, dear. Don't you realise I'm about to marry one of the most eligible men in Society? You're handsome, charming and have a promising career ahead of you; and, at twenty-five, you're already famous. You see, John, you do everything so perfectly," she explained mockingly, "from your sensational golf score to heroic rescues of dirty children who fall overboard, and the nicest thing about you is your gallant and chivalrous nature! You'd never leave a girl waiting at the church, would you, darling?"

John Ward's face was grim.

"I see," he said.

"Now I've got to rush! Lots of shopping and the hairdresser." She rose swiftly. "Don't forget, dinner at seven-thirty."

Broodingly, he watched her make her leisurely, graceful way towards the door. After one more cigarette, he followed her, and walked back to Donald Cooper's flat.

Bates, sober, grey, slightly stooping, met him in the hall.

"White tie tonight, Bates," John said absently.

"Yes, sir. A wire for Mr. Cooper arrived a minute ago."

"Well, forward it."

"Perhaps you should see it first, sir."

John took the message.

"Hope it will be convenient for Anne to spend Saturday night with you on way home from school. Arriving late afternoon. Love.—Emily."

"Hell!" he muttered. "Who is Emily and who is Anne?"

"I am afraid I don't know, sir."

"See if you can get Mr. Cooper on the phone at Exeter. Perhaps something can be done about this."

But nothing could be done. When Bates answered the library bell twenty minutes later he was greeted with a bleak stare.

"Bates, do you know anything about the needs and wants of small children?"

The man's "No, sir" was reproachful.

"Never mind, you'll pick it up quickly. Mr. Cooper was rather vague, having lunched too well, but I gathered that little Anne is his niece, eleven years old, and that there's no way of heading her off. Mr. Cooper would appreciate our wining, dining and entertaining her. He urges us to watch her carefully, as the whole Loring family are slightly mad. Find out what children eat. I don't remember. Isn't there a stuff called 'junket'?"

The telephone bell saved Bates from answering.

"It's Miss van Orden, sir." And he hastily withdrew.

"Yes, Carol?"

"John, darling"—her voice was purring—"I'm afraid I wasn't very nice to you at luncheon."

"Does that mean that you've changed your mind about the job in Chile?"

"John, don't be fantastic! I thought we'd settled that."

There was a silence.

"By the way," he said finally, "Donald Cooper's niece will be here for the night."

"What? In the flat, alone with you?"

"Aged eleven," he told her dryly.

"Oh! Well, I suppose it'll be all right then."

"Your confidence in me is overwhelming!"

"I'm sorry you're still in such a vile humor. Haven't you anything nice to say to me?"

"At the moment nothing of importance."

"Good-bye then."

He filled his pipe and slouched down in a big chair by the glowing fire.

Three minutes later there was a determined knock.

"Well, Bates?" he demanded frostily.

"The young lady is in the library. I've explained Mr. Cooper's absence, and she demands to see you immediately. I explained that you were occupied but, if I may quote the young lady, sir, she said you could not afford to be occupied at this moment."

"Perhaps I'd better go."

"I'd advise it, sir." There was a strange look on Bates' usually tranquil face.

Feet wide apart, hands clasped behind her, she stood in the centre of the room. A dishevelled flaming red head, big grey eyes, a long enveloping fur coat, a pair of slim ankles. She's tall for her age, John thought.

"It's my taxi," she started abruptly in a curiously husky voice. "I thought you'd better pay it off as soon as possible."

John rang for Bates.

"Have you come far?" he asked politely as he took out his wallet.

"No, it was only three and six, but I had just a shilling—Bates, give him a big tip. He has a wife and three children, and says business is bad—I'll send you the money when I get home, Mr.—er—" The wide-set grey eyes were studying him intently. "What did Bates say your name was?"

"John Ward. And you're Anne Loring?"

She frowned.

"Anne? No. I'm Prue, Prudence. Anne's my little sister."

John picked up the telegram from the table and consulted it.

"Your mother—your mother's name is Emily?" He looked up hopefully. "Good. That's all straight, anyway. Well, your mother is under the impression that you're Anne."

As she read the message her eyes crinkled merrily.

"Poor darling, always mixed up! Anne probably cut her finger off and mother was worrying about her when she sent the wire. Anne's not old enough to go away to school. I'm a good deal older than she."

"Oh, I can see that!"

"I'll be eighteen before long. I may go to college next year."

"Well, won't you take your coat off?"

"No, thanks. I'd rather talk to you."

"Couldn't you manage both?"

"No." Color flooded her face. "You see—I haven't much on under this coat!"

"What?"

"We started playing rummy on the train, and I wasn't very lucky. That's why I haven't any money. I lost my hat, too, and this coat, but Mary Innes said I could keep it until I got home."

"I'm glad of that," John murmured.

As he lost control and burst into laughter, she grinned.

"We'll have to go out immediately and get you something to wear."

"Go into shops like this? It wouldn't be dignified."

"No, it wouldn't, would it?" John agreed gravely. "Well, then, we'll have to find a picture of something in the paper and send Bates out to get it. Here, you study this, and I'll hunt up Bates' goloshes."

"A dressing-gown would be more comfortable than this coat." Prue observed impersonally.

"I'll put mine in your room at once."

"I hoped you would," she admitted.

The dressing-gown was much too big for her. Even swathed tightly round her slim young body it swept the ground, and the sleeves were turned up. But she came trailing into the library with the assurance of a mannequin.

"Don't get up," she said graciously. "I just want to show you the evening dress I'm thinking about." She perched on the arm of the chair. "Here, in this ad. Do you like it? It's taffeta, and all that part of it is green. Green's very good on me," she added, glancing down over John's dressing-gown.

"Excellent, excellent," he murmured inadequately.

"IT'S pretty expensive. Do you think you can afford it? Of course I'll pay you back as soon as I can," she went on hastily. "It wouldn't do for you to give me the dress, would it?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, that's all right then. Thirty-two bust. You're being terribly sweet. Do your friends call you John or Jack?"

He rose hastily.

"John," he muttered, starting for the door. "I'll see about the dress at once."

When he returned ten minutes later she was sitting by the fire behind the tea tray.

"I did some telephoning while you were out," she informed him as she poured out his tea.

"One lump and lemon, please."

"I called off my date for this evening."

John stirred his tea warily and waited.

"It was just dinner with a medical student I know and a big dance at the Savoy. He's in his third year," she added.

The long silence that followed had to be broken.

"Don't you like him?" John demanded.

"Oh, he's nice enough," she said pensively, "but I'd rather spend the evening with you."

John swallowed the wrong way and put his cup down quickly.

"Oh! I'm terribly sorry. I'd

LYRIC OF LIFE

TO SMILE . . .

When you have learned to laugh, you've conquered life.
I do not mean the laughter that is youth,
Or social smiles of many platitudes
Or those that come when happiness is rife.
The outward smile that hides an inward truth
Of strengthened souls in that rare altitude
Of courage that has conquered years of pain
Through wells of dark where loneliness has lain.
When you have learned THAT smile you're freed of strife
And all your foes of discontent are slain.
Fear is no more, for you have conquered life.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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They danced on mechanically until John felt a change in Prue's listless movements.

that, too, but you see I didn't know you were coming and I have an engagement I'm afraid I can't break."

Prudence regarded him steadily. Her eyes were sombre.

"Couldn't you ring him again," he urged, "and tell him you've changed your mind?"

"No, John—I couldn't possibly do that—even if I wanted to. It wouldn't be——"

"Dignified?" he offered.

She nodded. "You see, I told him you had planned to take me out, and wouldn't hear of—" She stopped suddenly and swallowed hard. Her eyes were miserable.

"It's really a shame."

"It doesn't matter," she said dully.

Fifteen minutes later Bates answered the library bell.

"You can take the tea things," Mr. Ward sounded grim. Bates thought. "And, Bates, Miss Loring and I are dining out."

John watched the door closely. Then there was a whirlwind of blue from across the room and a pair of ecstatic arms flew about his neck.

"Here! Here! Stop that, Prue. What the devil is this?" he protested sharply.

"Darling John," she murmured radiantly. "And if you're worrying about what flowers will go with my dress, green orchids would be nice."

"Good Lord!" He stared at her aghast. "I'd been thinking of deadly nightshade."

"What—what do you——"

"Nothing," he muttered, starting for his own room. "Now I'll do some telephoning."

John Ward's face was white and his jaw was set when he finally put down the telephone.

A moment later there was a knock, and the door opened.

"Your girl friend sounded pretty vile."

He whirled round. "Were you listening?"

She faced him unabashed. "Of course. I wanted to know with whom you had a date. You didn't tell me you were engaged," she added accusingly.

"You sneaking brat!"

"She hung up on you, didn't she? What's her name, anyway? I was too late to——"

"You're old enough to know better than to eavesdrop," John stormed.

"Of course I am. But, you see—by the way, what was all that talk about whether you were going to South America or not? I didn't understand about that."

"None of your business," John snapped.

"Aren't you taking this a little too seriously?" Prue asked indulgently. "I'm really very fond of you, and perhaps I could help you if you're in a mess."

"Get out of here!" he groaned.

"Just as you say." Her voice was calm. But as she reached the door she suddenly remembered something, and turned on him scowlingly. "You think I'm very young, don't you? I heard you tell that girl of yours not to be ridiculous, that I was just a child, and that you had to take me out to dinner because I was alone in London and lonely, and you felt sorry for me."

"Well?"

"Under the circumstances, I think I won't accept your invitation. I'd prefer——"

"Now you're being silly."

"No, I'm sorry, but——"

"Oh, come, Prue! I really want to take you out to dinner, and I expect to enjoy myself immensely." And John was startled when he realised that he meant it.

"Well, in that case, I'll accept," she said gravely. "What time shall I be ready?"

"Seven, if we're going to the theatre."

She stopped again on her way out, and said very deliberately: "My mother was engaged when she was sixteen. She was married at seventeen. She had a baby at eighteen."

As the clock struck seven John heard a movement by the door and glanced up. Then he dropped his book. For the figure emerging from the shadows of the hall was exquisite—carved out of ivory, jade and coral.

SHE came towards him slowly, hesitantly. "I hope I'll do. I tried awfully hard to look nice—and not too young."

"How did you do it?" John marvelled.

"It cost almost all the money you gave me," Prue admitted, "not counting my clothes, or your orchids, of course. The hair and the hands were the most expensive."

"I don't wonder," he murmured appreciatively. Only a genius could have transformed an unruly mop of flaming red into the sleek helmet of glistening copper. And her hands and nails were a work of art.

"Where did you filch that rag you're wearing?"

"What's wrong with it?" she cried in alarm.

"Nothing," he assured her. "It's outrageous, but it's perfect. Sit down. I'm having a cocktail and you're having tomato juice. Anyone could tell at a glance that you never drink anything but absinthe, but I said tomato juice."

Prue sank down beside him on the sofa.

"I wish you were going to be in Brandon for the summer," she sighed. "We'd have such a good time. You'd love mother and dad, and the kids are nice."

"I'm sure of it!"

"It's country, really, you know, and the summer is such fun. Why don't you come? Motiffer would love to have you," she added hopefully.

"I'm afraid I can't."

She sipped her tomato juice reflectively. "Because of South America, I suppose. Why are you going there?"

As he told her a little of the plans for building a great university, her eyes began to sparkle.

"Oh, how exciting! Dad's an engineer, and it's like his work—off in queer places."

John nodded. "But I'm not sure I can do it. You see, it conflicts with something else I promised to do."

"Can't you get out of that?"

"The barometer's low," he admitted grimly.

"But why—oh! It's that girl yours!" she blurted out. "She——"

John rose abruptly.

"Come on, we're late."

As he helped her with her coat, Prue shook her head incredulously.

"Imagine not wanting to go to South America!"

"Feel like a night club?" asked John when they came out of the theatre. "Or are you tired?"

"John!" Prue looked up at him reproachfully and took his arm.

Once settled at a table with a view of the dance floor, Prue took a lively interest in the crowd for a few minutes, then devoted herself again to her companion.

"John, I think you're divine. But I suppose you're very much in love with that girl! I mean the one you're engaged to, who won't let you go to Chile," she explained sweetly.

He flushed.

"Where did you pick up that piece of misinformation?"

Please turn to Page 10

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NAME .....

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With My Little Hatchet

Continued from Page 9

"DARLING, I may be young, but I'm not stupid. You forgot I listened to your telephone conversation. What's she like?"

"Very beautiful and very charming," he said stiffly.

"Are you very much in love with her?" she persisted.

"Would I be marrying her if I weren't?"

"Yes!" It was almost a shout. "That's just the point. You might."

"You're being ridiculous. Come on, let's dance."

"I'd rather sit and talk."

But there was no talk for a time. John glowered over his drink, and Prue, head back against the wall, eyes half closed, seemed to be very far away.

Suddenly she came to life.

"John," she drawled, "you won't believe it, but here in this very room is the dirtiest, double-cross-ingest rat in all the world."

"Friend of yours?" he grinned.

"She was in the sixth in my first year at school. What I could tell you——" Prue stopped, overwhelmed by her memories. "Over there in a black dress, with the big party that just came in."

"That happens to be my fiancee," John told her evenly.

Prue turned on him aghast.

"John! Not Carol van Orden? You're not engaged to her? You couldn't——"

"Do you mind talking about something else?" he cut in sharply. And then he remembered that Carol had hung up on him that afternoon before he'd had time to explain that his guest wasn't little Anne aged eleven after all. Well, better get it over.

"Prue, please dance with me now," he said.

And silently they danced, until Prue murmured:

"She's seen us, John."

"Yes."

"She looks as though she could kill you! Just because——" Prue shivered.

"It's not all because of you," John explained. "It's partly South America."

They danced on mechanically until John felt a change in Prue's listless movements. Her face nestled up against his chin caressingly.

She felt his sharp, reproving glance.

"Darling, this is going to be lovely. Don't spoil it!" Her voice was reckless.

"Prue, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. But I've been thinking." Her face lifted and her lips brushed his chin.

They were near their table, and John stopped dancing abruptly.

"We're going now," he said in a strained voice.

"Oh, no, we're not!" Prue linked her arm in his and smiled up at him provocatively. "I think I'll have some champagne!"

"You'll drink it alone then. I'm leaving."

"John, one move to leave me and I'll make the darndest scene this club has ever witnessed," she promised softly.

"Are you out of your mind?" he demanded.

"No, darling." She captured his hand on the table. "Unless you're a little more responsive, I'll make you really conspicuous!" Her eyes were melting but her voice was ominous.

"Do you realise what you're doing?"

"Perfectly," she replied mockingly, and to prove it dropped her head back against his shoulder.

"If you'd only kiss me, but I don't suppose you will," she sighed. "Oh, darling, it's working! I think—I think the lady's going. Yes, she's going—going—GONE!" she crooned triumphantly. Then she sat up primly and reclaimed her hand. "Now I'll leave any time you want."

Not a word was spoken on the way home. John flung open the door and stalked into the library. He threw off his hat and coat, and swung round to face Prue, who had followed rather wearily.

"Well?" His voice was cold with disgust. "Are you satisfied, you little hell cat? You've had your revenge for some silly schoolgirl quarrel! Are you satisfied?"

Prue looked at him unbelievingly.

"John—you don't think—I did that because——" She swallowed hard.

"It's obvious, isn't it? You cheap little——"

Her face froze, and her hands clenched. She was swaying a little. Then suddenly she was gone.

A FEW minutes later John met her in the hall. She had on a travelling coat and was carrying her suitcase.

"Where the devil are you going?"

Her eyes were blazing.

"Do you think I'd stay here any longer?"

"Go back to your room and go to bed."

"You get out of my way!"

For an answer he seized her arm.

"Take your hands off me!" she raged.

As his grip tightened she dropped her bag and with her free hand slapped his face.

"I hate you," she cried.

He tried to catch her free hand, but she was attacking him like a young panther. Sobbing with fury she flew at him, kicking, striking, scratching.

It didn't last long. John kicked her feet out from under her, and she went down hard. Quickly he pulled out his handkerchief, and tied her hand and foot. Breathing hard, dishevelled, he stared down at her sourly.

"Too bad Bates sleeps out," he observed caustically. "He'd have enjoyed watching this. Perhaps you'll put on another show to-morrow morning when I untie you." He picked her up, carried her into her bedroom, and dropped her on the bed.

He switched out the light. "I'll just lock the door in case you gnaw through your bonds," he decided.

He went back to clear up the signs of riot in the hall, and then made for the big chair in the library. He had things to think about.

The sun was pouring in the library windows when John awoke. The door into the hall was closed.

He rose stiffly, stretched, and looked at the clock. Eleven o'clock! He frowned and rang the bell.

Bates arrived with a tray.

"Good morning, sir. A cup of coffee before your bath?"

"Why didn't you wake me when you found me here?"

"Miss Loring's instructions were to close the door and not disturb you, sir."

"So she's running things now," John grumbled irritably. "Where is she?"

"She has gone, sir."

"Gone?" John shouted, not even wondering how she had managed it.

"I believe she caught the ten o'clock train for the north."

"And you let me sleep on! Darn it, Bates, haven't you any sense?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bates unperturbably. "But Miss Loring's orders——"

"She hasn't any money!"

"I furnished her with five pounds, of which she was so kind as to present me with one."

"Any message for me?"

"Not from Miss Loring, sir, but a messenger brought this."

On the silver tray was a letter and a small package. John recognised that handwriting.

"Bates! This letter has been opened."

Bates allowed himself the ghost of a smile.

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Oh, I see. That will be all now."

Deliberately he unfolded Carol's letter. "My hat," he muttered.

For hastily scrawled in pencil across the top of the paper he saw:

PASSPORT TO CHILE!

I did it with my little hatchet

I love you

Prue

Then he began to read the letter.

"After last night this letter is hardly necessary. For months I have tried——"

John read on slowly. It was short and definitely to the point.

His mind suddenly saw, beyond a town of low white houses, a sloping green hillside, rich with the color of strange tropical plants and trees. And on that hillside a white building appeared, and then another, another.

He picked up the letter again to see if it could really be true. PASSPORT TO CHILE! he saw again.

And Prue! In two years Prue would——

It was then he noticed at the bottom of the page, again in pencil,

P.T.O.

He turned the page:

P.S.: I let you sleep because I didn't want to be spanked again.

P.P.S.: Summer is nice at Brandon.

P.P.P.S.: She did return the ring, but I'm taking care of it for you. You're too careless about engagement rings.

Thoughtfully John rose and lit the fire.

There was a discreet cough at the door. He looked up.

"It's another reporter on the telephone, sir."

"Reporter?"

"They've been ringing up all the morning, sir."

"What about?"

"About—about the engagement, sir. It seems Mrs. van Orden has communicated with the papers. If you could suggest something to say to them?"

"'No comment.' Just those two words. But for your private information, Bates, I'm off to South America—for a long time. And Bates, you might pack a bag or two. I think with all these reporters playing Nosey Parker I'd be more tranquil out of town."

"I quite agree, sir. Could you tell me—ah—the sort of clothes you'll need?"

"Whatever a gent would wear in Brandon, Cumberland, Bates."

Pensively he picked up the small package from the silver tray, and tossed it into the blazing fire.

There was a rush and a mad scramble on the hearth, and Bates emerged from the fireplace, charred but triumphant.

"That would be the ring, sir," he said reproachfully.

John grinned.

"If there's anything in that box, Bates, you can have it."

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WASTE OF WORDS

CONVERSATION nowadays makes one wonder whether we have lost altogether our sense of values or whether we are unconsciously affected by "blah."

Opinions on hats, clothing, babies, hamburgers, screen actors, cocktails, and thousands of other things are that they are "positively marvellous," "simply staggering," "simply divine," "an absolute knock-out," or "too thrilling for words."

Deprecatory opinions are summed up by saying that persons or things are "a perfect scream," "too ghastly for words," "simply vile," "absolutely appalling," and so on.

Strange to say, this prevailing habit of verbal extravagance is more noticeable among the educated classes than anywhere else.

£1 for this letter to L. Danby, 359 Montagu St., Albert Park, Vic.

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SHARE AFFECTION

WHEN the new baby arrives be careful of the feelings of the elder child. He sees the new baby receiving the love and attention that used to be his exclusive right, and is apt to feel that he is no longer wanted. Some grown-ups are even thoughtless enough to tell him so, just for the sake of teasing.

If the child is sensitive a complex may be formed, with far-reaching results.

The wise mother will give the elder child a responsible share in the rearing of the new baby, and will ask him to assist with the nursing, and even consult his opinion about the baby's welfare.

She will instil in him a feeling of protection for the baby, which will cast out all jealousy.

Frances M. Taylor, 163 Domain Rd., S. Yarra SE1, Melbourne.

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HIKERS CRITICISED

ABUSE is frequently heaped upon the heads of what the world calls the "hiker."

Their strange and unusual outfits, their exuberance of spirits, have been universally talked about.

But is it not wisdom that those working in offices and factories, people who see nothing but grey walls and breathe nothing but musty atmosphere, should seek fresh air and sunshine during leisure hours?

These hikers are building up their mentality and bodily fitness by a clean and healthy form of exercise that exceeds beyond all doubt anything medicine or doctors can give.

E. M. Wellington, 288 Wilston Rd., Grange Heights, Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

IMPROVE MEALS

HOW many women in Australia bother to inquire into the culinary methods of their sisters on the other side of the world, and, more important still, to copy them?

Our country provides us with everything from the exotic tropical mango to the homely green pea, and yet we go on eating the same old joint with the same old vegetables, prepared in the same old way, leaving our imagination on the shelf with our best dinner-mats until the next party. Husband and family must be content with second best.

It is a well-known fact that the gastric juices are stimulated by the sight of food attractively presented. Why not make things easy for our digestive organs?

Miss E. Grant, 201 Noble St., Geelong, Vic.

Should doctors explain to their patients?

THERE are good reasons, Mrs. McKelvie (22/4/'39) why a doctor won't tell many patients about the nature of their complaints.

Discussion would only breed fear complexes in some patients and retard a cure.

Again, many people who visit doctors are neurotic, using illness as an excuse for sympathy or as a means to evade personal problems. These types would never be satisfied with a frank answer from a doctor.

Mrs. S. W. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Talk too much

DOCTORS are sometimes wary of giving patients too much information about the cause and effect of illnesses. They know that the average patient likes to talk about his or her symptoms to anyone who will listen, and the advice of a doctor when repeated carelessly can give a completely wrong impression.

"My doctor says" seems to be the main subject for discussion with some women.

P. N. Stead, Elizabeth St., Hobart.

Relieve anxiety

IN these days of advanced psychology it seems almost incredible that all doctors do not endeavor to make a satisfactory but diplomatic explanation to the patient.

Most people would be easier in mind if their illnesses were explained in simple terms.

A more rapid recovery would result because there would then be no mental anxiety.

Mrs. Roy Mitchell, 7 McClelland St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Faith necessary

IT is essential to have absolute trust in a doctor's ability and faithfully carry out his instructions, knowing that the technicalities of the illness can be safely left to him.

Peace of mind plays an important part in the recovery of a patient, and, for those people who like to know all the details, I am sure doctors would be more explicit if they were asked.

Miss L. Willis, Kembla Buildings, Margaret St., Sydney.

Should know cause

LIKE Mrs. McKelvie, I like to find out from the doctor what is the cause of an illness. Many doctors seem to be satisfied to treat the effect and ignore the cause, and they resent questions.

Still, there are doctors willing to explain as far as possible. One was kind enough to lend me several medical textbooks, so that I might study in detail the cause of a child's chronic illness. A doctor of that kind is the ideal family physician.

Mrs. H. Vaughan, The Rip Ave., Booker Bay, Woy Woy, N.S.W.

Inspires trust

A DOCTOR should tell his patient what is the cause of any complaint.

If he cannot tell the patient he should tell the nearest relative or friend.

If the doctor gives an honest

Advice inspires confidence.

opinion he keeps the respect of his patients and they feel quite confident in asking his advice when it is required again.

Give me a doctor who is quite willing to answer any question a patient puts to him.

Mrs. E. Nicholls, Sawtell, North Coast, N.S.W.

Happy marriages unlikely if compulsory

I BELIEVE, Miss Rudkin (22/4/'39) that the majority of young women want wifehood and motherhood. They would gladly give up working in the city to settle in small suburban homes with their husbands.

But as free citizens they would resent being forced by law to do so.

Can young people be blamed for not marrying when they earn high salaries?

From her letter it would seem that the only desire of the young people of to-day is to have a good time.

Joan Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderley, Brisbane.

Single men wary

I THINK that a politician would need a sense of humor to move a bill to provide for compulsory marriage.

Bachelors who earn good salaries and are not anxious to marry probably would mob the poor man, but it would make grand entertainment to sit in the public gallery during the Parliamentary discussion on the bill.

I don't think there is any doubt that feminine opinion would be overwhelmingly in favor of the measure.

Mrs. J. Longwood, Burke Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

Better citizens

WHAT is the marvellous advantage in being married, that Miss Rudkin would have it made compulsory? Judging by some sorry spectacles, one would think a bill to forbid it would be more appropriate!

Many unmarried people are far better citizens than the poverty-stricken down-trodden couples, whose idea of citizenship seems to be to provide the world with unwanted, ill-nourished children, who are a constant drain on the taxpayers and hospitals.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Tax unfair

MISS RUDKIN'S suggestion of "compulsory marriage" is indeed ridiculous!

Why impose a tax on single people who are free and happy, and do not want to enter into a monotonous, drab existence? After all, most married people lead dull, uninteresting lives, and they have little money with which to enjoy themselves.

The only thing in this life that matters is for people to be happy. Why be burdened with a husband and a number of irritating children if you don't want them?

Miss Vera Scott, c/o G.P.O., Sydney.

Unfair criticism of country men

AT a country cricket match I overheard several girls discussing the players. They remarked on their manliness and fine physique, but agreed with the statement of one girl that she would never dream of marrying a man from the country.

She was a city girl, and her comment was most unfair. Many men have come from the country to graduate through universities and now hold important positions in the city.

Speaking generally, a country man is far superior to a man who wastes his life in a smoky city.

William Patrick, 5th Ave., Bardon, Brisbane.

Can stepmother take place of mother in home?

YES, Mrs. Hennessy (22/4/'39), there is too much condemnation of stepmothers.

You will find in nine cases out of ten that it is the interference of relatives that causes the trouble.

I think that a stepmother feels

Needs tact and patience.

her position and goes out of her way to take a mother's place in the home.

Mrs. W. Fostaire, 20 Malcolm St., Narrabeen, N.S.W.

Unkind critics

THE stepmother has an unenviable role in home life. She is given no credit for her life of self-sacrifice—only unkind censure from a lot of smug, self-satisfied people, who, were they to change places with her, would surely realise the endless tact and patience necessary to preserve harmony in a mixed family.

Mrs. E. Dunn, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Not same love

LIFE doesn't seem to work so well in a home where the children have a stepmother. It is not possible to have the same love, forbearance and consideration for each other, and I think it is a mistake to ask any child to call another woman "Mother."

Often a stepmother tries to enforce strict obedience and respect from her stepchildren, but allows her own more liberty. If she were more lenient, there would be more harmony in the home.

Mrs. W. Boardman, Manildra P.O., N.S.W.

MARRIED WORKERS

WHY is there so much prejudice against women continuing outside occupations after marriage?

Apart from the fact that it may be justified by economic reasons, their work is to many women an outstanding interest.

An intelligent woman often feels that she needs interests to offset the monotony of domestic routine.

An even stronger argument is that a married woman loses completely her financial independence. It is hard to have to ask her husband for every sixpence.

Mrs. A. Barling, 5 Blomfield Spa, Takapuna, Auckland, N.Z.

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SOCIAL SHYNESS

HAVING just returned from a vacation at a mountain resort, I realise that my pleasure could have been greater if I could have made the early acquaintance of the people I subsequently met and liked.

Half the vacation was over before I knew them.

It has been my invariable experience that days pass before people really begin to "thaw."

Is it self-consciousness or caution?

If anyone could suggest a means of avoiding this delay to friendship it would be a boon to holiday-makers.

Betty Feehan, Huntley, No. 1 The Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

PRAISE NURSES

WHY do girls become nurses, perhaps ignoring a far easier and more pleasant position for one of hard work, long hours and small pay?

They should receive our unstinted admiration and gratitude for doing a job that most men would not even try to do.

Often their jobs are extremely unpleasant, but they still maintain a smiling face, after many trying moments.

Once they have devoted their whole attention to duty nothing can call them from it.

Mrs. M. Myers, 87 Alt St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

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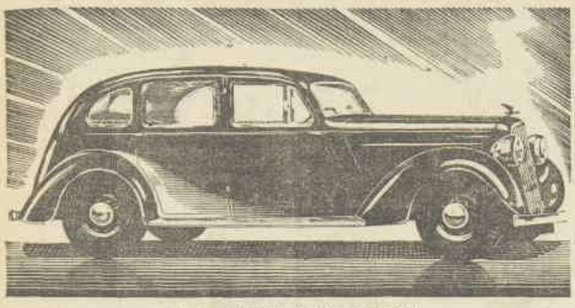

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Man of Action

Continued from Page 7

"OH, you need fear nothing, monsieur, nothing at all. I have been watching Michel Troveski for weeks. That is why I saw him communicate with you at the Cafe des Pecheurs de la Seine. And I, who place the responsibility on myself, I—Aristide Flamand—give you my word that you will be safe."

"Still——"

"Attendez! At six o'clock this evening I will send a dozen men from the Surete to hide in and around his house on the rue de la Mer. If anything goes wrong, you have only to shout. One outcry, and our men will immediately break in." He paused. He caught my wrist. "Will you assist us, Monsieur Twinn? France, I assure you, will be grateful! France will not forget!"

What could I say? If I refused, all his suspicions of me would flare up again. So I consented.

Aristide Flamand ardently shook my hand. He whacked my shoulder. He promised me again that France would not forget such a debt, that she had accorded the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for less than this, and that she would rely implicitly on my courage at seven this evening.

Then he drove me to my hotel and himself went off to the Prefecture to make his report and to prepare his men for to-night's ordeal.

As to myself, I went at once to my room—shaken, I will confess, and profoundly alarmed. For one of my temperament to find himself suddenly pitched into a desperate international imbroglio is, let me assure you, a harrowing experience.

It is now six o'clock.

Soon I must leave for my engagement at 23 rue de la Mer, and I hardly dare contemplate what may happen in that top-floor apartment. To go there at all seems like deliberately moving into a lion's den. Yet I have promised France, in a way of speaking, and I must see this thing through to its end. Notorious and vicious as Michel Troveski may be, it is too late for me to flinch.

I trust, dear Miss Wilmott, I have not bored you with this lengthy letter. The occupation of writing it has helped me keep my nerves under control. I have but a few moments more, and then I must bid you farewell.

STRANGELY, Miss Wilmott, this excitement seems to embolden me. I feel a sort of heady recklessness I have never before known; it is as though I had drunk too much champagne. Who can say? Perhaps I may never be able to write you again. One cannot foresee the results of meddling in an affair of this kind. So I seize this opportunity to make a confession. My daily visits to the Cleavertown Public Library may have puzzled you. Let me admit, Miss Wilmott, that I came not to see the books but to see you.

There! Now you have it.

If possible, I shall write you again to-morrow to let you know what happens this evening. Meanwhile, I bid you good-night, for I must go.—Yours, HORATIO TWINN.

Miss Norma Wilmott,
The Cleavertown Public Library,
Cleavertown, Ontario.

Dear Miss Wilmott,

I'm frightfully upset. Though it was only last night that I sent you a long letter, I cannot restrain myself from writing you again at once. So much has happened in these past few hours!

You will remember with what trepidation I viewed my impending visit to 23 rue de la Mer. Nevertheless I went. Promptly at seven o'clock I faced the ancient three-story building which is number 23. It was dusk, and the street was old and narrow—one of those dismal places near Les Halles. I shivered slightly as I approached the door. There was no visible sign of the detectives from the Surete, but I knew they must be hidden very close to me. It seemed I could in some strange way feel their presence.

At the entrance of number 23 a surly concierge in shirt-sleeves, a man with a tremendous Adam's apple, inquired whom I wished to see. He spoke only French. I replied boldly enough, "Monsieur Troveski."

"Votre nom, monsieur?"

That annoyed me. As far as I could see, my name was no concern of this concierge. They are very inquisitive, these fellows. And how did I know by what name Troveski might be expecting me? Still, I reasoned, a spy might assume any name on occasion; and since he supposed me to be a spy I could answer with impunity. So I said, "Horace Twinn."

"Au troisieme," growled the concierge and opened the door for me.

The corridor and the stairs were quite dark. I climbed with increasing unease. At the single door on the third floor I hesitated. Here I felt a definite premonition of disaster.

But it was too late. The door was suddenly pulled open, and there stood Michel Troveski himself—one of the most dangerous men in Paris.

True, he hardly looked the part. Fat, bald, and wearing that funny little sprig of beard, he might have been an art critic. He actually beamed as he invited, "Entrez! Entrez!"

But then, I knew, the value of a spy lies in his chameleon-like ability to resemble something else. So I did not permit myself to be deluded by his genial manner. I entered, watching Michel Troveski with caution. I dare say I had never in my life been more alert or more tensely excited.

His quarters were cheerless. He had drawn the shutters, and only a dim light shone in the rooms.

"You are on time," he said, beaming in commendation.

"Always," I replied.

"We will speak in English, yes?" He moved backwards round the table, meanwhile nodding significantly towards the door. "It is safer. The concierge does not understand it."

"As you prefer," I agreed, greatly relieved. He was rubbing his pudgy hands and grinning at me across the table.

"Do you think you have been followed?"

I said, "I doubt it. I didn't notice anyone."

"And the Prefecture has not annoyed you?"

"Oh, not at all," I assured him quickly. "Not at all."

"Bien! C'est parfait!" He became almost effulgent as he sat down. Now, I thought, we're coming to it. In a second he'll begin to talk business. I shall have to memorise every word for the Surete. I shall have to meet suspicion with resourcefulness. . . .

He peered up at me in a manner I can describe only as crafty and avaricious. "So," he whispered, still rubbing his hands. "We need not waste time. You may let me have the Rumanian papers."

"The—er—I beg your pardon?"

"Come, come," he chuckled. "Let us not delay. I have waited a year for this moment. The Rumanian papers!" And he thrust one of those fat little hands across the table.

I was stunned. Here was a contingency for which I had come totally unprepared. But if I betrayed my ignorance of his meaning this man—one of the most dangerous in France, I had been warned—must at once suspect that I was in his home as an agent provocateur. What he would do I dared not guess.

I shuddered slightly while I moistened my lips and twisted my hat in my hands.

"Well?" urged Troveski.

"Really," I began. "I—er——"

Please turn to Page 14

GIRLIGAGS

THE more a hat looks like a hat, the more it's out of style this season.

Complexion conscious? "Loveliness is easy..." SAY HOLLYWOOD STARS

Here's Filmland's Inside Story On How To Keep Skin Smooth

Beauty advice from the film stars! Beauty-conscious women of all ages, all over the world, prick up their ears to hear these magic words. For who should know better than these lovely screen ladies? And they're always so willing to give us advice on our beauty problems and tell us their own special beauty secrets. For instance, here's Joan Blondell, the charming Warner Brothers Star of "Off The Record," telling us her complexion care: "It's almost unbelievable what the faithful use of Lux Toilet Soap does for a girl's skin," says this lovely star. "I'm delighted with the way it keeps my skin so beautifully soft and smooth! Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly and watch the improvement in your skin."

This delightful home study shows Joan Blondell actually using her favourite beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap. It's an actual fact too, that 9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars follow this same simple complexion care.

Smooth, clear skin is so important in their careers! To face the camera and studio lights confidently, the stars know that their skin must be absolutely clear and flawless. They know they can rely on Lux Toilet Soap—that's why it's the official soap in Hollywood Studios.

Super-Creaming makes Lux Toilet Soap Unique

It's astonishing, we know, but this fine white beauty soap is priced to suit any woman's budget!

Of course, Lux Toilet Soap is rather special. It's supercreamed—you actually cream your face every time you wash. Lovely idea, isn't it? This soft creamy lather works right into your skin pores, protecting the vital natural oils. Thus Lux Toilet Soap softens a dry skin and refines an oily one. It must be used regularly, at least twice a day—then it's no time before your skin is as lovely as your favourite film star's.

A LEVER PRODUCT 6.214.90

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.***

3-IN-ONE OIL

LUBRICATES — CLEANS PREVENTS RUST

For sewing machines, typewriters, guns, tools and all home and office appliances where good lubrication and protection against rust is important.

3-IN-ONE OIL
("Trade-Mark")

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"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

Some NEW LAUGHS

"I saw the baker kiss you again this morning Ermyntrude! In future I shall take the bread myself!"

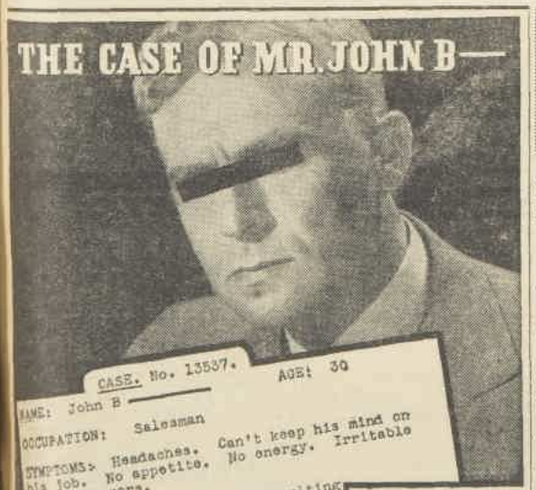
DOCTOR: Madam, your child has got the measles in the worst form.
MRS. NEWLYRICH: Dear, dear, and we really could afford the best.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Oh, Mum! I think it's time we picked the bean off this tree."

MANAGER: What are you doing with your feet on the desk?
CLERK: I've lost my eraser and I'm using my rubber heels instead.

THE CASE OF MR. JOHN B—



CASE. No. 13537. AGE: 30
NAME: John B
OCCUPATION: Salesman
SYMPTOMS: Headaches. Can't keep his mind on his job. No appetite. No energy. Irritable with customers.
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation - resulting in toxins (poisons) being absorbed by the bloodstream thus undermining the whole system.
TREATMENT: Restore normal bowel action immediately with Nyal Figsen.

HOW TO BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen — equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin. 1/3

SE1-9

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

FATHER (to son): What did the boss say when you asked him for a rise?
Son: He took it like a lamb.
Father: What did he say?
Son: Bah.

"HOW is your wife getting on with her driving lessons?"
"Not so good. She took a turn for the worse yesterday."

SURGEON: Sister, that operation was only just in time. Another hour and the patient would have been well again.

"IT is awful, but my wife always has the last word."
"You're lucky. Mine never gets that far."

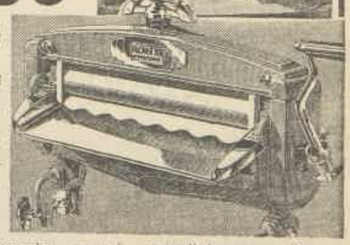
"HOW did Mary come to regain her lost youth?"
"She threatened him with breach of promise."

THE boxer's young wife was listening-in to a radio commentary on her husband's fight.
"Ah!" exclaimed the commentator, "Jim Slogg has just stopped a terrific right with his jaw."
"Bravo, Jim!" breathed Mrs. Slogg. "Keep stopping them."

"WAS it a case of love at first sight?"
"No, second sight. The first time he met her he didn't know she had money."

WRINGING TIRES YOU OUT?—
it's not an extra pair of hands you need—it's

ACME 55
CLEANSE-WRINGING



HERE'S the newest, easiest, quickest way! You just turn the handle—the wonderful new Acme 55 does the work. As well as wringing, it forces out soap-scum and embedded dirt—which no other method can remove from the clothes.

Be fair to yourself! There's no reason why you should strain your wrists over hand wringing. No need for you to struggle with a cumbersome old-fashioned wringer. This sensational new Acme will lighten the whole job. What's more, you'll get a sweeter, whiter wash than you ever imagined possible. As soon as you try the new Acme 55 you'll notice how smoothly and easily it works. But why does it make the clothes so miraculously clean? The secret is—controlled pressure. Pressure applied evenly over the whole length of the rubber rollers. So that all the particles of soap-scum and embedded dirt are forced out of the clothes—along with the rinsing water.
That's cleanse-wringing for you! Only the new Acme 55 will do it. **Call in at your Hardware Dealers to-day—this morning—and ask to see the brilliant new Acme Cleanser Wringer.**

WRINGER-MANGLE-CLEANSER—all in one!
Ask the Salesman about the BRILLIANT NEW FEATURES
New Twin Boards to guide clothes in and out. New Two-Way Drain catches all water. New Pressure and Lifting Grip. New Beauty of Finish in gleaming chromium and lustrous blue enamel.
Factory Representatives: J. CHALEYER & CO. PTY. LTD.
Pioneer House, 353, Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.

14 INCH ROLLS 72/6
10 YEARS' GUARANTEE
Here are two popular-priced Wringers made by ACME—
KELVIN 52/6. COLLBURT 39/6.

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LEAVE crowds and noise behind and travel the peaceful bushland roads. There's so much to see, so many glorious places to go. With a Speedwell you're free as air and there's a thrill in every mile you ride. Happy days! Healthful days!! You'll find nine out of ten cyclists choose Speedwells because they are light to pedal; perfectly balanced and really comfortable and, too, because their superb finish is enduring and gives them pride of place in any company.

Speedwells are built for a lifetime's service. They are as perfect as 56 years' manufacturing experience can make them. And, remember, in choosing a Speedwell your purchase is protected by an everlasting guarantee.

FROM 3/- WEEKLY

Prices: Adult models from 3/- wkly. or £7/19/6 cash; Juvenile models from 2/6 wkly. or £5/19/6 cash; from 10/- deposit.

Please send me full particulars of Speedwell Cycles.

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Address________

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Strengthen Bladder

STOP Strain of "frequent-Night-rising"

Certain Relief in 24 hours.

Dr. Southworth declares that it is now not true that bladder weakness—frequent, burning spasms—headache—pains in back and legs, cannot be helped . . . and this world-famous specialist offers a simple home test to quickly prove it!

Its remarkable *triple-action* starts at once; One—to quickly stop "burning" of excessive acid. . . . Two—to flush kidneys of poisons, and thoroughly clean out the bladder . . and Three—to soothe and heal urinary tract.

"This last 6 months, I could hardly bear the pain, I tried all sorts of medicine. After the second dose of Urodyne I began to get relief." *Mrs. E. Stone.*

Urodyne must bring you great relief in 24 hours, and a definite improvement in 10 days—or its cost willingly refunded. Don't delay. Ask to-day, for Urodyne tablets. They have brought new life, new youthfulness, and restful nights to thousands of men and women all over the world.

URODYNE

Man of Action

Continued from Page 12

"THERE is no need to hedge," he snapped with some irritation. "You have already been paid by Trudineff. And handsomely. Very handsomely. Now let me have the documents!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," I stammered. "You see, I—the fact is——"

"Don't tell me you failed to bring them!" A sudden storm swept over his fat face. He placed both hands on the table, palms down, and bent forward to glare at me. "Don't tell me you have decided to demand more money!"

"Good heavens, no!" I assured him, with an involuntary gulp. "I have no idea of demanding more money. I—the point is——"

"Yes?"

It was a harsh challenge, and I saw no way of answering it. There was black hostility in the man now.

"I'm afraid," I managed miserably, "there has been some mistake. You see, I——"

"There is only one thing I see," he declared. "You are refusing to give me what is justly mine! Therefore ——"

Miss Wilmott, you won't believe this. I hardly believed it myself. Instead of finishing his sentence Michel Troveski dipped a hand behind his hip. When he brought it out again, he was pointing a revolver at me!

I gasped. I recoiled against the wall and dropped my hat. Perspiration burst from every pore in my body, and violent tremblings assailed me everywhere.

"The Rumanian papers!" Troveski ordered. "I give you a last chance!"

And what could I do? Obviously, in the face of death, it was impossible to maintain further pretence. I had done everything in my power for the Prefecture, for France, and for justice. They could not expect me, an alien, to sacrifice my very life for their interests. I saw that the only hope of saving myself lay in telling this ruthless man the truth.

WHILE I blurted it, he blinked at me in amazement. I exhibited my passport as proof of my identity. Slowly, as I admitted the entire ruse, he lowered the revolver. He stared as if the whole tale were monstrously incredible.

"Nom du diable!" he ejaculated when I finished. "Then you—you are not Bolarski?"

"No, no! My name is Horatio Twinn!"

Dazedly he passed a hand over his bald head. "Not Bolarski," he repeated. "Not Bolarski. . . . But this is horrible, monsieur, horrible! You leave me no choice of action."

"If you will simply let me depart," I suggested, "I'll—"

"Depart? Impossible! Don't you see my position?"

"Position?" I echoed, bewildered.

"But certainly! Voyons. You are an agent of the police. You admit it." His eyes were almost bulging. "I, for my part, have stupidly made revelations of utmost importance to you—thinking, of course, you were Bolarski. What is the result?" He became bitter. "You are now able to inform the police I am interested in securing certain Rumanian papers from a man named Bolarski! Such information would be utterly destructive to both Bolarski and myself, monsieur. For both of us it would ruin everything—life itself!"

Once more the revolver rose. I caught my breath. He sounded more furious than ever.

"No, I have no alternative. In self-defence, if for no other reason, I have but one course. I must—silence you."

"But surely there must be another way! You—you needn't murder me to——"

"What other way?" he asked savagely.

I thought of shouting for help. But what purpose would a shout serve now? If I yelled, Michel Troveski, trapped, would surely fire. The rescue party, when it crashed into the apartment, would find me bullet-riddled. . . . No, to cry out was futile. So I pleaded:

"You—you could bind me up, couldn't you? By George, there's an idea—bind me and leave! By the time I'm found here, you can be far from Paris."

It was a trap. I knew that he'd walk out of this apartment into the very arms of the police, and they'd come at once to release me. I watched Troveski intently, wondering if the ruse would work. And I saw his eyes speculatively narrow.

"That might do," he admitted after a time, through clenched teeth. "Believe me, I have no particular desire to kill you, monsieur. You mean nothing to me, dead or alive. Nothing at all. And if I shot you I should have to leave Paris anyway. But—I am thinking of my reputation."

"Your reputation?"

"I have already assured certain gentlemen that you would be here with the documents this evening. If I depart from Paris now I shall have to explain to them exactly what happened. And they will not comprehend my leaving you alive after what you have learned. I shall be marked as a—a traitor to our cause. There will be much talk, for they are not to be silenced cheaply, these men, monsieur."

I stared. He peered at me cruelly, as if selecting the best spot on my chest for a bullet. In the dim light his fat face looked ghastly. Yet I discerned a straw in what he had said, and impulsively I grasped at that straw. It offered my only chance.

"Do you mean they—these men—can be silenced at—at a price?"

Troveski impatiently shrugged. It was clear that my desperation was of scant interest to him. "What matter?" he demanded. "I have only a few francs. I could pay them nothing. And besides, why should I?" Glowering, he began to rise, lifting the revolver.

"How much—" I swallowed hard. "How much would it take?"

He said, with a touch of contempt, "I wouldn't dream of approaching them with less than fifteen or twenty thousand francs. And since that's probably out of the question for both of us—" His weapon moved forward.

"Wait!" I gaped at Troveski. Twenty thousand francs? That was less than a hundred and fifty pounds. And in my pocket I had more than two hundred pounds in travellers' cheques. That sum constituted my total savings, the money I had amassed over a period of years in order to be able to take this European trip. And I still had Switzerland and Italy to visit, to say nothing of a possible glance at Greece. I could give a hundred and fifty pounds to this man. But if I did I'd remain virtually stranded here in Paris. As for my dream of travelling farther—it would have to be abandoned. Still, if I didn't pay——

Suddenly I saw what I must do. Though my hand trembled, I reached into my pocket and produced my book of cheques. My throat felt arid.

"—I can just about manage twenty thousand francs," I whispered. "That is, if you'll take these."

Troveski was visibly surprised. His brows rose, and he stared from the cheques to my face and back again. For a long time he stood motionless, considering. I watched him with anxiety that held me petrified. But at last he drew a long breath and slowly nodded!

"Oui," he said. "Oui, I think they may do. In any case, it is worth trying. Sign them, monsieur."

Unsteadily I advanced to the table, meanwhile opening the book. Perspiration dripped from my forehead to splatter on the top cheque. I asked, "Have—have you a pen?"

Again he nodded. While his revolver continued to menace me, he drew a fountain pen from his vest pocket. My fingers shook so violently that I dropped the pen. But, Miss Wilmott, I did that purposely. Yes, purposely! I let the thing fall at Michel Troveski's feet.

Please turn to Page 16

REGRET

I know they were unkind,
the words I said,
But oh, they jumped so
quickly from my head,
I scarcely felt that they be-
longed to me
Until I saw your sudden
misery.
I would have given all the
world away,
To put the clock's hand back
for half a day,
To start the morning sweetly
close again,
With both our hearts at
peace, and free from
pain.
—Yvonne Webb.

Do You Cry?

The minute things go wrong

"I can't explain it," writes G.J.H., of Tamworth, N.S.W., *"I cry at the least thing, sometimes even in public. I believe I am anaemic."*

Anaemia means poor blood. Poor blood means starved nerves. Starved nerves mean lack of nervous control—hence emotional fears, listlessness, loss of sleep and all kinds of ills. Here's a test worth trying—the famous

"8 day" Wonder Test

which physicians find charges nerve cells with strong reserve energy, and often increases vitality and endurance of weak, nervous, anaemic, run-down men and women 100 per cent.

First see how far you can walk—or how long you can work—before becoming tired, achy and nervous. Next take two tablets of Phosphorated Iron after each meal for 8 days. Then test your strength, energy and staying power again, and see for yourself how much you have gained. Note the startling difference in the way you look, feel and act.

Phosphorated Iron tablets seem to go right to the spot, send a rich flood of iron-laden blood surging through your veins to feed the famished nerve cells. Then you brighten up, put on a smile, get back the old time deep relaxed sleep every night.

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific combination of organic elements—and the cost of a 60-tablet flask is small for the wonderful relief you gain. Get some from your chemist to-day.

Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Daily Use of Salix Magnesia Overcomes Troubles Caused by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to try to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralising effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from your nearest chemist or store and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive out the gas, wind and bloat, sweeten the stomach, neutralise the excess acid, and prevent its formation, and stop sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.***

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. **The guarantee protects you.**

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mr. Clifford, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Attractive Kathleen Norton-Jowitt is pictured here with three of the four bridesmaids who will attend her at her marriage this Thursday with Gregg Millett, of Portland, U.S.A., at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. From the left, Beryl Scally, Marcia Gurney, the bride-to-be, and Ida Moses. The fourth bridesmaid is Betty Moses, of New Zealand.

I LIKE—

Mary Baillieu's burgundy wool romaine ensemble, the matching Breton hat edged with powder-blue ribbon, which also forms a bandeau at the back.

❖ ❖ ❖

Day nursery week

VERY gay were the blue-and-gold car-stickers issued to intending visitors to Elwatan, the Robert Dixson home at Castle Hill, for the opening of Day Nursery Week on Saturday. Lady Gowrie officially set the week's doings in motion, and was received by Mr. and Mrs. Dixson and Mrs. W. P. McElhone, president of the committee.

After the speeches, guests inspected the lovely garden. Mr. Dixson's hobby is growing orchids, you remember.

❖ ❖ ❖

Carnival at Town Hall

THIS Tuesday afternoon sees the opening of the Day Nursery Week Carnival at the Town Hall by the Premier (Mr. B. S. B. Stevens). The committee has planned lots of attractions. The place de resistance for bridge enthusiasts should be the living bridge game.

Mrs. J. L. Ruthven is honorary organiser of the carnival, and her attractive daughter, Margot, will help.

On Wednesday there will be speciality dancing on the stage, and on Thursday the committee has arranged for a special night of old-time dancing, and the girl who wins the Princess competition will be crowned.

❖ ❖ ❖

Many good wishes are being offered to Joan Angus, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Angus, of Dulwich Hill, and Lionel Banford, who announced their engagement at a dance at the Wentworth on Saturday night. Lionel is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Banford, of Dulwich Hill.

❖ ❖ ❖

Bride from Wellington

ANN BARTON, charming daughter of Mrs. R. C. P. Barton, of Dellawang, Wellington, has returned home with her mother after a short visit to Sydney, trousseau-shopping. She will be back in Sydney this Friday for her marriage with Mackenzie Henry on Saturday morning at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst.

They will have a family reception at Elizabeth Bay House before setting off on their honeymoon.

Singer to go abroad

INTERESTING times ahead for Alice Prowse, the well-known singer, who will leave shortly for America and Europe, where she will continue her studies. Many artists who have been associated with Miss Prowse in her concerts here will contribute to the programme at the testimonial concert for her at the Conservatorium on May 15, when several compositions by Australian composers will be presented, including songs written by her husband, Mr. James Brash.

Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens, wife of the Premier; the Minister for Education (Mr. Drummond), and Lady King are patrons of the committee. Mrs. Norman Macleod is president, and Mrs. Edgar L. Bainton deputy president.

Miss Prowse, who was one of the first Australian artists to make a tour of the Commonwealth for the A.B.C., has made a special study of Scottish and Hebridean folk songs and plans to contact Scottish societies in Canada and America.

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Honeymoon in Bowral

PADDY TEBBUTT and Gus Bagnard wed this Tuesday—four o'clock at St. Mary's Cathedral. Paddy has forsaken the traditional bridal gown and veil, but is adhering to an all-white ensemble. Her frock is an enchanting affair of white silk jersey, with a cleverly draped bodice, and she will pin an outsize in mauve orchids to the shoulder.

Her sister, Mrs. David Barclay, will be her only attendant, and Gus' handsome brother Lyle will be best man.

After a honeymoon in Bowral Paddy and Gus will sail for America in the Mariposa on May 26.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Governor and child art

LORD WAKEHURST kept his audience amused when he opened the International Exhibition of Child Art at the Education Department. His speech followed on the introductory remarks of Mr. Ross Thomas, who said that he found in Australia "No Admittance, and Keep Out" on the doors leading to child art. Lord Wakehurst said even as a child he would be described as "artistically illiterate." "My main efforts in this direction," he went on, "were outlines of repulsive domestic objects like hot-water bottles and lemon-squeezers."

However, he concluded from his examination of the works displayed that there was an innate artistic impulse in all children, and he was amazed and astonished at the work done by children of such tender years.

White brick house

JOYCE HALL'S home in New Lambton will be very lovely when completed. Joyce has planned it in an E-shape, without the centre bar, and it overlooks a wooded valley.

Of white bricks the house stands out from the green of the trees, and Joyce and husband John are hoping to have a tennis court made on the lower slope.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Mick Fairfax, who has been in town staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Stogdale, at Double Bay, returned to Merriwa on Saturday. Saw her lunching at Prince's one day with Mrs. Stogdale and Miss Mary Fairfax.

❖ ❖ ❖

A tale of beards

LIEUTENANT - COMMANDER J. C. BACON, of the Sydney, always says he makes things easy for other people—they can recognise him by his beard, but that his friends have no distinguishing marks.

However, it wasn't quite so easy for one of them recently. Dancing at Prince's, he discovered his friend Bacon across the room, accosted him in a hearty manner, with the usual slapping of the shoulder, only to have the other turn round with a smile. "Sorry, I'm not Bacon. I've grown a beard, too."

❖ ❖ ❖

Returned from world tour

BAD luck for Mrs. M. Russell and her daughter Eileen, of Jimbour Station, Dalby, Queensland. Both retired to the Australia with flu a few days after their arrival in Sydney in the Monterey from a world tour. However, quite well again, they left last week for their home State.

They will stay with Mrs. Russell's daughter, Mrs. T. B. Cooper, at her station home, Tarwood, Texas, before going on to Jimbour. Mrs. Russell's son, Charles, flew down to welcome the travellers at the wharf.

❖ ❖ ❖

South Australians all

HAVE you noticed that the South Australian Women's Association is going ahead marvellously? Nine new members will be introduced to the president, Mrs. Granville Sharp, at the association's musicale at the Carlton this Wednesday. This brings their total up to nearly three hundred—which, when you consider they have only been a group for three years, is excellent.

The artists contributing to the programme are all from South Australia—Miriam Hyde, Mrs. Alex Burnand, and Mrs. W. Mears.

To wed in Adelaide

DR. FRED CHENHALL and Adelaide's Phyllis Bray, who announced their engagement a few weeks ago, you remember, have decided on May 31 as the date of their wedding. The ceremony, which will be a quiet one, will take place in Adelaide.

Not long back from a trip to India Phyllis has been spending some weeks in Sydney, but left on Thursday to return to Adelaide.

After their marriage she and Dr. Chenhall will make their home at 15 Wyuna Road, Point Piper.

❖ ❖ ❖

Should be gay affair

PHYLL and Doug Murray planned their house-warming—or should it be flat-warming?—for last Friday. However, Phyll had a bad cold, and the party has been postponed until May 19.

Should be a gay affair. I believe the Murrays are planning something to make the party well-remembered.

Sheelah Lyle, Diana Downes, Suzanne and Jacqueline Crookston, Belinda Street, Joan See, the Bill Farnsworths, and the George Fullers will be some of those trekking down Wolseley Road six-ish on the 19th.

Mother's Day luncheon

RATHER a nice idea of the Pickwick Club for this Friday—a special Mother's Day luncheon—mothers and daughters only.

Mrs. T. Kennedy and Joy, Mrs. J. A. R. Baldick and Nancy, Mrs. G. M. Stafford and Betty, Mrs. David McCathie and Kathleen and Mrs. A. Brown, with Betty and Judith, will be among those present.

❖ ❖ ❖

Lady Bradden, who always spends the winter in Queensland, will leave for Brisbane in the Manoora this Tuesday. She will stay with Mrs. J. L. Woolcock.

❖ ❖ ❖

Country jaunts

JEAN KENNEDY has set out for a round of picnic races. She left town early last Wednesday for the Cootamundra picnics, and motored on to stay with Mrs. Jack Fraser at Deltroit, Gundagai.

Another absentee from town is Claudia Beazley, who will be the Cam Jaquets' guest for the Moree race festivities.

❖ ❖ ❖

DO YOU KNOW—

That Alison Forbes Mackay, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Doug Cotton, in Brisbane, has returned to Sydney?

WIN £10

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

COPY THIS SKETCH

and send us your drawing. The Competition is being held to advertise the Australian School of Sketching and is OPEN TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES TO TRY. The only persons not allowed to compete are those who have had Sketches purchased by a newspaper or advertiser. The Competition is confined strictly to Amateurs.

PRIZES:

1st Prize - £10
2nd Prize - £5
3rd Prize - £3
4th Prize - £2
5th Prize - £1
6th Prize 10/-

BEGIN NOW! Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down and try. First of all, read the Rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings. All drawings will be returned to the competitors at the close of the competition. DON'T MISS THIS! SOMEONE WILL WIN THE £10. WHY NOT YOU? Send in your sketch to-day.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

1. Anyone is eligible to compete except past or present students or employees of the Australian School of Sketching and professional artists.
2. All sketches must be received by 30th May, 1939.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of envelope should be marked plainly "COMPETITION."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with State. Competitors under 16 years must state age on the back of their sketch.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8 ins. high by 6 ins. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prize winners. The Australian School of Sketching cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a postal note value 1/6 (one shilling and sixpence). Please do not send coins or stamps.
9. Sketch and postal note MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketch in one envelope and postal note under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (1 oz. for 2d.).
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the Australian School of Sketching as final and conclusive.
12. The Australian School of Sketching reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate £1/1/0 (one guinea) for each sketch.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL OF SKETCHING
139 A.C.A. Building, King Street, SYDNEY

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A SILVER CUP, GEORGE II, 1757

First Impressions

First impressions are notoriously important, and few things in your home can better convey an impression of good taste and charm than gleaming silver. Cleaned the quick, easy Silvo way it will shine with a new loveliness, and there is no mercury or acid in Silvo to harm even the most delicate Silver.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Man of Action

Continued from Page 14

I MUST beg you to remember that my savings were at stake, and my trip abroad—my very dreams, Miss Wilmott. Remember this, and you will understand why, while bending for the pen, I hurled myself at Troveski's legs.

He yelled. More accurately, he oof-ed. The revolver banged above my head. The bullet struck the wall. Troveski was thrown completely, staggeringly, off his balance. I seized his ankles. He fell backwards, to land on his shoulder with a terrific thud. And the revolver flew out of his fingers.

More agile than he, I leaped to my feet. I grasped the nearest chair. Just as he began to rise, I brought it down, with considerable enthusiasm, on his bald head. Troveski promptly collapsed. He rolled over and lay unstirring.

At once, Miss Wilmott, I hunted under the furniture and found his revolver. There was a pounding at the outer door, beyond which a frantic man began to shout questions. I recognised the raucous voice as belonging to the concierge. Doubtless he had heard the shot and anticipated a murder.

"Go call the police!" I ordered loudly in French. "Quick, they are downstairs!"

The man ran off in panic. I could hear his ejaculations of "Sacre bleu!" and "Epatant!" trailing him down the steps. I unlocked the door and, revolver in hand, took up a position over the unconscious Michel Troveski. More than this, I felt, no one—not even Aristide Flamand himself—could have done.

Within a few minutes the police arrived—several agents very reassuring in their blue capes—and I turned my prisoner over to them.

That, I regret, is all I have time to explain this morning, Miss Wilmott. I am now being awaited at the Prefecture of Police, where I must make an official charge against Michel Troveski.

Yours,
HORATIO TWINN.

Mr. Horatio Twinn,
Hotel de l'Oiseau Bleu,
Paris, France.

My dear Horatio,

I am absolutely frantic for further news. There are a thousand things I want to ask. Are you well? Are they giving you the ribbon of the Legion of Honor?

Your two letters, posted so close together, must have travelled by the same boat. They arrived simultaneously, and I opened the wrong one first. I was thrilled and amazed and terrified from beginning to end. You were so brave! To enter that horrible apartment alone, against an armed adversary, a man with absolutely no compunctions about killing—Horatio, you have no idea how proud I am of your courage!

I have already told the news to practically everybody here in Cleavertown. People are so astounded they just won't believe it. I even showed parts of your letter to Mr. Perkins, the editor of the "Weekly Record," and he is printing a front-page story of your terrible adventure in the next issue. He said he would headline it: Horatio Twinn Outwits International Spy Ring; To Be Decorated By France.

Horatio, you must write me more at once. I positively cannot bear the suspense of waiting for the next letter. What happened at the Prefecture? What did the French newspapers say about it all? They must be delirious! I suppose you'll have to make a speech if they give you the decoration; and oh, what I'd give to be there to hear you!

I have to end this note immediately to catch the noon mail train, yet I cannot close without adding a sort of P.S.—about us. Horatio, I had always hoped it was me and not the books you came to see at the library. I — yes, I'll confess it brazenly—I always looked for you with eagerness. I'm not a bit ashamed of my feelings for you, Horatio. I'm so proud of you I could sing. Please, please write at once! Yours,

Norma.

Miss Norma Wilmott,
The Cleavertown Public Library,
Cleavertown, Ontario.

Dear Norma,

I have been unable to answer your letter sooner because for the past seventeen days I have been in hospital.

That, my dear, was the only reason for my long silence—a physical incapacity to compose a note. I know this will astonish you, so let me explain as briefly as possible all that happened.

On the 3rd, as you know, I went to the Prefecture to testify against Michel Troveski. His real name, it developed, is not Troveski, but Edouard Leduc. He stood sullen before a juge d'instruction, his head bandaged, and I frankly told the officials my story.

And then I received a shock. For I discovered, Norma, that I had been duped!

IN the first place, Aristide Flamand, who was present, too, is not a detective at all. He is Troveski's—or Leduc's—accomplice. And he, like his partner, has a long and ugly police record. After the officers arrested Leduc they at once sought Flamand and picked him up within two hours in a little bistro.

As to how I was duped by these two men, the juge d'instruction assured me it was a trick that had been practised on others before me—usually on timid and credulous foreigners. The swindlers, it seems, watch in hotels, in department stores, in travel bureaus, or even in banks, to see a traveller produce his cheques. They can judge the approximate amount he is carrying, ordinarily, if he allows the pages of his cheque-book to flip back. Then they follow him to some suitable spot and subject him to the "spy" ruse which they tried on me.

After the victim has "paid for his life," as he believes, he is warned to leave Paris at once. Also, he is told that if he whispers a word to the police any number of international spies stand ready to assassinate him in order to preserve their secret. So, as a rule, the poor man never dares to speak of his misfortune. He departs from Paris as swiftly as possible.

I, however, chanced to upset the apple cart, as it were. But that was not all.

The juge d'instruction, after revealing the truth of the amazing swindle, leaned forward and asked me, "Are you aware, Monsieur Twinn, of what you have done?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I have brought two conniving criminals to justice."

"Ah, but you have done more, monsieur, much more." The official smiled in an almost benevolent way. "Have you ever heard of Nukazzar Bey?"

Startled, I murmured, "Why, no. Who is he?"

"He was a Turkish diplomat who visited France several months ago and was killed by burglars in a villa near Cannes. For the sake of our relations with Turkey we have been desperately anxious, monsieur, to apprehend the assassins of Nukazzar Bey. Until last night we had failed wretchedly. But last night——" The juge d'instruction leaned farther forward and let his voice drop to an excited whisper. "Last night, in searching the apartment of Edouard Leduc, we found sufficient loot and other evidence to prove he was the burglar who shot Nukazzar Bey. Moreover, his revolver—which you took from him—is the very weapon which sent a bullet into the Turkish official!"

You can readily imagine, Norma, how stunned I was. As a result of this revelation, I have since been interviewed by many French newspapermen, all of them vehemently asserting that their papers would sponsor my nomination to the Legion of Honor for priceless service to France.

Possibly you are wondering about my being confined here. There is little to explain.

After the juge d'instruction spoke, Leduc, in the very presence of the authorities, lost his temper. Perhaps he could not forgive me for having struck him with a chair. At any rate, he called me a vile name. Then, before anyone could stop him, he picked up a stool and hurled it at me. I dodged, but it hit my head.

I have been in the hospital ever since, though to-day I have finally been permitted to sit up and use a pen.

Frankly, Norma, I feel much too sick and upset to continue this trip. I still have my money and I have already seen Paris. So I have decided to come home on the first boat.

I shall save my couple of hundred pounds for another year, meanwhile adding to it. And I see no reason why, next summer, we can't visit Switzerland and Italy together, you and I—that is, of course, if I have interpreted the sentiments of your letter correctly. Have I?

Affectionately, Horatio.

(Copyright).

ANEW

LET'S start again!
"Tis not impossible—
With broken tools—to plan
and build anew
From out the wreck, the debris,
and the dust,
The house that tottered
when that fierce wind blew.

Let's start again!
But—this time—on the rock
Of high ideals and quiet love
and wise,
Of kindnesses that seek not
recognition,
Through faith, and fire, and
pain that purifies . . .

We'll start anew!
We love each other still;
Come—let us tap To-morrow's
Golden Door.
And in the end—who knows?
maybe we'll find
The Paradise we failed to find
before.

—Leon Batt.

WHEW! I THOUGHT MY WASHING WAS WHITE... TILL MRS. JOHNSTONE STARTED USING PERSIL

Put your own washing against PERSIL whiteness and you'll wonder why you used anything else, for the contrast is amazing. But the reason for the contrast is a simple one. Persil's rich oxygen-charged suds get out all the dirt from inside the weave of the fabric, a job which ordinary soaps just cannot do. It stands to reason, then, that because Persil gets things cleaner it's *bound* to get them whiter. And Persil washes *gently*. If you want the best results for all your washing, use Persil.

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Friday night is AMAMI night

AMAMI is the luxury shampoo, used *regularly* by millions of attractive women. Amami No. 1 for Brunettes. Amami No. 2 for Blondes. Obtainable at chemists and stores. If any difficulty, please write to *Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.*

AMAMI SHAMPOOS

Fat Cheeks Double Chin

SPOIL GOOD FEATURES OF FACE

The fat you are now putting on is quite likely the unhealthy tissue caused by the absorption of waste digestive poisons into your blood. This matter has been accumulating through constipation, making you overweight and unsightly, bringing daily sick headaches, bilious attacks, bad breath, pimples and blemishes on your skin, weariness and depression.

Banish these harmful effects of constipation and congested liver by taking Pinkettes. These little laxative and liver pills are compounded of safe, harmless ingredients that exercise and strengthen lazy bowels and stir the liver, clearing away all poisonous digestive wastes and restoring the healthy, regular habit. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes make to your eyes, skin, breath, spirits and how unhealthy fat disappears. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.***

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There goes another clean Pyjama Suit!

Never mind—

NURSERY 'VIYELLA'

washes beautifully!

Mother knows that the wisest thing is to dress her high-spirited young family in Nursery 'Viyella,' for no amount of washing shrinks or fades it. And the children adore 'Viyella.' They're so comfy (and safe, too) in its warm, down-soft texture, and the little check and flower patterns are so pretty and charming.

NURSERY 'VIYELLA'—Cream, 4/6 yd.; pastel colours, 4/11; prints and checks, 5/11. NURSERY 'CLYDELLA'—Cream, 3/6; pastel colours, 4/3; prints and checks, 4/11. All 27" wide, the most economical width for children's clothes. 'VIYELLA' Children's Socks from 1/11. All Viyella products are guaranteed unshrinkable and are available at all good drapers. If you have difficulty in obtaining them write for free patterns to 'VIYELLA,' Box 3335PP, G.P.O. Sydney.

'Viyella' REGD.

FOR CHILDREN

from the day they're born

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Please send me "From the Day They're Born" (price 1/-, plus 2d. postage), "Viyella House No. 5 Knitting Book" (price 6d., plus 2d. postage), or both (price 1/6, plus 2d. postage). State which you require and enclose stamps or postal orders to cover cost of books and postage.

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IT warns doctors' wives:

Call on new people immediately, or someone else will.

If a patient complains of the expenses of illness, he'll pay your husband last, if at all.

Smile if it kills you when Mrs. Smith describes the birth of her twins.

Tell people that your husband never talks to you of his patients—and pray heaven to forgive you the lie!

IT'S NOT EASY BEING A Doctor's wife

HERE'S A NEW ANGLE ON LIFE BEHIND THE BRASS PLATE

Doctor-authors have written of the sacrifices and triumphs of their profession in books like "The Citadel" and "Dr. Bradley Remembers."

Now a woman presents the other side of life behind the brass plate—the life of the doctor's wife.

"IT IS not easy to be the wife of a general practitioner . . . to decide between a life of self-sacrifice and a life of social distraction from long days alone."

IN "I Carry the Wood," Bridget Lowry tells the simple, moving story of Marty and her idealistic doctor husband, Julian Flower.

Marty's steady faith, humor and warm understanding support Julian through disillusionments and the crises he regards as failure.

The unusual title of the book is taken from an incident during their honeymoon.

To prove she was a skilled housewife, Marty built a fire in the woods, but it would not burn. Julian succeeded in lighting it.

"Brains! That's why you failed, darling," he said.

"I carried the wood," said Marty. "Your old fire wouldn't get very far without that."

This was the basis of their married life.

After seven years as a general practitioner in the country, Julian goes to the war, where he loses a leg. Marty tries to keep the practice going with various locums.

After the war Marty starts an exacting new life, with two children now to add to her responsibilities, when Julian becomes a student again to learn plastic surgery.

The years bring wealth and security but Marty gives up the luxuries of a successful specialist's life to return to the country again, where Julian is fired with idealistic plans for improving conditions in a new industrial area.

"All I do seems to be built on the sacrifice of you. Yet I don't mean it to be that way," Julian says to Marty.

"I would not change my life for any woman's," is Marty's reply.

Sometimes Marty's faith in the role of self-effacement falters.

"It is not easy to be the wife of a general practitioner. It is not easy to reconcile the regularity of life required by a household containing a baby with the irregularity forced upon one's husband.

"It is not easy to decide between a life of self-sacrifice and a life of social distraction from long days alone. Either way lies estrangement.

Strain of practice

"NEW doctors' wives achieve the happy middle path of mingling duty with distraction in such a manner that they are always at home when needed, to serve or soothe a man whose days are spent serving and soothing humanity, until he himself is sick with nervous exhaustion.

"By all the rules of morality, self-sacrifice was a nobler path than pleasure, yet by those laws more subtle than morality, to which the human heart more readily reacts, self-sacrifice is a burnt-offering so often merely burnt."

Direct antithesis to Marty is her schooldays friend, Veronica—beautiful, selfish, thrice married and jealous of Marty's happiness.

"I hate her," Marty admits to herself, "not because she is heartless and treacherous, but because she makes heartlessness and treachery pay. Because she looks at me and her eyes say, 'You poor fool, you've made yourself haggard and harassed, and for what?' Because she is rich and beautiful and because she makes everything I've spent my life for seem worthless."

When Veronica tries to steal her husband, Marty's philosophic good sense nearly fails her.

But the theme phrase of her marriage, "Marty is always there," saves her from disaster.

Marty is not smug but wise after weathering the greatest emotional crisis of her life, when she says to Veronica:

"After twenty-three years of marriage, love is a wider thing than you realise, Veronica."

"Darling, I always considered myself quite an expert on love," says Veronica, sweetly.

"I was speaking of friendship and loyalty and affection for one's children and quite a number of other things that grow when a man and a woman have lived long years together," Marty says.

"I Carry the Wood," by Bridget Lowry (Methuen). Our copy from the publishers.

Smiles grow lovelier with

Ipana and Massage!

He loves me—he loves me not! Poor, unhappy Helen—so alone! *(Yet how can she look for romance when she lets a dull, dingy, unattractive smile frighten it away?)*

Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. *(He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.)*

HOW IMPORTANT a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists to-day, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth, but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana to-day. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

• • •

Choice of a dentrifice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

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Regular Size 1/-. Super Size 2/-.

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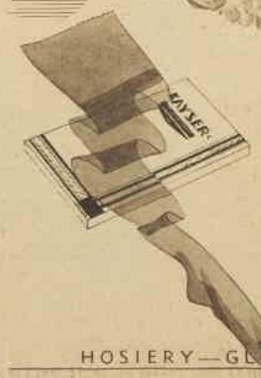
the Gift She'll love to have . . .

KAYSER



Let your gift for the sweetest lady you'll ever know express true thoughtfulness on Mother's Day! Give her something she will really appreciate! — KAYSER Hosiery! . . . . Such beautiful stockings in fascinating new shades, will serve a dual purpose, for KAYSER hosiery is both exquisite and practical!

Sheer "Mir-O-Kleer" and sturdy Service Weights—from 4/11 to 7/11.

HOSIERY—GLOVES—LINGERIE

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EUGENE and Eugenie Lean Fore, Chinese twins, born at Crown Street Women's Hospital. Sister Vivian Lean Fore is the young nurse. The babies have Chinese names as well as English. Wy Man is the boy on left, Wy Duc the girl.

Chinese twins

Meet "Strong Man" and "Strong Character"

Chinese twins—a boy and a girl—were born at Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney, recently.

They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Lean Fore, of Surry Hills.

The twins have been called Eugene and Eugenie. Eugene's Chinese name is Wy Man (meaning "Strong Man") and Eugenie's is Wy Duc (meaning "Strong Character").

WHEN they were born Eugene weighed 6 lbs. 3 ozs., and Eugenie 3 lbs. 9 ozs. Eugenie's weight has increased, but she is still much smaller than Eugene.

The twins' most devoted nurse is their four-year-old sister, Vivian. Her Chinese name is Wy Wy (Clever One). Eugene wears blue and Eugenie wears pink.

Mrs. Lean Fore, Sydney-born Chinese, went to Hongkong to be married, and later settled in Shanghai.

She and her husband lost their home and all their possessions when the Japanese invaded Shanghai. They came to Australia a year ago.

A surprise

"THE twins were a surprise to us," said Mrs. Lean Fore. "There have never been twins before in either my or my husband's family."

The arrival of the twins caused great excitement at Crown Street Hospital.

They are the only foreign twins born at the hospital since Chinese girl twins arrived there four years ago.

Thirty-five sets of twins, a total of thirty-five girls and thirty-five boys, were born at the hospital last year.

The twins are being naturally fed at present.

Later they will graduate to the same diet given to Australian children.

Big-sister Vivian eats both Australian and Chinese dishes, and always eats rice every day.

In the meantime "Strong Man" and "Strong Character" are living up to their names as strong, healthy babes.

Tops with every woman who's as smart as she's lovely — that's Tattoo Lipstick!

Here's this year's fashion note about lips . . . Tattoo's to be seen in all the smartest places, on all the loveliest faces! Beauty's best friend — Tattoo's your lipstick love! Rapturous, romantic, heart-throbbing shades . . . the newest ones! Transparent dawn-dewiness that stays on and on and on *definitely* . . . exotic stain instead of greasy coating . . . Tattoo brings you the South Sea maiden's own secret. Tattoo, the smash hit in lipstick . . . fashion's own darling find . . . the tops with every woman who's as smart as she's lovely. *Yes — your lipstick!*

So lovely are lips by

TATTOO

CORAL · EXOTIC
NATURAL · PASTEL
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Startling NEW Shade
Black Magic
Voodoo BLACK in the Stick—
Pagan RED on your lips!

Sketching is the hobby that pays!

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

DOES YOUR HAIR LOOK LIKE THIS?

. . . or is it dull and lifeless?

Californian Poppy

BRILLIANTINE

gives that touch of Perfection

Does your hair shine with a silky gleam? Or is it flat and dull? Is it a shining halo, glossy and lustrous? If not—a touch of Californian Poppy Brilliantine is all it needs . . . to give it a glorious sheen . . . to bring out lovely high-lights of colour. Californian Poppy Brilliantine gives the ultimate touch of perfection to a modern hair-style.

Californian Poppy Brilliantine . . . distinctive . . . exquisite . . . choice of discriminating people.

The light and delicate oil carefully blended into Californian Poppy Brilliantine makes it safest and best for a woman's fine hair and tender scalp. Use it this way:

Rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and lightly pat it on your hair before combing it through. Your wave stays smoothly set without any frizzines . . . and how gloriously bright, how beautifully groomed it always looks! Glamorous women, elegant women, all choose Californian Poppy.

Californian Poppy

BRILLIANTINE 1/6 *Per Bottle*

ATKINSONS OF LONDON
24 Old Bond Street, London W.1.

Atkinson's Brilliantine also in English Lavender, White Rose, or Unscented.

An Editorial

MAY 13, 1939

NEW DEAL ON MOTHER'S DAY

MOTHER'S Day gives the rest of the family an opportunity of expressing their appreciation of Mum in the scheme of things.

Most of the day-by-day appreciation of Mum is in the abstract; why not make it something more practical this year? Give Mum a week-end off on Mother's Day.

Just sack the managing director of the household from Saturday to Monday and co-opt the rest of the people in the house to run it.

It would give everybody an honest appreciation of what Mother really means in the home.

Let Bill's large smile and his larger box of chocolates for Mother's Day be the outward sign of an inward urge to do all the odd jobs about the house that he has promised to attend to for so long but keeps putting off.

Let him carry out a firm resolve to go to golf or tennis without leaving a disorganised bedroom behind him, with sporting gear, spare shirts, and shoes to be put back into place by Mother when she has time.

Here's a suggestion also to flapper daughter.

That sunny Sunday morning you spend seated in the garden with a book, or in just idling the hours until lunch, why not employ it giving Mother a hand with the dinner?

It would surprise her, and surprise the family, more especially if you decided to cook the meal yourself just to show them all that you could do it.

And a Mother's Day hint to the marrieds. If you all decide to visit Mother on her day and bring the children, why not make a working-bee out of the party?

Give Mother the party next Sunday. She will welcome the gesture—and go to bed full of praises for the most thoughtful family in the world.

—THE EDITOR.

Churchman pleads for education in marriage

By DR. PILCHER,
Anglican Coadjutor Bishop, in an interview.

Education for marriage is one of the great social needs of the present generation.

I have seen marriages which have begun with happy promise sink quickly down in a few years to the deadly level of despair.

● Marriage is homemaking and homemaking is an art, says Dr. Pilcher in this article. Education for marriage, he says, is a social need of the times.

DOMESTIC HARMONY comes when the partners to a marriage are educated to their responsibilities.

THE young people's relationships were spoilt almost beyond recovery through lack of an inner knowledge and power to meet the responsibilities and adjustments and demands which every marriage makes.

I believe that the root cause of most unhappy marriages lies in the failure of husband and wife to realise just one thing—that homemaking is an art and like every other art demands skill and care and practice to produce a masterpiece.

I should like to see homemaking taught by the parents; I should like to see the art of homemaking handed down from mother to daughter, and the art of caring for the delicate relationship of marriage become a traditional teaching which every father passes on to his son.

But I know that is often asking for more than the parents can give. Often parents have themselves arrived at no real understanding of the road to married happiness.

We have only to investigate the matter further back and we find they received little or no instruction from their parents, who belonged to a generation which seemed to think that, while the ordinary subjects of the school curriculum were important, the deeper problems of human life might well be left to the haphazard teaching of unhappy experience.

Co-operative effort

THE complex problem of training our young people for marriage can only be solved by the co-operative method.

The family doctor is obviously the man to give a clean scientific account of the physical aspect of marriage if the parents shrink from the task, while the clergy, teachers, and the writers of literature in all its forms might well work together to create a spiritual atmosphere in society in which the higher values of the marriage relationship would be recognised.

Each of these groups has its part to play in bringing young people to a realisation that the need for understanding and the will to adjustment are greater factors in married happiness than the romantic excitement which leads so many young men and women into marriage and leaves them stranded when they have to settle down to the innumerable small but very important problems of daily life together.

When two people have been used to earning separate wages, for instance, it takes tact and a sense of proportion to allocate the family budget fairly.

When the husband comes home at the end of the day the wife must remember that he needs relaxation and not an immediate recital of the day's disasters.

And he should have learnt sufficient insight into his wife's new life to realise that a day at home can be lonely and an evening spent with a silent husband hidden behind a newspaper unutterably dull.

The need of educating the clergy to give instruction in problems of human life is something I feel strongly about.

Such study might well form a part of their course in pastoral theology, so that even when fresh from college they could start their work with a rich equipment of practical psychology.

Homemaking art

AND teachers. Apart from the subtle influence which they can wield in shaping an attitude, there is definite work for them to do. Every girls' school should teach not only domestic science, but also the art of homemaking, of which domestic science is the foundation.

Cooking, for instance, is incomplete without a knowledge of food values, and interior decoration would be a more useful subject to most women than higher mathematics.

And, perhaps most important of all, I should like to see every young woman learn the principles of mothercraft. The number of children who have grown up spoilt and difficult, simply because they have been the unhappy little victims of their parents' ignorance, is a tragedy.

Concerning a young man's education for marriage we are up against a more difficult problem.

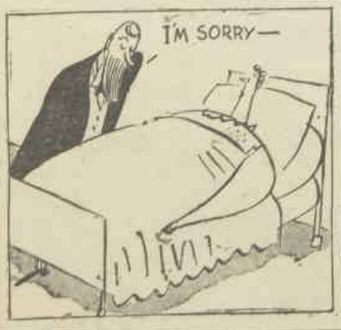
School for fathers

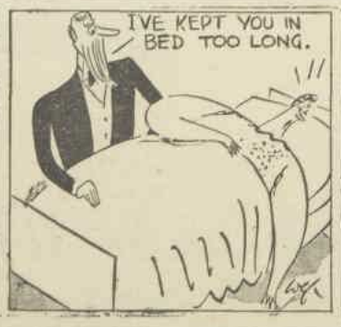
I'M afraid we can't teach fathercraft in our boys' schools, but the staff might well aim to create such an atmosphere that all unconsciously the boys would be led to take up an attitude of delicacy towards marriage and sensitiveness to the marriage partner.

But this I would do if I had the power: When a young man and woman decide to marry, I should insist that each one undergo a medical examination, and at this point every bridegroom should be instructed in the simple facts relating to motherhood.

The clergyman to whom an engaged couple go in order to arrange their marriage might well use such opportunities to lift the minds of the couple to an appreciation of the higher possibilities of the marriage relationship.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*





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Why be SUPERSTITIOUS?...It's apt to be UNLUCKY

"This is my lucky day," says L. W. Lower, as he kicks a black cat while walking under a ladder.

This may be a good day for you . . . perhaps!

By **L. W. Lower**
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

I'm not superstitious, but this seems to be my unlucky month. Anyway, this Saturday's the thirteenth.

Some people can walk under ladders with impunity, actually go looking for ladders to walk under. Others can kick black cats without being struck by lightning or being sent bankrupt or something like that. But I can't.

I THINK it all started when I lost my lucky charm. It cost me two shillings and I got my horoscope chucked in.

The horoscope wasn't much good, as all it said was that I was to be sure not to go to Bulgaria in July and not to go to the races in any month with a "K" in it, and all that kind of thing. Quite useless.

One thing that came out correctly was when I went to a spiritualist's meeting. A man came round with a tray and it seemed you had to give him some personal article which you valued and carried about with you. So I gave him my back stud.

The medium went into a trance and said she saw a man with dark hair on a tram.

The man with the tray asked me if I'd seen a man with dark hair on a tram in the past few days. I said, "Yes. I have."

Everybody whispered, "Isn't she marvellous!"

She also told me that my mother was older than I was, which was correct, and that I was likely to be knocked down by some kind of vehicle the following week unless I was very careful.

Well, the following week I was so careful that I used to stop in the middle of the road to make sure that all was clear.

The result was that I got knocked down three times at the same intersection. Which just goes to show.

As Shakespeare said, "There is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may." Some philosophical crack he made after a bad day at the races, I suppose.

Although, as I remarked previously, I am not superstitious, I know a woman who lost her greenstone Maori tiki and since then she has put on two stone as her out-of-work husband came back to her just as she was about to marry a wealthy squatter. There was a scene, of course, and the squatter broke it off.

This proves that if you've got a genuine Maori tiki, hang on to it like grim death.

Anyway, the squatter was lucky.

But then, he was born under the sign of Cancerous, the Crab, so it was an auspicious month for him. I'm Sagittarius, myself. Or it might be Scorpio, the Scorpion.

Anyhow, September is my bookmaker's lucky month. His other lucky months are January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, October, November and December.

I don't see why he should have been born at all. I regard him not so much as a man, but as a mistake.

His lucky penny

TAKE horseshoes! I don't mean internally, but consider and ponder on them.

They're supposed to be lucky, but a poor draught horse lugs four of them around all his life, and is he lucky? Neigh!

In the poker school which I support—I don't know what they'd do without me—there's one player who will sit only in one particular chair, otherwise he won't play.

This may be superstition or it may be because there is a mirror on the opposite wall. He's always polishing the thing. I'd have it removed only I'm hoping he'll break it and get seven years' bad luck.

One compensation is that if you break thirteen mirrors you must inevitably live to the ripe old age of (wait a minute), to the ripe old age of ninety-one in order to work out your bad luck.

By the time you are that old you won't care. You can sit up in your wheel chair and say: "Thou canst not harm me now!"

Or if that sounds a bit too highbrow you could say, "You can all go to blazes!—

My days are done,
The race is run,
And I have had my bit of fun,
But you, poor blokes, have just begun,
Hooray!"

I've got a lucky penny. I always call heads when I'm tossing with it because it's got a head on each side, and in a case like that it's only logical to call heads.

You might ask where the luck comes in in a case like that. Well, I'm lucky to have a penny like that.

Turning your money over and making a wish when there's a new moon is a very old custom which is dying out because very few people have anything to turn over these days. Of course the whole business of S goes back to very early times when man was just a primeval, primitive brute and didn't know a thing about tinned beans and mortgages and exceeding the speed limit in built-up areas.

One thing which is not exactly an S with me, but is worth noting, is to refrain from treading on the Managing Director's feet when getting into the lift. It's unlucky.

Tread on your own feet! That's not S. It's good advice.

How did she get that Attractive FIGURE

She's the kind of figure which shows off her evening gowns to perfection—but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Don't envy her — but improve your health and get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, purify the blood and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

"For two years I had been putting on surplus fat, and I became so flabby I had no energy or life in me. In Bile Beans I found a safe method of weight reduction. Bile Beans have not only given me a slim figure but new energy and health."—Mrs. E. Pape.

"Bile Beans have reduced my bust and hip measurement by four inches and so greatly improved my figure that now standard dresses and coats fit me perfectly. Bile Beans have also given me a clear skin, more energy, and made me ever so fit."—Miss A. Dunn.

BILE BEANS
Improve Your Health As Well As Your Figure

COME over to New Zealand—the Wonderland of the Pacific—and celebrate with us our 100th Birthday! Here, situated in nearly 60 acres, is the greatest Exhibition ever held in the Southern Hemisphere! Colossal . . . unprecedented . . . impressive displays covering 14 acres of buildings . . . gardens . . . 10 acres of amusements, a feast of fun and entertainment, representing the very latest spectacular devices of the world.

A THOUSAND THRILLS AWAIT YOU

Now is the time to arrange your trip . . . 3½ days' sail to Wellington, where the Exhibition is magnificently staged. Modern transport by rail, road and airways gives easy access to the scenic, sport and health resorts of the Dominion, truly described as "the Paradise of the Pacific." Send to-day for the beautifully illustrated folder outlining the holiday of a lifetime. Address: New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, or all travel agents.

AT WELLINGTON
NOV. 1939 to APRIL 1940

PLAN NOW TO VISIT THE
NEW ZEALAND
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EXHIBITION

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Mother proud of her pretty daughter !

REXONA SOAP

(MEDICATED WITH CADYL)

keeps her skin healthy and so-*naturally* beautiful

Keep *your* daughter's skin baby-smooth and flawless during the dangerous adolescent age—give her skin the protection of Rexona Medicated Soap. For regular use of Rexona will keep her skin always clear and unblemished . . . radiantly healthy, and so —*naturally* lovely.

Skin blemishes may worry women of all ages . . . REXONA MEDICATED SOAP is the sure way to flawless, healthy skin.

Even when you are past the adolescent age you must guard skin-loveliness carefully. For with so much germ-laden dust in the air you are in *constant* danger of getting skin blemishes. And they always steal your beauty . . . your fun . . . your happiness. The surest way to keep the skin clear is with the regular use of Rexona Soap. The *medicated* lather tones up slackened tissues . . . gives your complexion the youth and vitality of radiantly healthy skin. Start using Rexona Soap *now*. Use it always—and your skin will be as flawlessly clear and girlishly lovely as it possibly can be.

B.200.7

NEW COMPOUND OF MEDICATIONS MAKES REXONA

Not just a beauty soap but *a complete skin treatment*

If your daughter has pimples or blackheads now, remember—neglected blemishes multiply and become deep-seated. Start her using *Rexona Soap* right away! For Rexona is the only soap medicated with CADYL, a wonderful compound of medications. The soothing, protecting lather gently draws away germ-laden dust from the very base of the pores—where all skin faults start. Rexona soon corrects a dull skin . . . beautifies a normal one.

These revitalising medications in REXONA Soap cannot fail to improve the skin.

EMOLLIENTS—*to soothe and soften and heal.*

NUTRIENTS—*to nourish and revive.*

ASTRINGENTS—*to refine pores and improve texture.*

TONIC ELEMENTS *to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.*

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Healthier, Lovelier Hair with a REXONA Soap shampoo.

Your hair can be lovelier . . . more attractive . . . if you shampoo with Rexona Soap. Cadyl, Rexona's compound of medications, makes your scalp healthy — keeps dandruff in check—leaves your hair shining with burnished high-lights.

REXONA the best baby soap—guards against RASHES . . . CHAFING . . . all common ailments

Baby's tender skin needs gentle, soothing Rexona Soap. Its medications guard against chafing . . . rashes . . . all common ailments. Cradle Cap yields quickly when Rexona Soap and Rexona Ointment are used together.

REXONA SOAP and OINTMENT . . . wonderful skin treatment.

If blemishes don't clear up rapidly with Rexona Soap care then your skin needs the complete Rexona Treatment—Rexona Soap and Ointment together. Skin blemishes soon disappear under this healing skin treatment. It leaves the skin clear and unmarked . . . radiant with health.

TREATMENT. *Bathe the skin often with Rexona Soap, using warm water. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.*

Couple wait for Duke to return

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Within the unkempt grounds of Fort Belvedere, Virginia Water, Surrey, two people to-day keep a lonely vigil awaiting the return of the Duke of Windsor, their former master.

FOR more than two years James Bowden, caretaker of the Fort, and his wife have lived behind its locked gates, hoping some day to be able to welcome back the ex-King and his American wife.

When Edward VIII chose to abdicate his throne and enter into exile he left behind Bowden and his wife to look after his beautiful country house.

The man and his wife have now become part and parcel of the estate. Living in a small red-brick cottage at the end of the grounds, they are shut off from the entire world.

Once a day the gates at Virginia Water end of the estate are unlocked for a few minutes for delivery of the daily supply of milk, letters, and any messages from the deputy-ranger of Windsor Great Park, who is in charge of the maintenance of the Fort.

Save for this single period of the day, all communication with the Fort is closed and the two disappear from human sight.

Any attempts to contact them by shouting or whistling do not even penetrate the thick trees and shrubberies in which their cottage is buried. The cottage is a hundred yards from the road.

Bowden and his wife do not mix with the people in the surrounding villages. They refuse to answer questions concerning the Fort, and it is quite an event when they go out of the grounds.

When Bowden was ill a few months ago his wife was forced to walk several miles to fetch a doctor. The doctor was allowed to enter the grounds, but was not allowed to bring anyone with him.

Treasures gone

MEANWHILE the grounds have become sadly dilapidated. The tennis courts, which so often resounded with the vigorous play of Edward and his guests, no longer are fit for play.

The swimming pool is now empty. Edward's favorite nine-hole putting green is overgrown with weeds.

Previously ten gardeners aided Edward to build up the flower gardens in which he took so much pride. Now the caretaker and his wife have to do their best alone, although occasionally a few gardeners are sent from Windsor to help them clear up.

The furniture, linen and the plate that the Duke could not take away with him into exile have been stored in Windsor Castle.

Most of the Fort's treasures have also been taken out. Drawn blinds hide the bare rooms.

Firewomen on parade —but not in trousers

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

SEVENTY-SIX volunteer women fire-fighters attended a parade of the city's auxiliary fire service.

Although they were given permission to march through London in trousers, most of them preferred to face the public in their smart navy-blue skirted uniforms with buff-colored stockings.

They marched with 500 men and 100 fire-fighting appliances.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

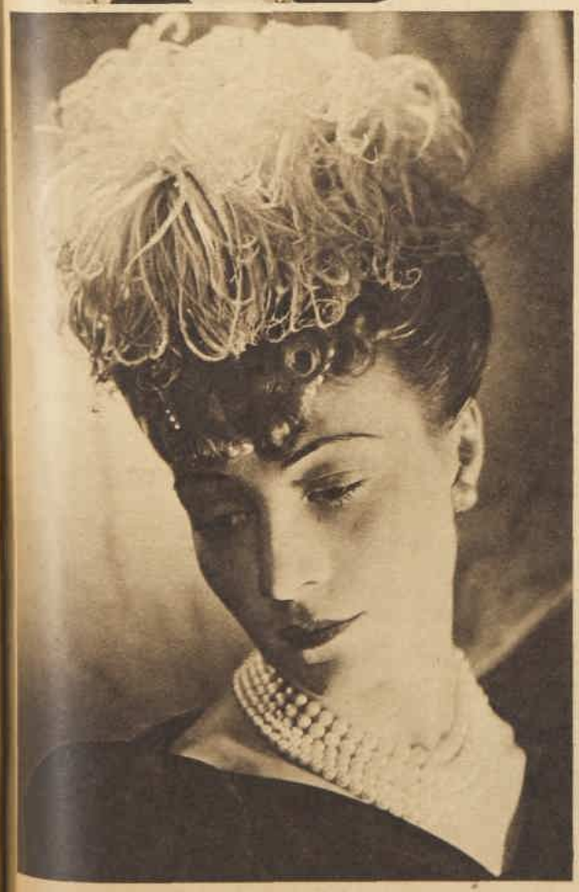
FRIVOLITIES . . .

● A TINY PLATEAU of crisp maroon straw with three bluebirds fluttering over it.

● THE ORIENTAL FEZ soars to unexpected heights for the cocktail hour. Here's a brand-new version glamorised with gold paillettes, gold flowers, and flattering mist of veiling falling right to the shoulders.

● ROSE VALOIS inspired this exaggerated little Dolly Varden model that shoots crazily heavenwards at the back. In fine, pliable straw of deepest violet, with a riot of cyclamen flowers on top. (Above left).

● THE SOPHISTICATED FLOURISH of the Edwardian revival that recently captivated Paris — Reboux's daring headdress of brilliant San Topez-red ostrich tips, for formal evening wear. (Left).



The cushion fabric illustrated is T8053, a charming feather design on 'Sanderlin', 31 inches wide. Chair cover and curtains are ST81212, a swallow pattern on reversible woven fabric, 50 ins. wide.

EXTRAVAGANCE

'What *do* you mean, Aunt Martha?' . . . 'My dear, lovely new cushions and covers! You really ought to take a little more care of them — this sun will fade every stitch of colour in no time.' . . . 'Don't be so old fashioned, Auntie dear, this stuff takes care of itself — it's Sanderson Indecolor fabric which simply *can't* fade. Anyway, they're not even new — they've been washed lots of times. And, as for you accusing me of extravagance! It isn't my fault that they *look* expensive — actually, they cost next to nothing. You wouldn't believe me, if I told you how much!'

Sanderson Indecolor range includes reversible woven fabric, cretonne, linen and linen union, glazed chintz, and the new lustrous-finish washable chintz, called 'Sanderlin', all guaranteed non-running and washproof. They are sold by leading furnishers & stores.

SANDERSON

Indecolor

SUN-RESISTING & WASHPROOF

FABRICS

Trade enquiries to R. H. Wilson (Pty) Ltd. 40, York St., Sydney; 200 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

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Sports-girl *dressed to* WIN

• A SLENDER SKIRT and snug knitted jumper, topped with a trimly-tailored Harris tweed sports coat, for an ideal golfing outfit. (Extreme left).

• A CLASSIC little tennis style, with inverted pleats for freedom. Add an eye shade with snood attached to keep stray curls in check. (Top centre).

• KNITTING a sports sweater? Then feature your monogram in a new way on a contrasting arm-band. (Above).

• A SPECTATOR ensemble that steals the limelight. Grey-beige angora swing coat over a fiery-red jacket and nigger brown sk...

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COLOR . . . takes the ice!

• THE TWO fashion-conscious young skaters above sponsor beguiling new styles. The lass at the left wears a vandyke-brown angora pinafore with umbrella skirt, cheered with a yellow hand-knitted sweater. Her partner chooses a raglan-sleeved blouse of blue facecloth, with purple pleated skirt.

+ + +

• A PERKY grey woollen jacket offset with a flared red-and-grey plaid skirt. Accessories in deep red velvet. (Centre).

+ + +

• DARING COLOR contrasts in a cherry suede waistcoat, with mauve flecked wool sweater and brilliant blue angora skirt and muff. (Right).

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Warmth in this slimmer-fitting Luxuree!

26

"LUXUREE" solves the problem of how to appear your slimmest and still be warm. You can feel the extra high tension which combines silk with wool even before you slip into this sleek, comfy vest. Once it's on it's ripple free. Bond's "Luxuree" vests are in all sizes. In all styles—from opera tops to wrist-length sleeves.

Bond's

SILK WITH WOOL "Luxuree" VESTS

Opera top: S.W., W., 2/6; O.S., 2/11.
Tube top: S.W., W., 2/6; O.S., 2/11.
Sleeveless (knit shoulders): S.W., W., 2/6; O.S., 2/11; X.O.S., 3/11.
Short sleeves: W., 2/11; O.S., 3/11; X.O.S., 4/11.
Long sleeves: W., 3/11; O.S., 4/11.

ALL STORES

FASHION SUMMARY *from Paris*

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

ANOTHER season's fashion surprises have been sprung. How are the new styles going to affect us — meaning you and me and the girl next door? One thing is certain—you're going to love them for their gaiety and color.

THE very look of them will make you feel five years younger. The summary here is intended to give you an outline picture of the new main lines.

Suits have short, full skirts: length anything up to seventeen inches off the ground, fullness anything out to skating skirt width.

Short, tight jackets, curving down to a definite dip at the back; designed to pare the inches off your hips. Alternatively, jackets are made with short basques springing from tight waists.

Colors are light and clear—beige particularly, ginger, and that cross color griege.

If you want to wear blue, choose dark navy or airforce-blue; if you fancy green, either a chartreuse, yellow-green or a bright grass-green.

Drawn by ROBB

• ABOVE: Black and white striped coat with flared skirt.

• LEFT: Ginger flannel suit with beige panel and collar.

• BLACK stockinette frock with brief plaid jacket, tight waist and a skirt which springs out in dozens of unpressed pleats.

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Special Concession Pattern

TWO CHARMING FROCKS, AND A FROCK AND BOLERO. Sizes 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust.

No.1.—Requires: 4¾yds. for skirt and bolero, and 2yds. for blouse contrast material.

No. 2.—Requires: 2¾ to 3yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 3—Requires: 2¾ to 3½yds., 54ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

SIZE.....Pattern Coupon, 12/5/39

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

WW2868.—Sweet for 8-14 years. Material required: 2 to 2¼yds., 54ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern 10d.

WW2869.—Afternoon style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½ to 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

WW2870.—Nightgown for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Material required: 4¾ to 5¼ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

WW2871.—Simple design. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2¾ to 3¼yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

WW2872.—Military mode. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2¾ to 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

WW2873.—Evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 6¾ to 7¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

WW2874.—Front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½ to 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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But she *could* help those constant ladders

Lux protects

S.A.
*STOCKING APPEAL

Humiliating to get a ladder just when you want to make a good impression! It spoils the effect of the prettiest dress. Twisted seams and "concertina" ankles are almost as bad. Why not cut down ladders—protect S. A*.—with Lux?

SAVES ELASTICITY—Lux saves stocking elasticity . . . lets threads *give* then spring back into place without snapping so easily under strain. Perspiration . . . soaps with harmful alkali . . . cake-soap rubbing . . . all weaken elasticity. So for better fit . . . longer wear . . . Lux your stockings after every wearing. Lux contains no soda.

Lux guards S.A.

S.420.26

A LEVER PRODUCT

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by PETROV

● THE EARLY 1900 INFLUENCE is seen in Maggy Rouff's black chiffon dinner dress sketched at the left. The high neckline is finished with a froth of white chiffon and black Chantilly lace. Leading designers are definitely turning to the elegance and demure charm of a past era to inspire the modern modes.

LUCIEN LELONG presents an inspiration from a slightly later period, pre-war, in dull black crepe featuring spiral drapery from waist to ankle and a stiff little guimpe of white organdie. The spiral note is repeated in the swirl of uncurled ostrich forming the hat.

● BLACK COQ FEATHERS are as popular with mademoiselle as they were with her grandmother. Shining black coq feather toques, with tiny matching muffs and cape collars, have been much observed in the boulevards on recent mornings.

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns from fashion sketches by Petrov and Rene and overseas fashion photos are obtainable from our Pattern Department. Price 3/6 each.

Stop INFLAMMATION and PAIN

Inflammation is shown by redness, swelling, heat and pain in the affected part. In such conditions Iodex is of exceptional value, as the iodine content penetrates deeply into the tissues, quickly dispelling inflammation, congestion and pain.

Swollen Glands, Sore Throat, Mumps. *For the external First Aid* treatment of these troubles, Iodex is of great service, and its prompt use may prevent serious complications, but — see your doctor promptly.

Boils. A recent letter says: — "I suffered from a number of nasty boils on my face and neck. Am pleased to say that after six or seven applications of Iodex I was rid of the boils entirely."

FREE! *Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.*

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all Chemists

NEW PLASMIC

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Age, 50.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn after using one tube of New Plasmic.

ABSOLUTELY removes almost instantaneously WRINKLES, LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any causes whatsoever.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

Restores PERMANENTLY to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

REJUVENATES THE SKIN TISSUES

Your complexion will look Glorious even after the first treatment, and will become Satin smooth, clear, fresh, velvety, and lovely.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION. Large tube, sufficient for three weeks' treatment, posted free for 5/-.

Ladies unable to call can have a trial treatment posted free for one shilling and one penny stamp.

JOHN AFRIAT, Pacific House, 236 Pitt Street,

Next Bathurst St., 6th Floor. Take lift. Also obtainable at Washington, Soul, Pattinson's, and other leading chemists.

CONSTIPATION

is an ailment that requires far more than simply taking any laxative. For real relief, you must get at the cause, restore the natural activity of the intestines. Califig (California Syrup of Figs) is ideal for this purpose. It is a harmless, pure fruit laxative that tones up the entire intestinal tract, is non-griping, non-habit-forming.

CALIFIG
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

DENTAL CHAIR JITTERS

vanish — BROMURAL TABLETS keep you calm and confident. BROMURAL, sedative and superific, checks pain, shock and fears . . . absolutely harmless.

BROMURAL (SNELL)

ASK YOUR CHEMIST (12 K 39)

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You often starve on a full stomach

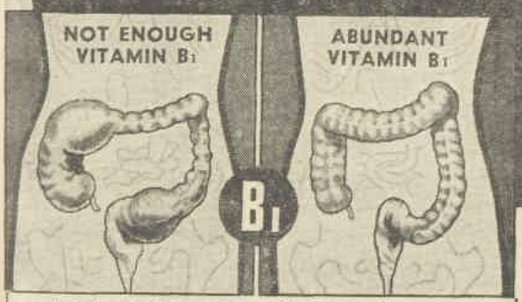
– for the Vital Vitamins B1 B2 *and* P.P. (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Most people don't realise they're not getting enough of these vitamins into their diet–UNTIL LOSS OF HEALTH SHOWS IT!

Here's a CONCENTRATED SUPPLY of these 3 Vital Vitamins

VEGEMITE–a delicious extract of YEAST–

the richest food source of the combined vitamins **B1, B2 and P.P.** (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)



A WEAK, sagging stomach, poor digestion and intestinal disorders (see picture above), can all come from an insufficient supply of Vitamin B1, THE NERVE VITAMIN. Get an ample supply of this Nerve Vitamin B1 into your diet. Eat Vegemite every day.

A STRONG, well stomach and a normal, healthy intestinal tract (see above), need an ample supply of Vitamin B1. Add Vegemite to your regular diet to increase your supply of this NERVE VITAMIN. It's one of the richest natural food sources of Vitamin B1.

Many present-day foods are over-refined. That's why—even though you're eating three big meals a day, the vital parts of your body may be **partly starved** by shortage of these three health-building Vitamins B1, B2 and P.P.

Don't let an under-supply of these needed vitamins pull down **your** health. Vegemite added to your diet assures you a **regular**, daily supply.

Vegemite is a concentrated extract of **yeast** — and as you know, the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy than anything else in Nature. Yeast is the richest known food source of the combined Vitamins B1, B2 and P.P.

Vegemite—the Delicious, Highly-concentrated Extract of Yeast

Because Vegemite is concentrated at a specially low temperature, it contains **intact** all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest degree of concentration.

Add Vegemite to your daily diet. Get that vital supply of these much-needed Vitamins B1, B2 and P.P. Vegemite is so highly concentrated that even a little every day does an amazing amount of good.

You'll love the exciting, appetising flavour of Vegemite, too. Use Vegemite on bread, biscuits, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings, with salads, for soups and gravies.

Too little Vitamin B2 means poor growth

UNDER - NOURISHMENT and an under developed body are often signs that the child is not getting enough Vitamin B2. Rapidly growing children, especially, need a good supply of this important GROWTH VITAMIN, to assist in proper growth and all round development. Vegemite is rich in Vitamin B2. So make sure your children have their Vegemite every day.

(ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Pimples! Skin eruptions! Not enough Vitamin P.P.

When these break out it is usually a sign that your system is not getting enough of the Vitamin P.P., which doctors call the anti-Pellagric factor. Keep your skin clear and healthy by eating Vegemite daily. Vegemite supplies your system with an ample supply of the skin-clearing vitamin known as P.P.

Ask for **VEGEMITE** *the concentrated extract of YEAST*

the richest combined source of these Vitamins B1, B2 and P.P. (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

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She was in Agony after Meals— but now INDIGESTION has gone for good

You are reading this announcement because digestive trouble in some form is troubling you. Well, the experience related above in about a dozen words can be yours. Bad after-meal pains, heartburn, flatulence and acid stomach ended . . . . . relief from one dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder and then lasting benefit. You eat what you like and enjoy it.

YOU WANT QUICK RELIEF HERE IT IS—AND LASTING

You don't have to keep on taking De Witt's Antacid Powder after every meal. Once this fine remedy for Indigestion has stopped your pain it brings the whole digestive processes to a normal, healthy state. You will find your digestive troubles gone, and it is a pleasure to sit down and enjoy a good, hearty meal.

Mrs. E. Monaghan, of 2, Raglan Road, Auburn, N.S.W., writes:—

"I suffered for years from acid stomach, violent pains and vomiting. I have been taking De Witt's Antacid Powder and am a pleased woman to-day to think I tried it. After three doses I was relieved, and now can eat anything."

There is no long waiting to secure the benefits that De Witt's Antacid Powder most surely gives. One dose brings relief. Your inflamed stomach lining is soothed and protected, acidity is overcome and important ingredients in this remedy actually help to digest your food. Your appetite is restored, and because you eat and enjoy all your food you look and feel healthier than ever. It is your own fault if you stay a victim to indigestion a day longer. Start to-day with this wonderful remedy for all digestive disorders and you will eat what you like and enjoy it.

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canister, 2/6.

ARE you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

The pain, anguish and disfigurement of varicose veins can be ended—even in long standing cases—with the help of Moone's Emerald Oil. A powerful, penetrating, yet soothing antiseptic, Moone's Emerald Oil consistently strengthens the thin relaxed vein walls, and in a short time the swollen knots and vein bunches will lessen and, with continued treatment, return to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is stainless — and pleasant to use.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

BABY has her outing despite the snow. While Crown Princess Juliana of Holland holidayed in Switzerland the baby-carriage of little Princess Beatrix was fitted with ski-runners in addition to the orthodox wheels. Thus, with a St. Bernard harnessed to the front, it was possible to take her for her airing every day. —Air Mail photo

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Between April 21 and May 22 each year, the zodiacal sign Taurus has rulership over the heavens, and all individuals born during that period come under its sway.

THIS sign produces some of the most loving and lovable people in the world; also some of the most difficult and unreasonable.

Taurus is astrologically represented by "The Bull," and endows those belonging to it with some of the characteristics usually attributed to that animal.

For one thing, nearly all Taurians are immensely magnetic and seem able to attract to themselves a host of friends and acquaintances.

Another thing, he is an exceptional type of Taurian who does not have two or more love affairs of an intensely soul-shattering nature. This is not surprising, for the Taurian idea of happiness almost invariably necessitates the inclusion of love—and lots of it.

A loveless world is an empty world to these folk; as a result they seem to mark time until love has a chance to dominate their lives. Sometimes this centres around the mother, or a child; but, as a rule, the Taurian's first thought is for a mate.

This is one of the reasons why many people belonging to this sign marry early in life. In fact, it is a wise thing for the parents of Taurian-born girls to contemplate the possibility of early marriage for their daughters, and give it their blessing.

Need for understanding

THE same thing applies to Taurus-born sons, but the males of the species can be left to their own devices more readily than can the girls. This is due to the fact that the magnetic qualities of these people and their almost unconquerable need for the affection of others produce an element of difficulty or danger during the early years of womanhood, with which wise parents should deal with forethought and understanding.

There is one big trouble which must usually be faced in the rearing of Taurus-born children—their stubbornness, determination, self-will (not free-will), unreasonableness, sudden bursts of anger, and selfishness must be checked, otherwise they will bring unhappiness and failure.

It is therefore important that all Taurus-born children be carefully reared, and taught self-control. After self-control they must learn to cultivate their natural aptitude for fun and good cheer, for generosity and kindliness, for unselfishness and tolerance.

They must learn that happiness comes more to those who work hard for it than to those who merely demand it; and that the sudden bursts of temper and sullenness of which they are capable may scare away those whose love they desire.

At their worst these Taurians are sulky, difficult and not very likeable; at their best they are some of the most lovable, kindly, generous and cheerful companions in the world.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair on May 13, 14, and 17 (early).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Fair on May 13 and 14, but better still on May 17 (after noon), 18, and 19, especially May 18. So get busy, Taurians, and start some of those things you are always longing for; make changes or seek promotion; ask favors and sign important papers.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Let really important matters wait. Meanwhile get your plans under way for beginning new ventures and making contemplated changes in the near future. May 20 very fair, so work hard then.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Quite fair on May 13 and 14. Work hard.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Difficulties and delays can be the lot of unwary Leonians. Caution is advised, especially on May 17, 18, and 19.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Make the most of your opportunities at this time, for slight squalls are ahead. Work hard on May 17, 18, and 19 (to 7 p.m.). Start ventures which are urgent, and finalise those already on the way. Make those days produce good results.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Don't rush things just now, but have plans in readiness for possible opportunities in the near future. May 20 fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Your troubles are nearly over, so be patient and cautious a little longer. Be on your guard on May 17, 18, and 19, against losses, arguments, partings, opposition and disappointments or difficulties. Keep out of trouble if you can. Let routine work suffice.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Be sure to get all important matters started or finalised this week. Waste no time on May 13, 16 or 17 (morning). Carelessness may be regretted later on, so take no risks.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Don't let the grass grow under those nimble feet of yours. Make May 17 (after noon), 18 and 19 produce some good results by working hard.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Be optimistic about the future, but not about the present. Rash or foolish Aquarians can step into plenty of trouble this week, especially on May 17, 18 and 19. Take no chances then. Hide from trouble.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): May 13 and 14 can produce very fair results for many hard-working Piscians. Get all matters of special importance under way, for delays may predominate later on.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

GOWINGS

£5/12/6

MAN-TAILORED

COSTUMES

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To Measure

A Gowings man-tailored costume perfectly reflects your individuality. An expert cutter measures you—and then in Gowings own workrooms he personally supervises every step in the tailoring. Order NOW, you benefit by this genuine saving!

GOWING BROS. LTD.

Market & George Sts., Sydney

How much are they worth? In money, nothing. But they both possess a great treasure for which many a potentate would exchange his fortune. They have healthy, abundant, attractive hair.

There is no greater fortune in the world than youth and no better attribute of youth than the hair.

And, how much did it cost him or her to preserve that gift? Only a few pence, the price of a bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and the few minutes required daily for its pleasant application.

Are you among the prodigal sons of nature who are squandering this inheritance? That is, are you allowing neglect and dandruff to weaken and ruin your hair to the point where you are threatened with baldness?

If so, it is deplorable, but not irreparable.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous will save your hair as it has in millions of other cases during five generations.

A daily application of this unequalled tonic and massage of the scalp is all you need. Start at once. In a short time the improved condition of your hair will show you in a practical way why Barry's Tri-coph-erous is called everywhere Life, Health and Beauty of the hair.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores 2/- per bottle

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or hairpins. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is helping to solve a mystery told him by
ELLEN: A pretty girl who is determined to stay in her house for a month till she collects a large legacy. Queer things happen, and while Mandrake and Ellen are discussing the appearance of a ghostly figure Ellen hears footsteps outside. They open the door to see
CAT FACE: An unknown man who wears a mask. He rushes down the stairs, which Mandrake causes to flatten out, and the masked figure is captured. He turns out to be
DON: Ellen's fiance. He explains that he adopted the disguise to frighten Ellen, as he had little money and did not want to marry a rich woman.

NOW READ ON:

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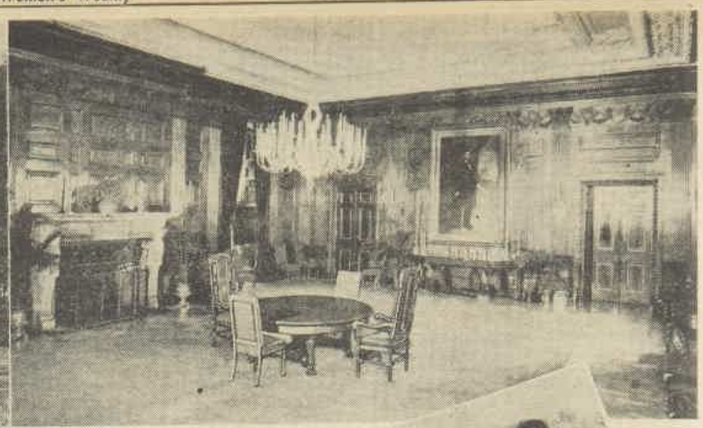


THE WHITE HOUSE, where the King and Queen will be the guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt. At right: Their Majesties will dine with the Roosevelts in the State dining-room.

The King and Queen through American eyes

Interest grows as preparations are made for Royal visit

"What are the King and Queen really like as people?"

"What do they eat?"

"What are their hobbies?"

Americans everywhere are asking these and a hundred other questions in view of the forthcoming visit of Their Majesties to the U.S.A.

Interesting sidelights on how the King and Queen appear to the average American are given in this article, which appeared in the most widely-published American magazine.

THEIR MAJESTIES' unaffected manner and simple tastes appeal to Americans. Pictures such as these are creating widespread interest throughout U.S.A.

WHEN King George VI and Queen Elizabeth come to these shores to be guests at the White House, they will be leaving a home and a way of life unique in the world today.

Buckingham Palace is a Shakespearean stage setting catapulted into a renovated, modern apartment building with electric lights, running water, elevators, central heating, private elevators and a telephone exchange.

Their Majesties live in this palace home in the medieval manner of King Henry VIII, only they use knives and forks instead of their fingers.

Perhaps even the ghosts that always hovered about Shakespeare's palace are to be accounted for, too, at Buckingham, but King George VI's palace is too modern to take any public notice of ghosts. King George's house has a swimming pool, and there is a new bombproof room in the basement.

Their Majesties actually occupy the thrones of Richard the Lion-hearted and good Queen Bess—and they drink pineapple juice for their breakfast.

It is their unique role—they are the symbol of a thousand noble years of England's past.

In the ancient pageantry of the Buckingham Court, King George stands as a timeless figure in the midst of England's time.

The King thoroughly realises this conception.

Spirit of Empire

WHEN His Majesty drives along a London street and an Englishman shouts, "Long live the King!" this loyal subject is not cheering King George VI alone—King George knows that.

The King is the romantic Emperor of India; the imperial inspiration of Kipling's "palm and pine"; King George is himself the great-grandson of Victoria the Great.

The King represents British security and freedom—the England that for 900 years has never been invaded.

Buckingham Palace is the King's private residence—he owns it personally—and no Englishman would think of entering the King's home without a special invitation. The Britisher is a royalist at heart and Buckingham Palace is a high Tory institution.

The White House at Washington is a Whig establishment. A plain house with a picket fence.

After a hundred and thirty-odd years its doors are still open. Any citizen can enter. And being American, there is no great entourage about the White House—a guard at the front steps, a colored doorman, the usher.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt stand somewhere near the front door when they hold White House receptions, and they shake hands with their company.

The King and Queen receive from the Throne in Buckingham Palace, and their guests bow low in the Royal presence and curtsy.

What this means is simply that Buckingham Palace is a formal place and the White House is an informal one.

It means that Buckingham is stiff because the British people like it that way. If, by comparison, the White House seems breezy, it is because we are a nation of hello folk. We like to shake hands and to say to everyone: "It sure is a fine day to-day."

Simple tastes

THEIR MAJESTIES are not pretentious. In their private lives their ways are simple. Their personal apartments, in the north wing of Buckingham Palace, occupy a space considerably smaller than the White House.

Visiting at the White House, the King will have a room of his own, and a bath. Across the hall, the Queen will have her own room and her bath. And that is about all that any guest can ask of any host, provided the beds are comfortable. There is nothing wrong with the White House beds.

Their Majesties ought to enjoy their stay at Washington. It is the kind of place that they like. They are the kind of people who would be peculiarly interested in seeing how the President runs the presidency and how the First Lady manages her endless activities.

The King and Queen are in the habit of getting up early. Their Majesties usually rise at 7.30 o'clock and sit down to breakfast at 8.

They like plain cooking and plenty of it.

Their Majesties serve fine French foods at their formal palace dinners, but they prefer beef and mashed potatoes, Brussels sprouts and puddings and the like when they are by themselves.

They probably would be glad if Mrs. Roosevelt served them "hot dogs," as she did the Crown Princess of Sweden.

The Windsors know about hot dogs and southern fried chicken and battercakes and strawberry shortcake. They have seen them in the movies. They like a good lunch and a big tea late in the afternoon.

That London water!

BOTH of Their Majesties are particular about the brand of their tea. They use a special China and Ceylon blend. They prefer it brewed with London water.

London water tastes at first like soap to an unaccustomed American, but the British Royal Family are used to it and they like it.

King George and Queen Elizabeth take a cup of tea at breakfast, in the mid-morning, at lunch, in the late afternoon, at dinner, and sometimes in the evening before going to bed. Perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt had better stick to coffee. She can boil a real pot of coffee.

The Queen, like Mrs. Roosevelt, can cook. She was not brought up in idle luxury, not even in the wealthy circumstances of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Her parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, were privileged people in Scotland—they owned Glamis Castle, which is pronounced "Glarms" and is the place celebrated by Shakespeare in "Macbeth"—but they were not rich nobles, and, besides, they had ten children.

They brought up Queen Elizabeth to be "useful." Cooking was included in the course, and so was typewriting.

The Queen uses a portable typewriter for her personal correspondence.

When Her Majesty was younger and sometimes short of cash, she sat in the cheap seats in the London theatres.

It is the Royal box now, and costs much more—for the King and Queen must pay for their seats.

The Queen likes pearls, and has a hobby of strewing them in her hair and sewing them on her evening dresses. She has had the hereditary queen's jewels reset; has a permanent wave, uses rouge and a pale lipstick, and goes in for tiaras.

She smokes sometimes when guests come in; and she and the King often sit up until one and two o'clock if the company is congenial. They like conversation.

She favors medium to low heels for her shoes—high heels being a little too French and American; her favorite fur is grey fox. Her clothes are bought "All British," and she does not make it a habit to call in Paris dress designers to the Palace.

She likes three-quarter-length loose coats and two-piece suits, usually trimming them round the collar and hips with bits of fur. She likes ostrich feathers and she likes tweeds. The Queen looks very well in sports outfits, and she also was admired in the black costumes that she wore while mourning for her mother.

Favorite colors

HER friends wanted her to continue wearing black, but Queen Elizabeth does not care for black. She likes blue and green and pink.

Queen Elizabeth's tweeds are what the English call "fifty-guinea suits." She can wear them only a few times. Sometimes she never wears again the dresses that she selects for conspicuously fashionable occasions, such as the Ascot races.

English women, keeping careful tab, say they notice "the average dress" four or five times and an "inconspicuous dress" perhaps seven or eight.

Her Majesty dances well, preferring the waltz. The King likes to foxtrot. He plays a fair golf game, stalks deer, is a candid-camera fan, and formerly played championship-calibre tennis.

The King is not what is known as a society man. He dresses carelessly when he can, and cares nothing about clothes. He never uses the royal "we," even officially.

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth have dropped quietly into the Royal ways of King George V and Queen Mary. Like trains running on regular schedule, they arrive at the same time every year at the same place, stay the same length of time, and depart.

The King and Queen do their big-time entertaining during the principal London society season. During these three months they entertain between 20,000 and 25,000 guests at the Palace.

At a levee, the guests are herded through long corridors of the Palace, through room after room, until finally they pass in single file through the Throne Room, where their names are read to His Majesty by the Chamberlain. There is a bowing ceremony and then exit. That is all there is to it.

There is nothing to eat or drink at a levee. There is champagne and a midnight supper at the Royal evening Courts, and at garden parties the Queen serves little asparagus sandwiches and raspberries. The food at the garden parties is placed on tables under marquees or on the lawn, but it is difficult to make your way to any of them, because of the clergy of the Church of England. Invariably, they will have beaten you to it.

King George and Queen Elizabeth stage their famous Courts in the Palace ballroom, which is the only room in the house big enough for the crowd. This is the affair that always gives American ambassadors so much trouble, as the invitations read: "Knee breeches, white waistcoats, decorations, riband and star, and miniature medals."

The ritual of the centuries is followed at these functions—women wear three feathers in their hair and twenty-one buttons on their gloves.

The gold dishes alone at the palace are valued in millions. These dishes are used on only the greatest of State occasions, such as the dinner King George V and Queen Mary gave for President and Mrs. Wilson.

The Wilsons' Buckingham Palace dinner was the first the British monarchs had ever given for an American President in office. The one President and Mrs. Roosevelt are planning now at the White House will be the first in Washington for a reigning British King.

"Strong on duty"

THE King's telephone number at Buckingham Palace is Whitehall 4832.

The King is not taxed on his income. He cannot be arrested by the police. He sends his telegrams without charge, and his letters do not require postage stamps. He enjoys the freedom of the Customs.

By ancient law the King is entitled to the heads of all whales caught in the waters of the United Kingdom. The Queen is entitled to the tails. The whale is royal, as are the dolphin and the sturgeon.

Their Majesties are long and strong on duty, and when thousands of their subjects were prepared to flee London during the German crisis, they, as King and Queen, came at once to Buckingham from the security of Scotland.

Their subjects wrote letters to the papers about this act of their sovereigns, and in these letters King George and Queen Elizabeth saw themselves referred to, for the first time in their reign, not as The King and Queen, but as "Our King and Queen."

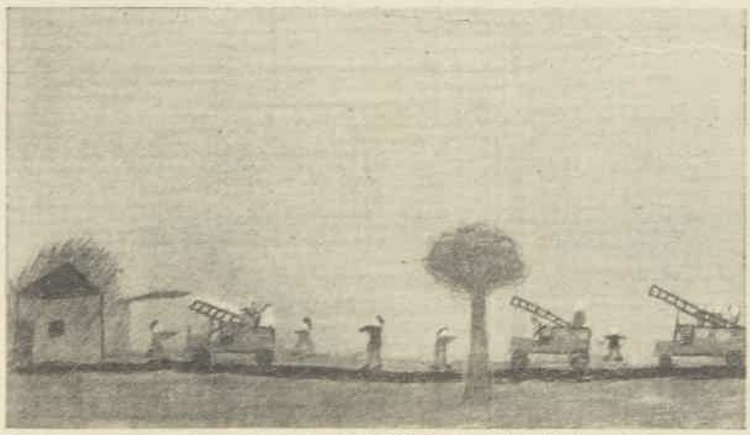
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624472

CHILDREN DREW THESE—*It's a delightful exhibition*

DID you ever try to draw anything like these subjects? They are paintings included in a remarkable exhibition of children's art from twelve countries now being held in the Education Department Art Gallery, Sydney. There is a delightful freshness and youthful daring in use of color in the work of the younger exhibitors.

THE BIRD'S NEST. By a young New Zealand artist.

THE ORCHARD. Painted by an eight-year-old boy at Hutton Poor Law School in England.



THE FIRE. An Australian child's crayon impression of a burning house, with Fire Brigade in action.

AT THE CLINIC. A New York child's painting of a visit to the dentist.

PORTRAIT, perhaps of Alice in Wonderland, by a little New York girl.

MYSELF. Self-portrait by an eight-year-old New Zealand artist.

COWBOY WITH LASSO. Action in water color by a young American, recording the dream career of every small boy in the world.

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If your lipstick gives you that glaring painted look—it isn't Tangee! For Tangee can't paint. It isn't paint. Instead, by its magic Color Change Principle, it brings out your own natural loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you. Makes your lips live with youthful alluring color. Use Tangee today. Your friends will approve.

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The Australian Women's Weekly
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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

How the flying doctor answers a call

Service brings safety to women and children in outback

THESE pictures tell the story of the splendid service being given by Australia's Flying Doctors.

Established only five years ago, the service now operates from five bases over an area of 1,000,000 square miles. A sixth base will be opened next month.

Flying Doctors fly over 100,000 miles every year in response to calls. As well as attending patients, the doctors give free advice by wireless telephone. Patients are carried by air to the nearest hospital.

1. *ACCIDENT happens at an outback station.*

2. *CALL is made for doctor by pedal wireless.*

3. *MESSAGE is received at base hospital.*

4. *DOCTOR gives directions for treatment till he arrives.*

5. *HE SWINGS propeller before taking off.*

6. *DOCTOR and pilot sight homestead from air.*

7. *ANXIOUS watch for plane's arrival.*

8. *PATIENT is transferred from truck to plane.*

9. *DOCTOR, assisted by pilot, lifts him into plane.*

10. *BACK AGAIN at hospital after a swift journey.*

WHEN the Australian Aerial Medical Services organisation was founded in 1934 its objective was to establish six bases so that no outback settler in any part of Australia would be without medical aid.

Bases with hospital and nursing facilities, a qualified doctor, "mother" wireless station in charge of a radio operator, and an aerial ambulance controlled by a skilled pilot have been established at Kalgoorlie, Port Hedland, Wyndham, Cloncurry, and Broken Hill.

The final base at Alice Springs is to be opened next month. Every outback settler and his family will then be within a few hours of medical aid and able to secure medical advice immediately by radio.

Medical aid by the Flying Doctors is given without fee.

Approximately 300 "transceiver" sets are in daily communication with the doctors' base radio stations.

Women in the outback gossip over the pedal wireless as they do over the telephone in cities. According to one of the doctors, a special radio "gossip" hour has been arranged in his area!

When the Pain is in YOUR BACK

the fault is in your KIDNEYS

It is weakness in your kidneys that causes Backache. Once you realise this important fact you are half-way to ending your torment. Kidneys must be constantly purifying the system, all day and all night long, for health to be maintained. Once they become sluggish, poisonous waste products accumulate, and your pain starts. Your back aches badly. Joints become stiff, limbs ache and life is made unbearable.

Backache goes when you strengthen your Kidneys with De WITT'S PILLS

Happily there is a safe, speedy means of cleansing and strengthening your kidneys. *Take De Witt's Pills—the remedy specially made for kidney weakness.* Then your Backache will be eased, and after a few doses will disappear entirely. Within 24 hours you will have positive proof of the cleansing properties of De Witt's Pills, and before many days have passed your whole body will benefit. Backache, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Trouble will go, because De Witt's Pills have remedied them from within—the only way *permanent* relief can be obtained.

Read this letter from a one-time sufferer

Mrs. A. M. Allen, 35, Town Hall Ave., Preston, N.18, Victoria, writes:—"Recently I was handicapped by terrible pains in the back which developed into agonising rheumatism. I had almost given up hope when I met a friend who had suffered similarly and who had benefited by De Witt's Pills. I decided to try them myself and am now writing and enclosing photograph to show you how well I look. Nothing did me any good until I tried your wonderful De Witt's Pills."

DeWITT'S
KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

for all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and stores, 1/9, 3/-, 5/9

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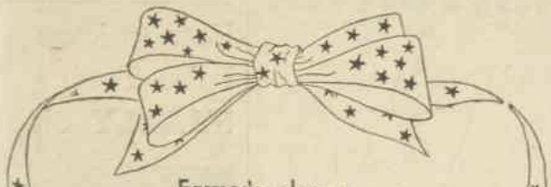
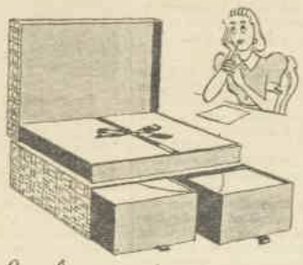


Farmer's plans a happy Gift Parade for

Mother's Day



Is letter-writing her hobby? Secretly leave this exquisite cabinet of high-grade American stationery on her desk . . . contains parchment weave paper in two sizes with 3 dozen matching envelopes, in ivory or blue. Usually sold at 6/11. And now at only **3/11**

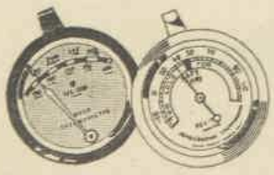
Stationery, Ground Floor

Winter's coming and she'll just love a scarf designed for her comfort. Useful and appropriate, a scarf-full of dignity and charm. Pure soft wool in suitable matron's shades. Charming designs in combinations of black/white, navy/white, navy/saxe. At **4/11**

Scarves, Ground Floor

A cushion for her quiet "afternoons off", when she relaxes with a cup of tea and a book. Art. silk slub repp, wadded edge, best purified kapok filling, in rose, blue, gold, green, orange, beige. Us. 8/11. Sp., **5/11**

Cushions, First Floor



She cooks maybe, and is happiest when you're crunching her crisp cakes or frozen dishes. Make her a present of an oven thermometer which will give her accurate cooking temperatures . . . and another for her refrigerator. Specially priced at, each, only **4/11**

Cutlery Department, Ground Floor

Felt court with rosette. Rose, blue, blk. 1½, 2-7. **14/9**

English felt, wool collar, blue, pink, fawn. 2 to 7. **7/11**

Fur-trimmed felt, blue, green, rose, black. 2 to 7. **3/6**

Zipper-front bootee, fur collar, blk., brown. 2 to 7. **7/6**

We've gathered scores of gift slippers in

The "Cosy Corner"

To keep her toes as warm as her heart . . . over 150 different styles are gathered together for you to choose from. Cosy felts, thick warm plaids, sturdy leathers — fur-trimmed, heeled or padded or felt-lined. Comfort and ease for the best Mother in the World with slippers from Farmer's 'Cosy Corner' . . . where prices range from 2/11. Remember, too, that a handsome gift box and card go with each purchase.

"COSY CORNER" SLIPPER SHOP, THIRD FLOOR

Is Baby Coming?

We've gowns for you in the

MATERNITY SALON

A step inside the Pitt and Marker Street corner entrance and an elevator takes you straight to the secluded Maternity Gown Salon on the second floor, where we've drawn upon both fashion and science to bring you frocks whose beauty and grace would make you proud to wear them at any time. From only 39/11 to £6/16/6.

At For Left: Imp. maternity frock in heavy silk with a hook-over skirt. In shades of teal, wine or black. Comforting concealment for **79/6**

At Left: Two-piece maternity ensemble in light, soft wool, styled in wonderfully slenderising lines. Colours of rust, teal, black, **63/-**

THE MATERNITY GOWN SALON, SECOND FLOOR.

For jaunty Autumn Cossacks

THE "SHAKO" HAT

Filched for you from the land of Vodka and red sarafans . . . defiant Russian hat to set on your curls. Just as fine in town as it would be dancing above a troika in the snow. Fine quality felt in large colour range, clever ribbon trims. **10/11**

Millinery Salon, Third Floor

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Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Now why not amateur races for women racehorse owners?

By BETTY GEE

The big draw at Randwick next Saturday is the Corinthian Handicap, a race for amateur riders. Tattersall's Club has followed the vogue set by Moorefield Club, then Rosehill and next the A.J.C. in re-establishing Corinthians to bring races for the amateur gentleman jockey back into popularity.

AMATEUR RACES for ladies with the thrill of owning your own horse is Betty's idea of bliss.

YEARS ago there were not only flat but hurdle and steeplechase events for these gentleman riders, and a great success, too, I'm told.

In the days when chivalry was in full flower these races used to be for lady owners, my grandpapa tells me.

Your hubby or your father or brother, or your sweetheart if he loved you so very much, could nominate his horse in your name for the Corinthian, or the Bracelet, and compete even further for your love by riding the horse to victory.

The prize was something worth while. There were no money stakes. The whole went to a gift suitable for the lady nominator, frequently a huge diamond bracelet as big and heavy as a policeman's handcuffs—they were made the vogue by Florence Young in "The Merry Widow" in years gone by.

But they were worth tons of money and if the custom came back into favor in these days of Turf commercialism, gifts or trophies more suitable to modern times could be chosen by a discerning secretary, assisted by his wife.

Grandpapa says it was nothing to see £300 worth of jewelled and valuable gold trophies standing on tables for exhibition at the Bong Bong and other picnic meetings.

Spectators turned their backs on them while the races were being run, and he says on one occasion a thief scooped up three of the most valuable trophies, worth £150, at some picnic carnival and fled to a motor car before the loss was discovered.

But that's nothing. One day while its guardian and officials were all het up about the running of the race a thief grabbed the Ascot Gold Cup, the trophy for one of the most famous events in England.

But let's get back to the suggestion of providing amateur races for lady owners.

Why can't they re-establish the old standard of chivalry?

After the Derbies

I KNOW my sex well enough to realise that they wouldn't be content with just these amateur events.

The appetite would grow, and demand horses for other races. Their ambition would go vaunting towards Derbies and Cups.

Which couldn't help being a benefit to the Turf and a source of valuable monetary support to breeding.

But I note that the nomination of your horse in your wife or sweetheart's name is not possible under the conditions of the Corinthian at Tattersall's next Saturday.

Horses nominated must be the bona-fide property of the owner or held on lease for at least three months prior to the running of the race by the nominator.

I thought at first that this was to prevent some over-ambitious creature borrowing, say, Ajax just for the minute and a half this seven-furlong race will take, and nominating him in her own name.

But I understand that it is merely a safeguard for making the race truly amateur.

Otherwise the rich plutocrat could lease for the day a high-class horse whose owner didn't want the honor and glory and didn't mind for a consideration letting him carry another's colors.

Personally, I don't see why this shouldn't be permitted, to enable a horse to be nominated in a lady's name.

I happen to know that a horse was leased for a period of twenty-four hours to run in the last Grafton Cup in the nomination of Mr. Carl Schwinghammer, the Mayor of Grafton.

His name was Buzalong, and he won it.

No wonder. He won the next Caulfield Cup, too. There's nothing in the rules of racing to say this can't be done.

Again reverting to Randwick's amateur event, the only lady owner I know with a horse in the race on Saturday is Mrs. Dol Clayton, and she thinks she will win it with her hurdle-racer, Tredonner.

I'd prefer to see them made to jump a few brush hurdles in the course of the race, but, natheless, he has a chance even on the flat. But Klemm Eagle has been especially trained to fly in this.

We shall have to stick to our Binnia Hero for the Colts' Two-Year-Old. He ran us a good second at Randwick last time, and the Syndicate says he can't lose this time.

And be on Rival Chief on the place tote. That's the Head Waiter's recommendation.

We'll have to keep following Adonis, too. According to the Flower Girl, he should have easily won the Wagga Cup. On Saturday he is in the Novice Handicap at Randwick.

I've had a very secret tip that Hope has been bottled up for the James Barnes Plate.

How to keep False Teeth **REALLY** clean

Pour a capful of 'Steradent' into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap.

Every stain vanishes. Mucin film is removed. Dingy, yellow teeth become 'live,' lustrous, natural-looking. **'Steradent' is harmless to Dentures.** It is sold at all chemists, 2/- and 3/6.

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A COLD TO-DAY FLU TO-MORROW

End that cold now . . . . with BAYER'S ASPIRIN

Don't neglect a common cold; though it may not seem serious, a cold can develop through quick stages to 'Flu or worse. Don't gamble . . . act now this simple way.

TAKE BAYER'S ASPIRIN

Take 2 Bayer's Aspirins with a full glass of water . . . repeat if necessary in 2 hours. That is recognised as the safest, surest, quickest, treatment for relief from colds.

Ask your doctor about Bayer's Aspirin; and when you buy see that you get Bayer's — the *original* aspirin, prescribed by doctors throughout the world for the relief of pain. *Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin.*

BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM: HEADACHES; RHEUMATISM; NEURALGIA; SCIATICA; LUMBAGO; INSOMNIA; SORE THROATS; 'FLU; COLDS; PERIODIC PAIN; AND ALL NERVE & MUSCLE PAINS & ACHES

The Original and Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN
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End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are **Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds,** Etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles:

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 75 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "*My joints were all stiff. I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back.*"

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Ask now! Now in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Remedy **Cystex** for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Embroideries . . .

By PIXIE O'HARRIS

What thoughts are sewn into embroideries . . .
A woman sitting silent in a room,
Plying a needle with thread of gold,
And delicately working in soft shades
The outline of some flower or leaf—might sew
Such thoughts of hidden sorrow and despair
Into Embroideries.

And in some temple garden of the East,
Where blossoms fall as lightly as the snow,
A Chinese maiden, fresh as flowers, sits
Threading her strands of jade and dragon-red
With lightning fingers—weaving to and fro
The pattern of her dreaming colored thoughts
Into Embroideries.

And scenes in ancient tapestries that show
Ladies and Knights with falcons in a wood,
Worked by white hands which now are lost to dust.
What craven terror, or what wild love glowed
Deep in the beating heart of those who sewed.
Stitching their thoughts of passion, hate and love
Into Embroideries.

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"Veteran" of radio is not yet 18!

Remarkable career of popular young 2GB announcer

A young man or woman who has never been "mike shy" is a phenomenon in the radio world.

Yet Robin Ordell, popular young 2GB announcer, has never felt the slightest trace of nervousness when facing the microphone.

ALTHOUGH he is not quite 18, Robin is already a veteran of radio. He has been on the air for nearly 12 years—since he was six.

He is the youngest featured commercial announcer in Australia, with a "fan" mail of record proportions.

Robin's swift rise to success is remarkabe in a field which sees fifty applicants for every vacancy.

The secret is the fact that his whole life, outside school hours, has been centred on radio.

Two years ago, straight from Sydney Grammar School, he found his ambition coming true when he wore his first long trousers, and secured a very junior place at 2GB.

A tall, slim lad, with a voice long trained for public usage, and with a personality which made everybody his friend, Robin Ordell soon was "filling in" for five minutes at the microphone; and soon his sessions lengthened.

A few weeks ago, when Dick Fair was transferred to the night programme, Robin was given charge of the early morning session from 6 to 8.45, in addition to his other regular programmes.

All of which means that he has GOT THERE!

"It's a great life," he says; "the only one for me. I owe it all to Dad, who has helped and trained me for years, with this in view. I really don't know who was the more pleased, Dad or I, when I got this new early morning job and became a fully-fledged announcer."

Starred in film

ROBIN is a son of Tal Ordell, well-known story-teller and player, and it was in 1927, at the age of six, that he first played tiny parts in his father's sessions at the old 2FC. Then he burst on to the screen as one of the young stars of the silent film, "Fatty Finn."

"That's when I first saw life," he said the other day at 2GB. "One of the scenes was centred on a goat race, and up we went to Rockhampton to the home of goat racing. They put me in a tiny 'spider' behind a big wall-eyed 'Billy' and the race was on.

"What those youngsters didn't know about racing goats wasn't worth knowing—and I had never even seen one!"

Odd parts came to him at 2FC during the following few years—parts in children's sessions, in stories, in plays. Sometimes, too, he was the sound effects—when a bee crawled into a story it was Robin who supplied the "buzz."

Then, at 14, came his first big chance—one of the leading roles in the 2FC production of "Mutiny of the Bounty." If the show had been televised listeners would have seen a slim youngster in short trousers playing brilliantly among a seasoned company of some of Australia's best-known stage stars.

In the film version of the story, by the way, Franchot Tone played the same role which Robin filled on the air.

Robin's growing popularity once demanded a personal appearance at a packed community concert in Sydney Town Hall. Unfortunately for him the Sergeant at the Grammar School was listening to the broadcast. He thought Robin was at the "Maths." class!

ROBIN ORDELL, only 17, but already a radio "veteran."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, May 10.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her Beauty Talk with "Janette."

THURSDAY, May 11.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, May 12.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Tea Party with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, May 13.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

SUNDAY, May 14.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Special Mother's Day Session.

MONDAY, May 15.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her Fashion Talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, May 16.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

Prizes for acting and plays

BEGINNING on May 29, 2GB will conduct one of the most comprehensive competitions for amateur dramatic societies and writers yet held in Sydney.

Final details will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly next week, but meanwhile these points have been determined:

Entries are invited both from dramatic societies and writers of plays. Original plays submitted will be allocated by 2GB to each of the competing dramatic groups.

Two plays will be broadcast each week, and the finalists, selected by popular vote, will appear in the Sydney Town Hall.

Prizes will be: Dramatic societies—First, £30; second, £15; third, £10. For Scripts—First, £15; second, £10; third, £5.

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This wonderful instrument contains its own electricity, which lasts months, and refills are cheaply obtained at any torch counter. Is simple and safe a child can use. Post Free under plain wrapper with full directions and written guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. Price only £1.

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F. MAHER, 26 O'CONNELL ST., SYDNEY.

I am enclosing £1. Please forward the outfit with guarantee.

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Women warned against worship of modern "strong man"

By Air Mail from Our London Office

A STRONG warning against the modern "Strong Man" idol was given recently to the women of the world by Mrs. A. MacMillan, President of the British National Union of Teachers.

Declaring that not only in Fascist countries but also in Britain there were influences which would make women mere breeding-machines, and that women must fight the threat of a new Dark Age before it was too late, Mrs. MacMillan said:

"We find in the words of Aldous Huxley, a world where 'humanitarianism is visibly declining; the idolatrous worship of strong men is on the increase.'

"We find a world in which women are steadily losing ground in the English-speaking countries, and probably in all democracies, while in the Fascist countries they are merely breeding-machines.

"Woman is the subordinate of the man in this new society; her main function is to produce and raise healthy children as the future soldiers of a highly irresistible military machine.

"According to the German Government: 'Women's task is to be charming, and to give birth to children,' and 'There is no higher or finer privilege for a woman than that of sending her children to war.'"

Calling for resistance to "this barbarism," Mrs. MacMillan said:

"The spread of these pernicious ideas is not limited to lands beyond our own."

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A liberal allowance will be made. Call now, or ring M6001 for valuation of your old model Machine.

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OPP. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

As I am unable to call please post me full particulars of your Sewing Machines. I would also like a copy of the free book "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

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says Mrs. I. AGUTTER
48 Inglethorpe St., London, S.W.6

"ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH? Of course I use it; it gets my stove and grates done so much quicker and easier."

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ZEBO

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The Modern Polish for Stoves and Grates

Pigeons taught doctor about 'Vitamins'

Ever since there has been food there have been vitamins, but their existence was merely guessed at. In 1911 a young doctor discovered that pigeons quickly developed neuritis and became paralysed if fed on rice from which the husk had been polished away. On restoring the husk to their diet, they as quickly recovered. The doctor realised that there was some vital element in the crude cereal that was lost in the "polishing." He called this element "Vitamin."

Since then, the vitamin found so richly in rice and wheat grain has been labelled Vitamin B—so seriously lacking in modern diet, due to machine methods of "refining" flour. Yet Vitamin B. is the key to good appetite and digestion, to bowel regularity and nerve force.

For maximum health, it is essential to restore the wheat *embryo* to your daily food — and this is easily done by taking Bemax with your breakfast cereal or milk.

Bemax is a pleasant flaky, tonic food, a single tablespoonful contains the extra 200 units of Vitamin B, which doctors say we all need, as well as Iron and Phosphorus. Bemax strengthens the bowel muscles, puts paid to constipation, indigestion and "nerves."

Send a card for free copy of "Vitamins & Health," to B. Max (Dept. F11), P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney.

Bemax—From Chemists and Stores, 3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

What Women are Doing

Girl's valuable work in medical laboratory

BLOOD transfusion, one of the most important developments of medical practice, is the special work of Miss Kathleen Woods, of Brisbane.

As a technician in a pathological laboratory she assists in actual transfusions and carries out important research work.

Before a transfusion is made she determines whether the blood of the person offering it is suitable for the purpose.

She has recently been helped considerably in her work by reports from Spain where blood transfusions saved the lives of thousands of war victims.

Always keenly interested in science Miss Woods studied pharmacy in Brisbane and received a medal awarded by the Pharmaceutical Society. A successful course at the University of Queensland led to her appointment as honorary demonstrator in bio-chemistry and bacteriology in the physiology school.

MISS WOODS makes frequent use of a microscope.

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Writes new book for young Australians

FOR the first time for twelve years Mary Grant Bruce, one of the most popular writers of children's stories, will be in her own country when her newest book is published.

Mary Grant Bruce

"Son of Billabong" will be issued in London in June, and Mrs. Bruce expects it to arrive in Australia in September.

Since her return to Melbourne she has been busy meeting friends, but she refuses to break her rule of writing something every day, even if it is as little as one hundred words.

The famous character, Norah, created by Mrs. Bruce, has come to be almost a live person to her, and she says that she feels that Norah, Jim, and Wally write their own stories.

While she was in England Mrs. Bruce wrote many articles for the Children's Corner conducted by the British Broadcasting Corporation, and the rights for these have been bought by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

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Has seen emancipation of Iranian women

AFTER having spent four years in Iran (formerly Persia), Mrs. L. A. Pym has returned to Australia on a visit to her relatives.

Formerly Miss Elizabeth Drake-Brockman, Mrs. Pym is a member of the well-known West Australian family, and she has been living at the oilfields at Nasjidi-i-Salaman, Southern Iran, where her husband is chief petroleum officer.

She has been greatly interested in the emancipation of the Iranian women.

They now wear European clothes and work in offices.

Child marriages, which were the custom until a few years ago, have been forbidden by law.

Produces big pageants of history

MISS MINA SHELLEY, who supervised the successful Anzac festival for the Anzac Fellowship of Women, which was held at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, has made a special study of pageantry. She has been producing spectacular pageants in various States for the last eight years.

Her ambition is to stage an outdoor pageant under moonlight.

Trained for a theatrical career, Miss Shelley has developed a remarkable technique in the presentation of colorful spectacles in which hundreds of people take part.

Her first pageant was "Air, Land, and Sea," produced in Brisbane in 1931, and since then she has produced many others in various States.

Among them were "Cavalcade of the British Empire," depicting the growth of the Empire, which was produced at the Sydney Town Hall to commemorate the silver jubilee of King George V, and "The Story of the Fleur-de-lys," presented at the 150th anniversary celebrations by N.S.W. Boy Scouts.

Miss Shelley begins to prepare for a pageant at least six months before the date on which it is to be held. She decides on the theme, then writes the scenes and casts the players, and, finally, designs the costumes.

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Illustrates textbook on Japanese

MISS RITA IRVING at work in her studio.

ILLUSTRATION of a textbook on Japanese has been completed by Miss Rita Irving, a young Melbourne artist.

The book, which is called "Eastern Light," will be used by students of Japanese for their final examinations.

To perfect the Oriental character of her sketches Miss Irving studied Japanese literature, life, and customs. The completed illustrations have something of the appearance of wood-cuts.

Interested in art since her childhood days, Miss Irving has sketched many attractive scenes around Macedon, Victoria. She studied art at the Melbourne Technical College and the National Gallery. She proposes to go overseas for further study.

Miss Irving is a member of the committee of the Commercial and Industrial Artists' Association of Australia.

Splendid work of child guidance expert

INTERESTING sidelights on training in practical child psychology are given by Miss M. A. Payne, an English visitor to Australia.

At her nursery training college at Tunbridge Wells Miss Payne has two groups of children, one comprising healthy, normal children, and the other "complex" cases who need special treatment to fit them for normal life.

By close association with both types of child, Miss Payne says, students are given a more sensitive appreciation of the problems of childhood than they would gain if they dealt with only "problem" children.

Following the success of a model child-welfare centre which she established in England, Miss Payne was appointed by the League of Red Cross Societies to establish a chain of twenty-one clinics in Czechoslovakia.

When she visited Czechoslovakia two years ago she found that the number had been increased to eighty.

This year, of course, the clinics came under German control.

For some time after the war Miss Payne was engaged on famine relief work in Russia. On her return to England she was made a member of the Medical Research Council dealing with the problem of dietetics. She was in charge of a home for destitute children and, to illustrate the importance of child psychology, wrote an important book on the subject in the form of a novel entitled "Oliver Untwisted."

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Appointed director of new social service

IMPORTANT social service work will be undertaken in Queensland by Miss Nina Brentnall who has just accepted the position of honorary director of the recently-formed Council for Social Study and Training.

Miss Brentnall

She will direct the course for social study and supervise the case work at the classes which will be held at the Brisbane University, through the courtesy of the University authorities.

The appointment indicates the increasing interest in welfare work.

Many women have become enthusiastic social service workers, and in honorary and salaried positions have helped to improve conditions of living for girls in factories and married women in industrial areas.

A graduate of Sydney University, Miss Brentnall was trained at the international school of the Y.W.C.A. in New York. She spent twenty-five years in India, where she trained many women students.

In Australia Miss Brentnall considers there is great need for organised and trained workers to carry on social service work, especially in hospitals and in institutions where there are large numbers of women employees.

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No water to splash on carpets — no more hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes grease and fly-marks—gives a lasting gloss. It's economical, too—a tin cleans over 200 square feet of glass! Try it on your mirrors and windows. Send today for a free sample tin of Windolene to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

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drive pain clean out!

Give your poor, aching back quick, glorious relief! One application of St. Jacob's Oil—and your skin begins to glow. Tired, sore, stiff muscles relax . . . pain goes. You can actually feel this soothing, penetrating oil sinking deep into the aching muscles. You can feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

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Although so powerful, you can put 'Dettol' on a child's tender skin and it will not sting, or harm in any way! 'Dettol' is safe and sure protection—keep it always handy, to guard against infection.

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The Movie World

May 13, 1939 — The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement — Page One

1 **LOVE BLOOMS** for Maureen and Fonda.

2 **HENRY'S** supposed friend, Alan Baxter, greets with cynicism the news of his approaching marriage.

3 **BIG CITY** drama drags Henry, despite his protestations of innocence, into the police courts.

4 **AS HENRY,** convicted with Baxter, is taken off to prison, Maureen swears her complete faith in him.

5 **YOUNG** newsboy Martin Spellman comes to tell Maureen that he can help to clear Henry's name.

6 **TRUE FRIEND** Ralph Bellamy helps Maureen search for real criminals.

Sharing Big City Drama

● *THE SCREEN'S growing fondness for drama is illustrated in Columbia's new picture, "Let Us Live." The story takes two ordinary young people in a big city, Maureen O'Sullivan and Henry Fonda, and shows how circumstantial evidence can drag an innocent young man almost to death. Important people in the supporting cast are Alan Baxter, cast as a taxi-driver friend of Henry Fonda, and young Martin Spellman, among the most promising children of the screen. The plot of "Let Us Live" is one not to be detailed, since it depends upon suspense for its effect.*

Moviedom News

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

Happy Hepburn

KATHARINE HEPBURN should be happy at last, for she has achieved her heart's desire. At the brilliant New York opening of her play, "The Philadelphia Story," she scored an artistic triumph and drew rave reviews from the hard-boiled critics.

The play by Philip Barry is a Theatre Guild production.

Howard Hughes flew in from Hollywood to see the premiere. He and Katie are old friends. Besides, he has an interest in the play.

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Kipling hero

RONALD COLMAN will have a chance at stark drama in his next film, "The Light That Failed." The movie script was approved by Rudyard Kipling himself before his death, when Arthur Hornblow went to England to submit it to him. Many years ago this same story was a great movie success, with Percy Marmont in the chief role.

Proud wife

ALICE FAYE is proudly showing to everybody a beautiful star-sapphire ring, a present from her husband, Tony Martin. It came by air mail from New York, where Tony is having a marvellous success with a personal appearance season.

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Unexpected honor

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND recently entered her two pet parrots, "Wings" and "Navy," in the Los Angeles Bird Show, and was too amazed to speak when they won the "Best in Show" prize.

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Different role

METRO is piling up a heap of stories for their leading male star, Clark Gable. Their latest announcement is that Clark will play the part of a priest in "Alaska." This film will be set in the colorful West of the gold rush era, and Clark will be the kind of priest who is fiercely courageous.

"Sweethearts"

JEANETTE MACDONALD . . . how lovely she is! And how thrilling to know that *you*, too, can reveal all the hidden beauty in your face, look your loveliest, the way the Stars do . . . with Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-up. 96% of all the Hollywood stars use Max Factor's . . . Powder, Rouge and Harmonising Lipstick for blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor★ Hollywood, your Individual Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart which lists the correct shades for your individual type.

Sold at all leading stores and chemists, and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Max Factor's Powder—*soft, smooth, clinging . . . lovely for hours!*
Max Factor's Rouge—*gives the glow of natural color to your cheeks.*
Max Factor's Lipstick — *Dramatic Colors! Super-indelible! Soothing!*

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, Stars of M.G.M. production, "SWEETHEARTS," in gorgeous Technicolor.

NEW! MAX FACTOR NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM

The sensational new kind of cleansing cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

Max Factor's, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor's purse-size Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 36-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. **FREE**

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Fair ☐	Grey ☐	BROWNETTE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD: Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS: Moist ☐ Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐		
Sallow ☐	Black ☐		
Freckled ☐	LASHES: Light ☐		AGE
Olive ☐	Dark ☐		

If hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐

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Professor, how did you?

TAUGHT ENGLISH TO CLASSES AND CHARM TO PUBLIC

From BARBARA BOURCHIER
In Hollywood

A UNIVERSITY professor is the screen's latest heart-throb. But don't be alarmed.

Richard Carlson is young, and handsome—and unmarried.

He is a triple-threat man.

You saw Richard with Doug. Fairbanks, jun., and Janet Gaynor in "The Young in Heart," and were charmed by his thick Scots brogue. But Richard tricked you. He is, by birth, a mid-Western American.

He was Professor of English at the University of Minnesota before he came to the screen. It is reported that, when Richard resigned his professorship, there was a threatened rebellion among the students—the young and feminine students. But Richard's loss to the class-room is the students' gain on the screen.

How come a University professor in Hollywood—and so popular in Hollywood, too? For Richard is under a contract to David O. Selznick, has already been borrowed by Edward Small for "The Duke of West Point"; and is now back in the Selznick studio with something really romantic in the way of roles coming up.

It all began in the University—the same University where Richard was himself a student, with an ambition towards becoming a Doctor of Literature. Fortunately for the films, another ambition came along—the stage. There were University theatricals, and play adaptations. Mr. Carlson graduated with an M.A. degree in one hand and £600 cash prizes in the other.

He invested that £600 in a tottering repertory company in Minneapolis.

A year later, plus experience as actor, director, producer—and minus that £600—Mr. Carlson applied for a position on the faculty of his own University—and got it.

But those footlights always glittered tantalisingly at the back of his mind.

Again he left the University—without one backward look.

Interval for a season at the Pasadena Community Playhouse—then Richard Carlson reappears in New York with a half-finished play under his arm.

Unfortunately for young Richard, he eventually did find time to finish his own masterly drama, which bore the high-falutin title of "Western Waters." In order to put this great work on the stage, he left a perfectly good role in "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle."

"Western Waters" failed to create even a ripple at the box-office. A chastened Richard very quickly returned to the role of actor in "White Oaks."

Here is where Hollywood comes in.

Somebody called the attention of David O. Selznick to this promising young man in New York. "A useful actor, and writer," was the recommendation. Telegrams and such flew back and forth; and before his 26th birthday young Carlson was signing a special contract with Selznick.

It is what is known as a three-way contract: it specifies that Richard may work as either a writer, director or actor. In other ways, he is a triple-threat man.

● At the age of 26, Richard Carlson has behind him a University career, and ahead the reputation of a heart-charmer.

NOW IS THE TIME TO CHOOSE BETWEEN

Diamonds and Dood-ads

By JOAN McLEOD

EVER dream of being a film star and swaying down the main street of your home town with star-sapphires gleaming from every finger? Well, don't bother to dream that dream any more.

For the girls in Hollywood have discarded their rubies and diamonds. They are wearing dood-ads instead.

A dood-ad may be a choker necklet which is so enormous that it resembles the armor-plating of brass wire worn by an African belle.

Or it may be a miniature music-box which tinkles a turn when wound up—and is slung nonchalantly from the coat lapel.

A dood-ad may just be your make-up kit reduced in size—compact, lipstick and mirror—strung round your neck on a heavy gold chain. No fumbling in your bag—you have your complexion at your finger-tips.

The Hollywood girls have fabulous treasure piled up in the bank vaults; but they are carrying a junk-shop on their persons. A bank roll is no criterion of ornaments any more—all you need is a bright idea.

The craze for artificiality has reached the point where Paulette Goddard will not wear that £A18,750 diamond necklace recently given her by Charles Chaplin. Instead, Paulette proudly shows off a bracelet which is as heavy—and as big and blatantly brassy—as if it had been run up in a foundry.

A dood-ad must be so small that it needs a microscope to see it—or so big that it nearly obscures its wearer. Already, the dood-ads are abroad on the screen itself.

Take a look at that white scarf Joan Bennett wears so often in "Trade Winds." Then take a second look. It isn't a scarf. It's a chin to collarbone multiple necklace, made of millions and millions of chalk-white beads.

The bigger the dood-ad the simpler the frock. So the studio designers have been called on to plan dresses on deliberately simple lines to show off these conceits.

And the sham gems? They would make the Pantomime Fairy Queen swoon with chagrin. Great chunks of glass in all colors of the rainbow—and worn against the oddest backgrounds.

Designer Orry Kelly made for Jane Wyman an evening cap studded with these penny arcade sapphires, rubies and emeralds—and the cap itself, and the gown that went with it, was made in paper-thin amethyst suede. Yes, the stuff they make shoes and shooting jackets from.

Similar fabulous—fabulously unreal—jewels sparkle through Ida Lupino's hair when she goes out dancing. But in a different way, Ida tucks her page-boy bob into a gold crocheted snood studded with these colored stones.

The Old Guard—the "wear-'em-real-or-else" school—has only two faithfuls left.

In spite of no pictures in sight, Marlene Dietrich recently invested another couple of thousand or so in three diamond rings—which dim the restaurant lights whenever she enters a party.

And Claudette Colbert is wearing her own jewels for one important sequence of her latest film, "Midnight."

Moreover, Claudette has a lipstick especially blended to match the deep red color of her collection of priceless rubies. So she is safe from the dood-aders—at least until that lipstick wears out.

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Beauty straight off the ice!

• Delightful proof that athletes can be gracefully feminine too, Sonja Henie piles her curls atop her head, and rustles into a gleaming evening gown.

What price athletic glory?

Limelight dims on old champions: ice-skating holds the screen

SONJA HENIE'S DIMPLED DARING IS ENVY OF ALL HOPEFUL SKATERS

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

IT'S beginning to look as if a champion athlete has to be able to skate to get him a movie contract.

At one time Hollywood producers were only too ready to give a movie chance to any world-famous athlete who might bring their films some good unpaid-for publicity.

A champion boxer, runner, or swimmer was eligible for a film role—which might, or more often might not, have something to do with his athletic prowess.

But times are changing . . .

Producers to-day are concentrating attention upon the exponents of the most graceful sport of all—skating.

The fact that skating is now enjoying a tremendous vogue throughout the world may have something to do with it.

But Olympic skating champion Sonja Henie started it with her first film, "Girl in a Million."

Her phenomenal success then and thereafter through a series of skating films made the mild success of other champions-turned-film-actors look silly, and sent movie scouts on a search through America's ice rinks for other possible film talent.

MGM has now got itself two skating champions for its lavish new film, "Ice Follies of 1939."

One is Bess Erhardt, American skating champion, the other fifteen-year-old Mae Ross, woman champion of California.

Both have signed contracts, and, if they make good, will be featured in further films.

Six-year-old Irene Dare, recognised as the youngest skater of note in the world, has been given a picture of her own to star in. "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skate," is now in production.

This has followed on her success in the Bobby Breen film, "Breaking the Ice." She is under contract to Sol Lesser, who is planning a number of skating films for her.

Hollywood is prophesying a screen career for yet another skating expert—Stewart Reburn, former Canadian champion, and member of the Canadian Olympic skating team.

His recent appearance with Sonja Henie in a pair-skating tango in her "Ice Revue," held at Hollywood Polar Palace, created a furore.

Handsome—like Richard Greene—and a superb skater, Reburn is the first man ever to partner Sonja in a skating exhibition, and seems likely to be offered a film contract.

Very few champions of sport in other fields have been signed up in recent months. Very few in the past have secured any measure of success.

After the novelty of their appearance as film stars has worn off, most other athletes have either disappeared from view or joined the ranks of undistinguished feature players.

Boxing champions Jack Dempsey, Maxie Baer, Gene Tunney, Primo Carnera have all tried—but long since retired from the lists.

Because he was shrewd enough to develop an individual line of comedy, Maxie Rosenbloom, ex-cruiser-weight champion of the world, is still enjoying success in minor comedy roles.

Babe Ruth, America's baseball champion, made one or two baseball films. Box-office returns didn't warrant further films.

And what of the rest?

Hank Luisetti, all-American basket-ball champion, who made his debut in Betty Grable's "Campus Confession," has done nothing since.

Frank Shields, once a world's champion tennis player, did have minor roles in "Dead End" and "Come and Get It," but has faded from view.

James Flavin and Mick Lukats, two well-known football players, are now making their first film together. They have featured roles in the new United Artists' production, "The Duke of West Point," ice hockey picture. But do they play as footballers? No. They play as ice hockey coaches.

Swimmers are not doing much better.

Johnny Weissmuller, champion Olympic swimmer for 1924 and 1928, now under contract to MGM, made his first Tarzan picture in 1930. He is still making them . . . his last, now in production, is "Tarzan in Exile." He has, in the past nine years, made a number of fairly successful films, but his career is at a standstill. Much has been made of his magnificent torso, practically nothing of his swimming prowess.

Larry Crabbe was also a former Olympic swimming champion who won his contract through his swimming prowess in 1932. Since "The Lion Man," which gave the champion a fitting he-man debut, he has played variously gangster, playboy, Western roles, as well as featuring in a number of musicals—without getting anywhere. At present he is not scheduled for any film.

Weissmuller and Larry Crabbe are lucky compared with other world's champions who have essayed the silver screen.

Just consider that much-publicised beauty, Eleanor Holm Jarrett. Former Olympic champion swimmer, Eleanor made only one film, "Tarzan's Revenge." Featured with her in this epic was Glenn Morris, the decathlon champion. What has become of them now?

Blondes are Business-Like

SMALL and golden-haired skating star Sonja Henie is snatching from small and golden-haired Mary Pickford the title of screen's Best Business Woman.

Sonja already draws, from her film work and from her yearly tours of the States with spectacular ice carnivals, the comfortable annual income of £50,000.

As a further investment, the Norwegian girl is establishing three separate business ventures of her own.

The manufacture of sports wear in Chicago, the construction of a factory for turning out "Sonja Dolls", and the floating of a beauty parlor—are all to provide further revenues for Miss Henie.

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● GLORIA DICKSON, as she appears since Hollywood "remade" her. At first shelved, as lacking in appeal, Gloria is now one of Warners' most important young players.

● BRILLIANT Fred Astaire, whose screen test failed.

● Academy Award winner Bette Davis, who was dubbed "lacking in personality" on her first screen test.

They were Failures in Films

FIRST SCREEN TESTS OF SOME FAMOUS STARS NEARLY COST THEM THEIR CAREERS

MOST people think that a movie aspirant has only to be given a screen test to be started on the royal road to movie fame.

But such is not the case.

Many a now famous film star was turned down on her first screen test, which failed to discover her histrionic—or photogenic—possibilities.

When Bette Davis first came to Hollywood, she was duly re-coiffured, made up, and told to say her piece before the cameras, as is the way with screen tests.

No hint of the hidden dramatic fire showed itself, and she was dismissed as lacking in "personality."

It was only her later remarkable portrayals of screen "bad girls," in bit roles, that made Warners realise that while Bette may not be beautiful she certainly can act.

For, aimed chiefly at discovering photogenic beauty, the average screen test provides little scope for a real life actor to show his histrionic talent.

Fred Astaire, now Filmdom's King of Terpischore, was another dismissed on his first screen test because he lacked personality.

His comic face and volatile personality simply didn't register.

Garbo caused panic

SHOWING of Garbo's first screen test in Hollywood threw MGM moguls into a panic.

She seemed gawky, loose-limbed, lifeless. But she was under contract, so MGM set to work and made her into the most glamorous, most talked about screen star of all time.

Even Marlene Dietrich, pronounced to have the most photogenic face in Hollywood, awakened little interest with her screen test, for she photographed poorly.

When Gloria Dickson first arrived at the Warner studio under contract, and was given her first test for a role, she failed.

Executives shook their heads sadly over having committed themselves to an actress who didn't photograph as well as was expected.

Gloria, in despair, approached Perce Westmore, the studio make-up wizard, and asked him to help her.

Westmore did. He devoted hours to her, studying the contours of her face, experimenting with their possibilities.

And so Gloria is getting increasingly important roles.

Handsome Jerry Marlowe was recently sighted by Universal, working in the Warners' prop department, and given a long-term contract.

Paramount some time before had given him a screen test, but put it aside as not worthy of serious consideration.

The fallibility of screen tests makes one wonder how much talent is lost to the studios each year through their inadequacy or lack of perception on the part of producers.

BETTER THAN EVER FOR YOUR SKIN!

First—Medical Science *reported the magic effect of one certain vitamin. It healed burns and wounds when applied direct to the skin. Then Pond's found a way to include this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams.*

When *"skin-vitamin" is lacking, the oil glands dry up, cells flatten—skin becomes harsh, dry and dull.*

But *when Pond's Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily to this skin, it soon turns smooth, clear and healthy.*

Pond's Creams *with active* "SKIN—VITAMIN A"

HERE'S a new way to loveliness that is the result of an important discovery. Just a few years ago scientists first learned that one certain vitamin has a special relation to skin health and beauty.

Lack of this "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, causes dryness, roughness, a dull appearance of the skin. But now you can safeguard *your* skin from this deficiency. You can apply the "skin-vitamin" direct to your skin, with Pond's two famous creams . . . Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. Every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin" for extra beauty care.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- tubes for your handbag, 1/- jars for your dressing table, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much.

Other titled beauties who are enthusiastic about Pond's Creams with the "skin-vitamin" . . . Lady Harmsworth, Lady Elizabeth Montagu, Lady Patricia French, the Lady Rosemary Gresham, Lady Ursula Stewart, Lady Betty Bourke.

Lady Anne Hill

"I've always thought Pond's too good to be made any better. But now with the 'skin-vitamin' in them I find they really are more helpful. My thanks to Pond's for this wonderful improvement."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS — *the active* "*skin-vitamin*"

FREE! *Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

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PERFECT SOUPS *

It's the Soup for the tired husband, gives zest to his appetite. The best of vegetables and the tenderest meat and chicken very slowly simmered to perfection—and in the Cream Soups the basis is rich thick cream.

CREAM SOUPS—Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Toheroa, Mushroom, Onion . . . MEAT SOUPS—Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mulligatawny—and the New Bean Soup—with Ham.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

JOHN BARRYMORE surprised Hollywood last week by filing suit for separation—not divorce—from his fourth wife, Elaine Barrie, after announcing a few days previously that Elaine intended to divorce him.

He has, furthermore, asked Elaine and her parents to render an accounting of £60,000, their joint funds.

The Barrymores were married in 1937, divorced in 1938, but reconciled before the decree was made final. Barrymore is 57 years old, Elaine 24.

❖ ❖ ❖

CONSTANCE BENNETT had to pay £150 to a fifteen-year-old girl to compensate her for injuries she suffered when she was struck by her car. Gilbert Roland, Connie's closest friend, was at the wheel.

The girl claimed £800.

* * *

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of Leopold Stokowski, Walter Damrosch, 71-year-old conductor of symphony orchestras, is to make his debut in movies. He will conduct his orchestra in several scenes of Bing Crosby's "The Star Maker."

Linda Ware, the attractive girl who threatens to become another Deanna Durbin, will also make her debut in this film.

* * *

KAY FRANCIS has gone back to work. Nobody is asking questions, but apparently the wedding bells will not ring out for her and the handsome Baron Barnekow.

Kay begins work in "Memory of Love" as supporting player to stars Carole Lombard and Cary Grant. She is playing an unsympathetic part, bereft of her once-famous glamor.

* * *

MRS. WALLACE BEERY secured her divorce from her film-actor husband last week at Reno. Mental cruelty was the ground.

The Beerys have been married for fourteen years. Their eight-year-old adopted daughter, Carol Ann, is to spend six months a year with each parent.

* * *

ERROL FLYNN was recently "won" in a raffle by a young woman in Dodge City, Kansas. The winner had the privilege of entertaining Mr. Flynn at her home when the stars of the movie, "Dodge City," arrived in that town for the premiere.

The young lady who drew the lucky card, however, had a case of measles in the family, so she sold Mr. Flynn to a friend of hers, a twenty-two-year-old waitress.

* * *

WITH "Wuthering Heights" scoring a phenomenal success Warners are planning to film "Devotion," the story of the three Bronte sisters. Bette Davis will play the author of "Jane Eyre," Charlotte Bronte, and Geraldine Fitzgerald will play Emily, who wrote "Wuthering Heights."

Olivia de Havilland will play the youngest of the sisters, Anna, and Claude Rains will be their father, a minister.

* * *

ENGLISH Archibald Leach (Cary Grant, to you) has applied for American citizenship.

* * *

DEANNA DURBIN'S mother is still emphatically denying that her charming young daughter is entertaining plans for marriage. Yet Deanna and Vaughn Paul, the assistant director in some of her big successes, seem ready to take the vows just as soon as the songstress turns 18. That will be next December.

Until then, Deanna is not permitted to marry without parents' consent.

THEATRE ROYAL
NIGHTLY AT 8.
MATINEE WED. & SAT. at 2.
Australian and New Zealand Theatres Ltd. Present Broadway's Super Streamlined Musical Comedy.
"I Married an Angel"
With a brilliant imported cast.

2.30 and 8 p.m. TIVOLI 2.30 and 8 p.m.
FRANK NEIL Presents
WILL MAHONEY Lassoes Laughs in the "LAUGH ROUND UP"
With New International Stars Evie Hayes, Vernon & Draper, Frank Coniville & Co. & Bunny Dale, Micky King, Johnny Klado, Bob Geraghty, George West, Lawrence Brooks, Three Beedinos, Keith Connelly, Bruce Carroll, Kids Hocking, Dorrie Rickets.
Plans: Palings, Nicholsons, Tivoli M6815.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
No stars—below average.
★ One star—average entertainment
★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

★★★ MAYERLING

(Week's Best Release.)
Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux. (French production.)

NEVER has Charles Boyer had opportunity for finer acting than in this French film of one of the most tragic stories of history.

It tells of the love of the dissipated, unhappy Archduke Rudolph of Austria-Hungary for Marie Vetsera, and its end in the castle of Mayerling.

Both Boyer and Danielle Darrieux are superb—France's Danielle is even more lovely than as glamorised by Hollywood.

Vienna has been many times—too often—used as a setting for romance. The unhappy love affairs of Royalty have had their fair share of attention, too. But this picture stands head and shoulders above the rest.

English sub-titles ensure entire clarity, and once the story is under way one forgets that the dialogue is French.—Embassy; showing.

★★ HONOLULU

Eleanor Powell, Robert Young. (MGM.)

AFTER seeing Eleanor Powell dancing a hula-hula in "Honolulu," you'll rate her high in the list of the screen's glamor girls. The Powell limbs have never appeared to better advantage.

Neither has her dancing, which, in this number, held towards the end of the film, reaches its peak. The earlier tap-dancing sequences depend over-much on novelty of presentation rather than grace or skill of execution.

This film is not a world-beater, but it is well above the average in entertainment.

Robert Young, born comedian, has a dual role that suits him perfectly. He plays a famous film star and a Honolulu pineapple plantation owner who bear a striking resemblance to each other and who change places for a month or two.

Comedy team Burns and Allen are also in the film. Burns doesn't appear enough, Allen too much.—St. James; showing.

★★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING

Jack Oakie, Adolphe Menjou. (Fox.)

THE services of six headline players from the Fox studios have been commissioned for this hilarious little comedy. They are Adolphe Menjou, Jack Haley, Jack Oakie, Arleen Whelan, Tony Martin, and Binnie Barnes.

It's a satire on American publicity methods and the democratic ideals, and it's all very good fun. There isn't much plot, but the idea upon which the story is hung is sufficiently funny to carry the picture.

Bewildered Jack Haley is chosen as the average American man in a nation-wide campaign, organised by crack advertising men Jack Oakie and Adolphe Menjou. They transplant him from his home town and use him to test his reaction as the "Average Man" to products and schemes they are trying to sell. His reactions are unexpected—and often very funny.

Honors to the men in this film, Jack Haley is so beautifully natural as the average American. His characterisation is very amusing—and at times touchingly pathetic.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ NORTH OF SHANGHAI

James Craig, Betty Furness. (Columbia.)

ONCE again the newspaper reporter is the hero of big-time adventure in this uninspired thriller. And war-torn China, the answer to the melodrama-maker's prayer, is the setting.

Story involves discovery and uncovering of a gang of spies, working hand in hand with the head of the Shanghai office of an American newspaper for the overthrow of Shanghai. It is all very involved, and you'll find quite a few holes in the plot.

Betty Furness, as one of those intrepid American newspaper gals, and newcomer James Craig, as an equally daring newsreel reporter, come unscathed through hair-raising adventures to romance.—Capitol; showing.

★ MAN'S HERITAGE

Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew. (Universal.)

UNIVERSAL have solved the problem of what to do with boy stars growing up by utilising the Culver Military Academy as the centre for boyhood drama.

This studio, which is doing so nicely by Deanna Durbin, is not so successful with the boys who have reached the "awkward" years.

Sixteen-year-old Jackie Cooper and 15-year-old Freddie Bartholomew are starred, with Freddie taking second place in the story, but not in acting. It's one large, swimmingly sentimental paean of praise to Culver Academy and its ideals. There is, too, a great deal of vague high falutin' talk about the heroism of dying for one's country.

There's a musical comedy touch about the ordered precision with which the lads at Culver go through their paces.

Much of the film is devoted to this.—Lyceum; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★★ **Pygmalion.** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 22nd week.
- ★★★ **Gunga Din.** Cary Grant and Doug Fairbanks, jun., in grand action drama. Regent, 2nd week.
- ★★ **Three Smart Girls Grow Up.** Deanna Durbin in bright musical entertainment for everybody. State, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Stolen Life.** Elisabeth Bergner, Michael Redgrave in unusual triangle drama. Prince Edward, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Topper Takes a Trip.** Constance Bennett in gay sequel to first Topper fantasy. Century, 3rd week.
- ★ **Prison Without Bars.** Corinne Luchaire in slow-moving reformatory drama. Mayfair, 3rd week.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

"You'll find us all, doing the *Lambeth Walk!*"

* * *

That song and that dance have become popular throughout the world. It all began in London, when *Lupino Lane* introduced it in his musical show, "Me and My Girl." Then it spread to the far outposts of the British Empire. And then we found it being sung in French, danced in America, played in the Orient, raging through South America, taking Europe's mind off its troubles!

* * *

These times will be remembered by historians for two things: the European Crisis, and the *Lambeth Walk!*

* * *

Leave it to *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* to preserve for posterity a complete and rhythmic record of the *Lambeth Walk!*

* * *

We'll soon be enjoying this screen treat—Lupino Lane's world-famous musical show, brought to the screen under the world-famous title, *"THE LAMBETH WALK,"* and with *Lupino Lane* himself introducing the world-famous song (and all the other catchy tunes from the show).

* * *

"THE LAMBETH WALK" is a bright and cheerful show, overflowing with amusement and entertainment that comes with the first beat of the strutting melody that has captured the world's popularity. Besides the co-stars, *Lupino Lane* and vivacious *Sally Grey*, the picture presents a bubbling cast of London musical comedy favourites. It's the sort of show you'll *want* to see, and you'll *enjoy* it immensely.

* * *

It'll be released here very soon. Watch for it, and *don't miss it!*

Yours for the *best* in entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

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Gift of a Heart

Continued from Page 5

ANGIE woke him in the morning by getting into his bed, sitting on him, and remarking that he was not so soft as mummy, but warmer. She ate two biscuits, dipped in his early morning tea, and asked if he would take her to the shops.

Dick said he certainly would; glad of any date that would not too obviously leave Pat alone.

He let Angie go where she liked around the stores.

Just once Dick asserted his rights, when Angie wanted to go home now this minute, and Dick wanted to wait a bit, to give Scott-Ellis time. They arrived home, very cheerfully, at six-thirty, when Scott-Ellis was half-way through his second whisky and soda.

Their polite how d'you dos and resultant uninterested questions about each other filled five or ten minutes. Pat did not say a word.

When the silence became a little oppressive, Ellis kneeled down on the floor beside Angie and said: "Guess what Uncle Robert's brought you."

Angie, with a child's unerring instinct, detected a note of coy unreality. "What?" she asked stolidly.

He produced a flat paper parcel.

"What's in it?" asked Angie.

"Don't you want to open it and see?"

"You open it," said Angie.

It was an anti-climax, but he had no alternative. He brought from the paper a copy of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." "Oh," said Angie, "Daddy bought me one like that to-day. Only I can make them stand up." She put a last brick on top of the pile she was building, and then she remembered. "Thank you, Uncle Robert!" she said.

Pat and Dick laughed together; and both realised at once that Ellis was not laughing. He lit a cigarette, looked as if he would like to flay Angie, and turned to Pat. "Well, what about that dance?" he said suddenly. There was something in his voice that refused to envisage any possibility of refusal. He had been sure of both of them; he was still sure of Pat.

Pat flushed; as much in anger as in embarrassment, Dick thought. "Oh, Rob, I told you . . ." she began.

Ellis turned to Dick, flicking the ash nonchalantly from his cigarette. "Pat's got it into her head we can't dance together any more, now you're home. Silly, isn't she? She dances marvellously. And you don't dance, do you?"

"No, not at all," Dick said politely. "So I tell her it's ridiculous not to come, when she loves dancing so."

Pat's eyes were downcast. "But I told you, Rob; I'll be much too busy to-morrow night."

"Oh, nonsense!" Scott-Ellis said heartily. "You women are always making work out of nothing! That's no excuse!" he cried, "is it, Clancy?"

Dick could do nothing but reply with perfect good humor: "No, you go, Pat. I'll thoroughly enjoy a bachelor evening."

All next day Pat was rather distrait. Dick kept out of her way and concentrated on Angie; who in return, over lunch, treated him to a singularly embarrassing conversation.

"Daddy. Do you like me better'n Uncle Robert?" she began.

"YES," said Dick.

"Better'n Alice?"

"Yes," said Dick, grinning at Alice, who was serving the sweet.

"Better'n Mummy?"

"No," said Dick.

"No?" repeated Angie.

"No!"

"Why not, Daddy?"

"You aren't so nice."

"Oh. Aren't I? Why aren't I?" She gave him a wicked, calculating look. "I like you better'n Mummy," she said.

There was a moment's silence. Then Pat suddenly got up from the table and went into the other room. Angie stolidly went on spooning her custard.

"Why don't you like me better'n Mummy?" Angie persisted.

"You'd be surprised!" said Dick shortly, between his teeth, and went into the other room, after Pat.

She was sewing when he went in and did not stop, and Dick could not see her face. He went to the window and looked out.

"You mustn't mind Angie," he said as carelessly as he could. "She's only a kid. I don't suppose she means it for a moment."

"I don't suppose she does," said Pat with equal coolness. "Why should you think I mind?"

It was not what Angie had said, but the time she had chosen. "Oh, only that . . ." he faltered.

"I know just how fickle Angie's likings are. Yesterday she adored Robert. To-day it's you."

"Yes, of course," said Dick, conscious of a worse blunder than Angie's. "To-morrow it'll be you again."

"Or Robert," said Pat sweetly, sewing faster than ever.

After a moment, Dick came to her, and put a hand on to hers, that was covered by her work. Even so, he felt it trembling. "Come out and let's buy a present for Angie together, Pat!" he said gently.

"I'm so sorry," Pat replied. "I have to get my hair done. For Robert. For to-night," she said. And she pushed him away and ran out of the room. This time he did not try to follow her.

ELLIS came while Pat was still dressing. They had a whisky and soda together, and Ellis told Dick some unfunny stories, and quite a lot of things that he and Pat had done together, adding, when Dick had already demonstrated his ignorance: "But of course Pat'll have told you." Dick had just about reached the limit of his endurance and was clenching his fists when Pat came down. His sensations as Pat entered the room were as if he himself had been struck hard.

Pat had never looked like this. Her dress was the blue of a candle flame, its sheen drank up light, and as she moved it seemed to have a radiance, like a faceted jewel. To-night she was alive; her eyes darker, her mouth laughing, under her skin a glowing warmth as if she were on fire.

She did not even look at Dick.

"Ready?" she said to Scott-Ellis.

"Yes, quite ready!"

If Dick could have got into words what rushed into his mind, he would have stopped them then and there, ordered Ellis the door and Pat her room like any Victorian husband. For the moment, however, he was speechless; and that was all it took for Ellis to whisk Pat out of the room and into his waiting car.

Dick spent an hour in such a fever of jealousy as he hoped never to experience again. Then he pulled himself together, went out to drink the evening away, and got home just before Pat. She came in alone; Ellis' car drove away as he heard her key in the door, and he saw at once, by the fierce defiance in her eyes, that Pat had been well and truly kissed.

He did not know what to do.

"Had a good time?" he asked in a hollow voice.

Pat gave him one look. "Lovely!" she cried unequivocally. And she ran upstairs without another word and locked her bedroom door.

He wondered how he was going to face Pat in the morning; fortunately she saved him the necessity. After an interminably wakeful night he slept late, and found a note from Pat on his breakfast tray, to say she'd rushed out on some last minute shopping, and would he take Angie to the zoo?

Please turn to Page 46

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

BON MARCHE

Huge Interstate Purchase of Better Quality Frocks All to be Cleared at ONE Ridiculous Price

Value 29/11

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2,865 GARMENTS SACRIFICED!

1. Self-colour Bayadere Cloque of Continental Silk in shades Grape Wine, Teal, Tan, Black, Navy. All sizes, XSSW to O.S

2 & 3. Continental Satin Back Cereal Crepe in 2 styles. Almond, Bottle, Turquoise, Vintage, Grape Wine, Teal, Tan, Saxe, Navy, Black. All sizes, XSSW to OS. All priced for immediate selling at 15/11

4. This season's newest fabric, All-wool Jersette in Grape Wine, Teal, Tan, Saxe, Bottle, Navy, Black. All sizes, XSSW to OS.

5. Good quality all-wool Crepe-de-chene in Wine, Rust, Bottle, Brown, Saxe, Almond, Navy, Black. All sizes, XSSW to OS.

6. Special for the larger figures in Continental Silk Crepe. Good quality and well made. Shades of Black, Navy, Wine, Bottle. All sizes, SOS to XXOS.

A wonderful offer which includes all fittings from XSSW to XXOS. But take our advice. ORDER Yours NOW, and avoid disappointment.

Order Form W9

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Please send me ..... garments.
Enclosed £ s. d. or C.O.D.
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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

UNBIDDEN GUESTS

ONE Christmas my brother and a friend decided to visit some friends about eight miles away.

Arriving at their destination they found the people out but the house open. They entered, and on the dining-room table saw a bottle of wine and a plate of cakes and nuts.

Feeling in need of refreshment after their journey, they had a glass of wine and a slice of cake, and continued eating the nuts, expecting their friends to return any minute.

Soon all the nuts and cakes were gone, and they went outside. Seeing the next-door neighbor in the yard, they inquired if she knew when Mrs. Blank would be home.

Imagine how they felt when the reply was, "Oh! Mrs. Blank doesn't live there now; she moved last week."

10/6 to Mrs. T. Dolan, Victoria St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

MISSING MONEY

WHEN working on the roads my husband fell ill one pay day, and I collected his wages of £5.

Later I met the ganger, who was very perturbed. He was £20 short in the wages. We checked my husband's money and felt assured that I had only £5.

An hour later I met the ganger again. He was still very upset. He had re-checked everything, and could find no error, so I offered my husband's wages to be re-checked.

When I took the notes out again we saw that they were five £5 notes.

2/6 to Mrs. F. J. McNally, Hilton Rd., Gympie, Qld.

WASTED FEAR

FATHER was a schoolmaster, and a very strict one, so consternation reigned when, while doing our home-lessons in his study, we spilt a bottle of ink on his handsome new carpet.

His wrath scattered us in all directions, four minds having but a single thought—to search every book of reference for "Carpet, Ink Stains, to Remove."

Thus it was that four trembling youngsters presently converged upon his sanctum, loaded with cans of hot water, rags, sponges, brushes, bottles of liquids, and tins of powders sufficient to obliterate all the ink ever manufactured.

But the situation was saved when father arrived. He roared with laughter and himself helped us to remove the offending stain with blotting-paper and a dash of carpet soap!

2/6 to Mrs. A. Wathen, Redland, Casterton, Vic.

ABSENT-MINDED CUSTOMER

SCENE: A retail bootshop in the city during the rush on Friday night.

Suddenly a customer called the manager of the men's department and complained that he had been waiting for twenty minutes. The salesman, he said, had given him his change and gone to serve others.

When the salesman was located he explained that the customer had decided to wear his purchase—a pair of goloshes—home and that they were then on his feet.

Apologising, the customer laughed at his absent-mindedness and left feeling happy, but very sheepish.

2/6 to Eileen Fogarty, Edward St., Bondi, Sydney.

READJUSTMENT

DAD was persuaded to go to a church jumble sale, and after making himself useful he roamed round the stalls and returned proudly bearing a pair of letter scales.

"Just the thing for your weekly budget. I bought them for 3d., and all they need is a little adjustment."

Mother nearly collapsed. "Just take them back at once," she said. "They've been on our pantry shelf for ten years waiting for 'that little adjustment.'"

2/6 to Mrs. H. McKemmish, Heller St., W. Brunswick, Vic.

Where death and beauty go hand in hand...

HAVING lost all my savings and also my job as an engineer, I determined to find fortune in North Queensland.

Arriving at Brisbane, I worked my passage on a tramp steamer to Thursday Island, and, being young and strong, soon got a job as "tender" on a pearling lugger. This prompted a decision to become a diver, and a little over a year later I was diving for "shell" in the shark-infested waters of Torres Strait.

I soon became used to working under the sea and never tired of watching and studying the teeming aquatic life of those lovely tropic waters. Fish of all colors, shapes and sizes swam past or watched me for a moment or two. Then there were coral and a thousand other wonderful marine growths.

One of my greatest pleasures was to sit on the "mud hook," or anchor, a few feet above the bottom as the lugger drifted slowly along in the calm sea. In this way we searched for patches of pearl shell.

As soon as I sighted a patch of good ground I would signal my tender and be lowered to the bottom.

One day I was working in rather discolored water—a very dangerous practice—when I stumbled over some unseen obstacle and, to my horror, found I had put my foot into the jaws of a huge clam.

These giant oysters weigh up to a ton, and are certain death if they fasten onto a man.

Fortunately I had the presence of mind to thrust my almost full bag of shell between the monster's jaws.

This brief respite enabled me to pull my foot, with its cumbersome boot, free of those dreaded, vice-like jaws, and I was rapidly pulled to the surface and safety.

£1/1/- to R. B. Bradley, Mitiamo, Vic.

"TO MY HORROR, I found I had put my foot into the jaws of a huge clam."

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

Saved by kindness

WHILE visiting a neighbor's home in the country a storm broke and delayed our departure until well after dark. At the last moment my neighbor insisted on my wrapping one of her blankets around my three months' old baby, an act of kindness which saved the child's life.

When within a mile of home, the lights fused. But we were unconcerned as my husband knew the track well.

Rounding the last bend, however, I heard him shout "Duck." Then followed a splintering of glass and rending of wood, and finally a heavy weight pinned me against the back of the seat. The car had run into a tree that had been blown down.

When my husband lifted the baby out she made no sound and we feared the worst. But as he loosened the blanket she began to cry.

How narrow had been her escape could be seen by the bruises which covered my arms just above where her head had lain protected by the borrowed blanket.

2/6 to Mrs. W. M. Shields, Barakula, via Chinchilla, Qld.

Sagacious dog

IN the days before motor lorries became popular, my brother had a carrying business in the country.

His was an eight-horse team, and when on the road he always took his dog, who rode all day lying across the saddle of a horse tied behind the waggon.

Travelling between Blayney and Canowindra the animal was missed at lunch-time, but my brother was not worried, as he thought he had gone off after a rabbit.

Just then he noticed that the water-bag was missing from where it had been tied on the waggon, so, mounting the horse, he rode back along the road.

He had not gone far when he met the dog pulling the bag of water along the road. Scrambling backwards, he had pulled it along a dusty track for a quarter of a mile and was nearly exhausted.

Evidently he had seen the bag fall and had jumped down to retrieve it.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Pearce, Doonson Ave., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Frightened a housebreaker

MANY times have I heard the question, "What would you do if you found a thief in your house?"

I had the unhappy experience in our home in Annerley, Brisbane. I had been shopping and, coming home about 1 p.m., was walking down the carpeted hallway to my bedroom when I noticed a man standing in front of the dressing table in my father's room.

Before I realised it, I had said, "Who's there?" Until I spoke the intruder was unaware of my presence, and I do not know which of us was the more alarmed. His one idea was to escape, and I managed to summon enough nerve to order him out of the house.

Due to my timely interruption our total loss was a money-box containing about 15/-.

2/6 to Miss L. A. Peberdy, John St., Pimlico, Townsville, Qld.

Baby's close call

INDELIBLY stamped on my memory is the picture of a baby's cap—one of those soft, woolly ones trimmed with a pom-pom.

I was driving my aunt with her nine-months-old baby around the wheat crop, and when about a chain from the gate I dropped the whip. Handing the reins to my aunt I jumped out to retrieve it, telling her to drive on down to the gate.

While the horse was trotting slowly downhill she must have crossed the reins, for, in trying to steer the sulky wheel away from a post, she bumped right into it. The impact stopped the sulky dead, and jerked the sleeping babe off his mother's knee and over the dashboard.

I don't remember picking the baby up and passing him back to the arms of his half-frantic mother, but I will always see a little cream cap sticking out from under a horse's hoof.

That is where it remained while I pulled the baby away unhurt.

2/6 to Mrs. W. G. Scott, Yarrandale, Ariah Park, N.S.W.

Ah! CORNED BEEF and CARROTS!

but it DOES NEED MUSTARD!

Prime meat, tender and juicy, with well-cooked carrots. What more could you want? Nothing . . . except Keen's Mustard.
A little mustard does so much for food.

It brings out the flavour of all meat dishes, excites appetite and aids digestion. Serve freshly-mixed Keen's Mustard with every meal. It's a certain way to make that meal a success.

and MUSTARD *means* . . .

KEEN'S

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Gibbs Dentifrice IS GREAT FOR A TRAVELLING MAN SO NEAT AND HANDY

At all Chemists and Stores

Small tins .. 1/-
Large tins .. 1/6
Large refills 1/3

CHANCE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

S7.91.32

Gift of a Heart

Continued from Page 44

PAT had a late tea ready when they got home; a smiling, social Pat, pretending that last night had not happened. Thankful for the life-line, Dick joined in the pretence. Presently they were talking warmly, laughing sometimes; like strangers, it is true, but strangers who found each other's company not altogether unwelcome.

Angie, meanwhile, sitting on the floor, felt distinctly neglected. Three remarks addressed to Dick had not been answered. He did not even take any notice when she crawled across to him and tugged at his coat. She waited for a lull in the conversation and plunged in.

"Mummy," she said clearly. "I think I'd like to sleep in Daddy's room to-night."

The stir she caused was highly satisfactory.

"For heaven's sake why?" said Dick.

Angie had been waiting for this. "Cos I like you better'n anybody," she said triumphantly. And when the reverberations of that little bombshell waned she threw another. "Besides, Mummy sniffled last night. I woke up, an' I heard her. Couldn't go to sleep for ages, I couldn't, because for Mummy sniffling."

Pat's cheeks were flaming. "Oh, you're mistaken, darling," she said in a whisper.

"No I'm not" Angie replied uncompromisingly. "Heard you, I did. Sniffling. Sniffling and sniffling and sniffling. I want to sleep with Daddy to-night."

"Don't talk a lot of darn nonsense," said Dick, suddenly torn with the realisation of what that night crying of Pat's might mean.

The way Pat looked at him, he might have been sole perpetrator of Angie's idea. "Well, of course, darling," she said, solely to Angie, "if you really want to. I have got just a little bit of a cold starting. We'll move your cot now, shall we? Come along!"

She took Angie's hand; and Dick went out of the house hatless and coatless, looking as if he had committed murder there and was trying to walk it off.

For this was what they called coming between mother and child; a whole lot worse, in its way, than continuing to be the husband of a woman who loved somebody else. Perhaps the very best thing he could do would be to pack his bag and finish the rest of his leave in an hotel. The prospect was miserably chilling. For, in the streets where he walked, it was as if the curtain had suddenly gone up on the one word—Home.

So he went home to pack.

As soon as the door was opened, Pat's voice called him. "Dick . . . oh quickly, Dick, I can't . . ."

He rushed into the lounge, expecting fire. But Pat was only trying to prise open the lid of a packing case that had arrived for Angie from one of her grandmothers. She had caught her fingers.

"Here, let it go, give it to me," he said severely. "Don't you know you might get a splinter in your hand?"

"You weren't here."

"I am now."

"I wanted the box off the top of the wardrobe on the landing, and I can't reach that!" Pat said reproachfully.

Dick got it, not knowing quite what he did. He couldn't understand it, he couldn't believe it, it couldn't really be happening.

Pat took the lid off the box. It held her family of china dolls. She took them out reverently. "She should be old enough to take care of them now," she whispered.

He knew that in the supremely important moment of passing on her own beloved dolls to her daughter Pat had forgotten their three years of parting, their three months of doubt, their three days of hating. He held on to that moment, as Pat ranged them round Angie's breakfast plate.

"That the lot?" he asked at last.

"I think so."

Silently they stood back, surveying their handiwork in a sudden little glow of pride, alone together as if the room, with the two of them in it, had shot off into space.

"That's done!" said Pat, and suddenly discovered a toy aeroplane undisposed of. She stood on a chair and hung it from the light.

Dick was putting up a hand to help her down when the chair joggled a bit and she sprawled, rather than fell, plump in his arms; face against his. And quite suddenly he was kissing her as only Pat had ever been kissed by him, plans and scruples gone with the wind.

HE had his moment's bliss; then Pat broke away and took refuge on the other side of the table. Dick trembled. It was as if his packed bag were already in his hand. Pat had remembered . . .

She was going to say something. He prepared for his death knell.

"Why didn't you do that before?" said Pat.

Dick swallowed. "Before?" he repeated.

"Before last night." Her voice broke like a faint tinkle of glass. "Before it was too late!" she cried.

Dick took a deep breath. "What did that blackguard do?" he said.

Pat's cheeks were burning. She covered them with her hands. Her voice trembled. "He . . . he . . . he kissed me!" she got out at last.

The walls of the room rushed away; and then they were back; quite still, quite normal. Just for the moment Dick wanted to laugh. It had been the first time!

"And he said, if you didn't care, why should I?" accused Pat. "Said you'd probably done as much yourself, and more."

With an effort, Dick said nothing.

Suddenly fear came into Pat's face. "Dick, you didn't . . . you haven't . . ."

He met her eyes. "Well," he said temperately, "after all, it's been three years. We're all of us human."

Pat rushed round the table, flat clenched as if she would like to beat him to pulp. "Oh, how can you? How can you?" she cried. "Oh, I might have known it. I thought it was because of me, because of him, that you were so cold. And all the time it was because of you. Oh Dick!"

Dick took her by the shoulders, fiercely, so that it hurt. "Listen to me, Pat," he said, "I've never loved anyone but you. And I never will. You know that."

Pat's arms went round his neck. "Nor have I. Never, Dick!" He raised an eyebrow. "No I haven't! Never! Not really. It was only a silly schoolgirl sort of crush, over as soon . . ."

"Yes, Pat. As soon?"

"As soon as I saw you together. Like . . . like butter and margarine."

He hugged her. "Oh Pat . . . Darling, you're to go to bed now. D'you hear? At once. It's late. And to-morrow we start new. Fresh. Understand?"

Pat nodded. He kept an arm round her, opened the door, and began to walk upstairs. The clock in the hall struck twelve. "It's to-morrow now," said Pat.

(Copyright.)

THIS SMART COMBINATION of black and white is worn by Frances Mercer of RKO. The V-necked bodice is caught at centre front with a circular self-covered buckle. Frances wears a wrapped turban and gloves of white to complete the ensemble.

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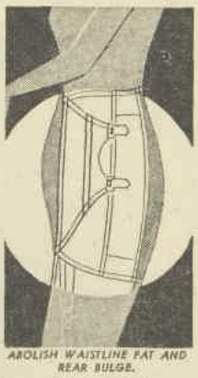
Wear a FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and reduce 2 inches in a week: 3 inches in 10 days. The moment you step into this beautiful garment it will give you straight, slender lines, thus enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately. Figure sag vanishes. Bulges are smoothed out—you actually reduce at waist, hips and thighs and you look and feel so much younger, so much smarter.



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Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Fullerton, S.A., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

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ETIQUETTE

Precedence is still a strict social law

Precedence, the social law founded hundreds of years ago in England, is discussed this week by Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted authority on social procedure.

Normally it is a fairly simple matter in Australia, but there are a few pitfalls which may beset hostesses when entertaining becomes more formal during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

These pictures help to explain the rules of precedence.

A LORD MAYOR and Lady Mayoress take highest rank only in their own "territory." The Lady Mayoress of London (Lady Bowater), hostess at a civic dinner, with the Duke of Gloucester.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, formerly the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, became of much higher rank when she married the premier Duke of England. She ranks next to the Royal Duchesses.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON
(Published Weekly by Special Arrangement)

THE order of precedence is strictly laid down by statute, and is open to no modifications.

Fashion does not affect it, for it stands far above the influence of whim or caprice, and no one can disregard or flout it.

For precedence is intimately bound up with the Constitution of the Realm and Empire. It is this which lends to it a much wider significance than any mere honor paid to individuals.

In its existing form, precedence is commonly reputed to be based upon a statute of Henry VIII. But, as a matter of fact, it goes much farther back.

We have to go right back to the first part of the fourteenth century for the first authoritative pronouncement on the subject. Even then precedence was in a well-established form. It was Edward III who first promulgated the "Order of all Estates of the Nobles and Gentry of England."

From time to time additions and alterations were made, until the whole was once more summed up by Henry VII in a statute on which his son later based his "Order" for "Placing the Lords."

From the time of James I, no alterations were made until the reign of George V.

The changes during the reign of the late King were the creation of the Order of the British Empire, the inclusion of women for the first time, and the alteration of position and titles of some members of the Royal Family.

It was ordained that only the children of the Sovereign and his sons' children should hold Royal rank with the prefix "Royal Highness." (Royal wives share their husbands' rank.) The number of those possessing precedence due to Royalty has thus been considerably curtailed.

Precedence affects the making of introductions and influences the procedure at dinner-parties and other entertainments. It affects even so simple and everyday a matter as leaving a room.

The position of women should be noted. A husband raises his wife to his own rank, so that she has the same precedence as her husband, unless she herself is of higher rank, in which case she preserves her own, just as she does her courtesy title if she marries a commoner (one lower in rank than a peer of the realm).

DAUGHTERS of peers who have married commoners become Lady Christian-name So-and-So, while the husband remains plain Mr. So-and-So. If, however, Lord Somebody had married plain Miss Smith, she automatically becomes the Lady Somebody and is accorded her husband's rank.

The sole exception in regard to this position of wives is that the wives of Archbishops and Bishops have no status or precedence at all.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, ranks above all Dukes except the Royal Dukes of Gloucester, Kent, and Connaught, but his wife is just the same in title and precedence as she would be were he a humble country parson.

Here, no doubt, we have evidence of the antiquity of precedence, which dates from long before married clergy were contemplated.

With the exception of peeresses in their own right who retain their rank in any circumstance, all title and precedence is attached by virtue of the position of father or husband.

For example, daughters of a duke, when they marry, either merge their titles in those of their husbands, if of equal or higher rank, or continue them in the form of courtesy titles.

If their husbands are without rank they have no honor or precedence to give to their children who will be of just the same position as any other untitled subject of the King.

In such a case it might happen that, of husband, wife and daughters attending an entertainment, the wife alone would be entitled to precedence which would send her in to dinner in a special place.

SOME peerages are conferred with the direct proviso that the title may descend through a daughter, failing a son.

For example, Earl Roberts and Viscount Wolseley were both succeeded by their daughters, the Countess Roberts and the Viscountess Wolseley.

But it will be noticed that a daughter inherits her father's rank only in default of a son and in the next generation the title reverts to the son if there is one.

Sometimes one person may bear several titles, through marriage or the conferring of more honors, in which case the highest title is used. The several titles may include one which may descend through the female line, and others which may not.

In the case of the late Marquis Curzon, for instance, Baron Scarsdale, one of his titles, fell to his nephew as he had no son, but another of his titles, which may descend through daughters, went to his daughter, making her Baroness Ravensdale.

These, however, are exceptions to the general rule whereby a peerage descends only to and through sons. The exceptions do not apply to the other hereditary honor, a baronetcy.

The Order of the British Empire includes the creation, "Dame," in a woman's own right. The precedence accorded to those who bear it in the first class—that is, Dame Grand Cross—is very high, ranking first among honors which are not hereditary. So that a Dame G.B.E. (Dame Enid Lyons, for instance) ranks immediately after the wives of baronets and before those of knights.

Many people believe that they have mastered the complexities of precedence when they say, "Those who have titles obviously go before those who have not," oblivious of the fact that Privy Councillors have precedence before Baronets, and that all but three people outside Royalty yield pride of place to the Prime Minister.

Perhaps one of the most common pitfalls is the order in which those of the same rank take precedence.

How, for instance, would one send in to dinner two baronets and their wives?

We know that they would yield place to peers but precede knights, but what about their respective positions? Well, it is simply a matter of the date on which the first holder of the title received his baronetcy. The first to be established in this chronological order remains the first to-day. The same rule obtains with peers.

The Duke of Norfolk, for example, is the premier Duke of England, because his is the oldest Dukedom now extant. The Marquis of Winchester holds the same priority among Marquises for the same reason, and so on through all grades of honor.

(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)

A DOWAGER gives up the government of house and estate to her daughter-in-law when she becomes a widow. But she retains her rank. Thus the Dowager Countess Swaythling takes precedence over her son's wife.

SOCIAL GUIDE

HOW to introduce people, how to address people, how to answer different types of invitations, paying and receiving calls, etiquette of engagements and weddings — these and many other everyday aspects of etiquette will be fully discussed in subsequent instalments of Mrs. Lyon's book.

It's Not Her Fault
she's Delicate
Despondent
and Dull . . .

The Doctor Knows It's
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No child need be that way if you would only treat Faulty Elimination the safe way. Firstly, you must realise that Faulty Elimination is serious—dangerous because it is insidious. Unsuspected poisons enter the system due to food waste remaining in the bowel. This overburdens those vital cleansing organs, the liver and kidneys, which become sluggish, causing even more serious "poisoning." You just can't blame the child for being cross and out of sorts.

Because Faulty Elimination is serious, take no risks with your remedy. Trust only Laxettes—the only complete and sure treatment. Laxettes act very gently, inducing natural bowel movement without any danger of scouring the natural lubricant from the bowels. For that reason, avoid harmful substitutes and harsh purgatives.

Laxettes have the purest chocolate flavour too!

WARNING: Unless they are in a tin, they are not genuine Laxettes. 1/6 the standard tin — 6d. the sample tin — at all chemists and stores.

FOR YOUR OWN HEALTH:
Headaches, Lack of Appetite, Indigestion, Dizziness, Tiredness, Irritability and "Nerves" are frequently the result of Faulty Elimination.

Just as Laxettes are safest for children, they are safest for you.

LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty Elimination

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Facts from a MAN who knows all about FLOOR POLISHING and . . . FISHER'S WAX

Mr. R. K. Carberry, of de Villiers Avenue, Chatswood (JA 6786), is the largest individual floor sanding and polishing contractor in N.S.W., and is engaged by the various Government Departments because of the excellence of his work. The large private clientele of Mr. Carberry results almost solely from personal recommendation. Mr. Carberry's advice to use Fisher's Wax is valuable to you, because he specializes in floor sanding, polishing and maintenance.

Knowing of no suitable branded wax to maintain the finish of his floors, Mr. R. K. Carberry has for many years supplied his own blended waxes for his clients' use. Fisher's Wax was recently introduced to Mr. Carberry and he reported that it is easily the most suitable branded wax on the market. Fisher's Wax he has proved by experience to have grip, and it is essentially safe. Because Fisher's contains a high proportion of Carnauba Wax and is relatively free from paraffin it gives a brilliant non-slip finish.

By permission of the Tayside Floorcloth Co. Ltd., of Scotland (who recommend the exclusive use of Fisher's Wax for all their linoleums), we reproduce below Tayside Pattern 21/1397, specially made and seasoned for Australian conditions.

The GRIP-TESTER, which was evolved in the laboratories of William Fisher & Co. Pty. Ltd., proves that highly polished floors need not be slippery. Polishes with greasy or oily foundations are death-traps—demand Fisher's Floor Wax—it has grip, not slip, and is proven safe by the GRIP-TESTER.

Wood floors welcome Fisher's Wax . . . Because of the high proportion of waxes of vegetable origin, including Carnauba, Fisher's Wax is readily absorbed into woodwork while the Brazilian Carnauba Wax produces a brilliant, non-oily lustre that definitely lasts longer. There is no wax to equal Fisher's for wood flooring, either with hand polishing or machine. Use Fisher's Wax sparingly. It covers more floor space and the lustre lasts longer. One tin of Fisher's Wax will prove its superiority.

Trial size tin 3½d. Medium size tin 6½d. Large tin 10½d. Giant 1 lb. tin 1/1. Large jars 1/1. Country prices slightly higher.

Linoleum-covered floors will keep fresh and new-looking for longer if you use Fisher's Wax. Fisher's Wax actually feeds linoleum and keeps it soft, pliable and preserves the pattern. Fisher's Wax contains valuable hygienic and cleaning properties and the weekly use of Fisher's Wax alone will keep your floors safe and hygienic. Fisher's Wax has grip—not slip.

Buy one tin of Fisher's Wax for your linoleums and notice its non-slip, long-lasting properties.

FISHER'S POLISHING WAX

THOMPSON STUDIOS

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ETIQUETTE .... By MRS. MASSEY LYON

Continued from Page 47

THE position of Bishops is decided upon somewhat the same lines, except that their relative positions are decided by the date of their individual consecration, not that of the foundation of their See.

The only time when date of creation does not rule rank of peers is when the holder of the title occupies also positions in the State or Royal Household. For example, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl Marshal rank above all peers of their degree by virtue of the offices they hold.

A hostess, or anyone who has decisions to make regarding placing of people should always keep her eyes and mind open for Privy Councillors! Their place is after the eldest sons of Barons.

In placing peers and peeresses of equal rank, it should also be noted that in all cases the Duke, Marquis or Earl, etc., of England, ranks first, then of Scotland, then of Great Britain, then of Ireland, and finally of the United Kingdom and Ireland.

A mistake in social law may occur where Maids of Honor to the Queen are concerned. They have a precedence of their own, which places them immediately after the daughters of Barons, and they have the right to the prefix "Hon.," usually possessed only by right of birth.

MEMBERS of the Royal Household have their own precedence. They take precedence before others of similar rank. Queen Mary greeted by a member of the Royal Household on arrival at Covent Garden Opera House.

1. NAVY.

2. ARMY.

STRICT precedence is observed in the services. The Navy, being the oldest service, takes first precedence; then comes the Army, and, finally, the youngest service, the Air Force. The order applies to officers of equal rank.

THE position of widowed peeresses who have later married commoners is another subject of doubt. They have the social right of using their former titles and with them the precedence due to them.

This is the usual practice and it has become so well established that it is just a matter of etiquette to observe it. It is, however, not a matter of law. Anyone who avails herself of it is not, for example, summoned to coronations, as she would be if she were still the widow of a peer, and at Court she would have merely the position of her second husband.

3. AIR FORCE.

Widows of baronets and knights have the tacit right to continue the title conferred by their first marriage. Needless to say, a peeress in her own right would not be affected by a second marriage any more than by a first for her honors are her own.

Still another point on which errors are made is the position of a widow of a peer or baronet in relation to the wife of her husband's successor. The death of one bearing hereditary honors places his widow in the position of dowager. She gives up the reins of government in house and estates and her daughter-in-law reigns in her stead.

But she does not give up her precedence. The widow of a sixth earl, therefore, takes precedence over the wife of the seventh.

As we have seen, very high precedence is accorded to various holders of office, from the exalted position of Prime Minister, who comes fourth after Royalty, downwards.

This, however, is not authoritatively shared by their wives, although in courtesy the wife of a Cabinet Minister is accorded it on all occasions when those of definitely higher rank are not present.

The same applies in the case of wives of Lord Chancellors and others in prominent positions, but often these are peeresses, anyway, and so have their precedence apart from their husbands' official positions.

Mayors and other dignitaries have precedence in their own regions, but not outside them.

In the services the same rule applies and an Admiral who is Commander-in-Chief or a General commanding a district takes precedence over any others who come within the border of his "command."

Certain order of precedence is dictated in the professions.

Most important is that in the services the wives of officers share the precedence of their husbands' rank.

It must be remembered, however, that the Royal Navy is the senior service and therefore always takes precedence, so that of two officers whose ranks are relatively the same in Navy and Army—a Vice-Admiral and a Lieut.-General, for instance—it is the naval officer who takes precedence and his wife likewise.

The Air Force, being the "baby" of the services, yields pride of place to the Army when other things are equal.

The president of the Royal College of Physicians ranks immediately before the president of the Royal College of Surgeons (the two holding chief places in the medical profession) by right of prior foundation, and the same order attaches to their wives. Similar procedure obtains with all official appointments.

NEXT WEEK

SHOULD you take your escort's arm on entering a restaurant dining-room?

Is it bad manners to put your elbows on the table?

These and many other questions are answered in the next instalment of Mrs. Massey Lyon's book.

TOO FAT FOR COMFORT

It is dangerous to carry round too much fat.

"What is a safe way to reduce my weight?" One often hears this question, and we can only repeat that slimming can be done at home, with safety, and in most cases certainly, by a seaweed treatment. This can be used in three ways, either separately or all together.

Mr. LEN O. SIGGS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, Western Australia, has made a careful study of fat-reducing properties over many years, and, in his opinion, the seaweed treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases. Having only health-giving and tonic properties, no derangement of the system can result. The treatment will not affect the heart, and can have no ill-effects; and on getting down to the normal weight desired one does not put on flesh again immediately as in the case of reduction by exercise.

Users all say they never felt better in their lives.

The Special Reducing Tablets are 4/6, plus 3d. post, for three weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these. The formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream, an easy running massage, delightful to use, and acts by absorption, is 4/6 jar, post 6d.; and the Seaweed Slimming Bath Salts (for drastic reduction) are 3/- each, or 10/6 for six packets, freight 1/6. A diet chart for meals day by day is supplied free; also a list of the comparative value of foods of various kinds.

Why be uncomfortable? Post your order to LEN O. SIGGS, M.P.S., Collie, W.A., to-day. Many unsolicited testimonials arrive every day, some as much as three-stone reduction in six weeks.

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.***

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LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

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You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language *how* Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1532R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

No Drugs, No Danger, No Delay,

End Children's Colds Quicker This Safe, Direct Way

Internal dosing for children's colds is Dangerous

So *often*, it upsets a delicate little stomach, spoils the appetite, tears down a youngster's resistance . . . just when all his strength is needed to fight the cold.

Dosing is Round-about and Slow

The cold is not in his stomach. It is in the air-passages of his nose, throat, and chest.

Dosing is Needless

Because there is a better way. A way that is *safe, direct, fast.* It is Vicks VapoRub, the world-famous vaporizing salve that you just rub on!

No waiting for relief to begin

Relief begins *instantly* when you rub Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest, and back. You can actually *hear* and *see* the results.

Listen to the little one's breathing grow easier as he inhales VapoRub's medicinal vapours through the irritated air-passages in his nose and his throat, and all the way down to his chest.

Watch him relax as he feels the warm tingle on his chest, which means that VapoRub is beginning to work direct through the skin.

He'll sleep like a top

VapoRub's poultice-and-vapour action gets right at the roots of a cold. It loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, clears the air-passages. And it keeps on working for hours while the little one sleeps in comfort. In fact, it breaks up almost anyone's cold overnight.

26 million mothers *proved* it best

VapoRub's quick relief—and *safe* relief—have made it the standby of mothers in 71 different countries all over the world. More than 26 million jars are used every year.

You'll bless the day you try it.

ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

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Daily Telegraph

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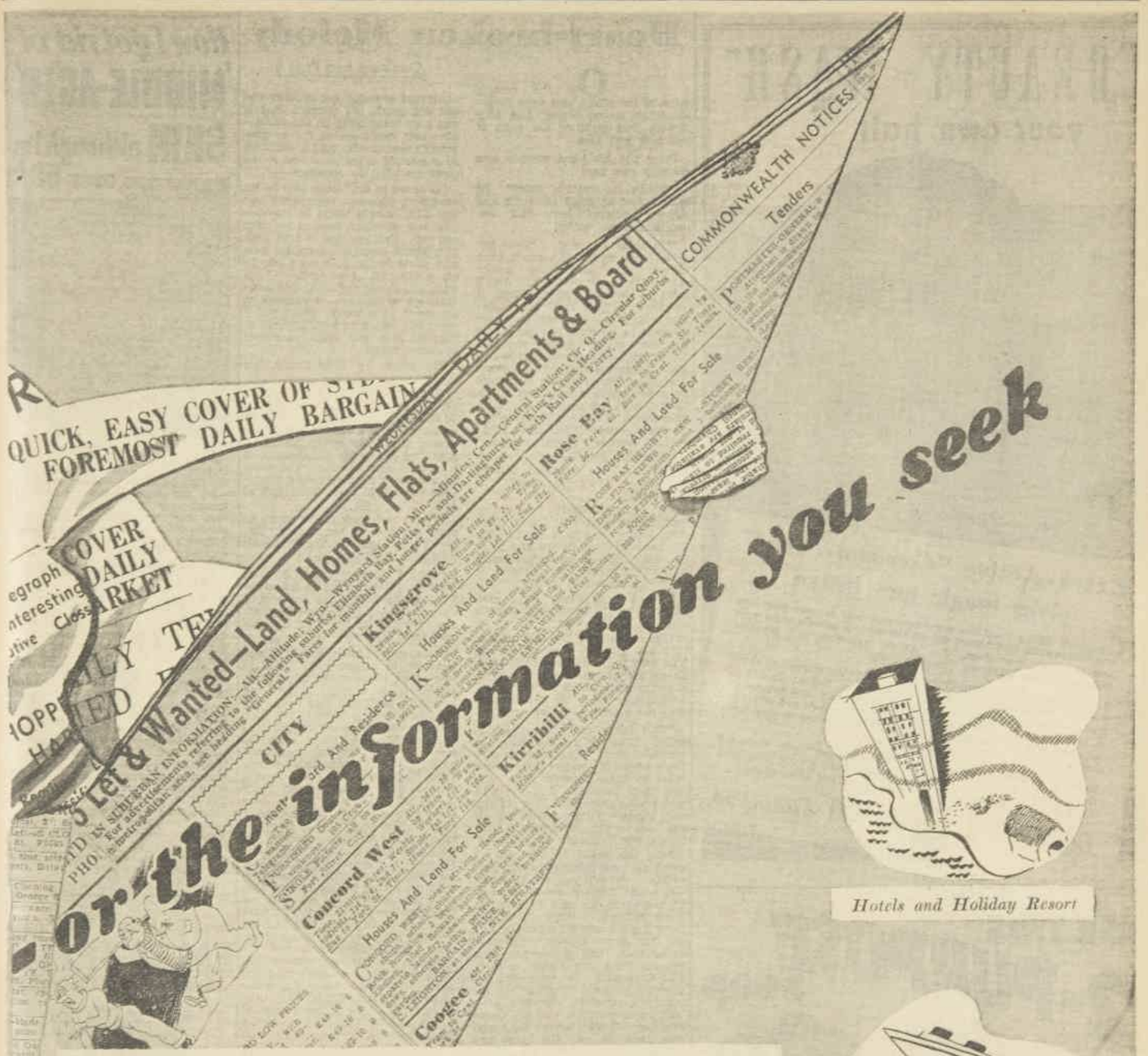

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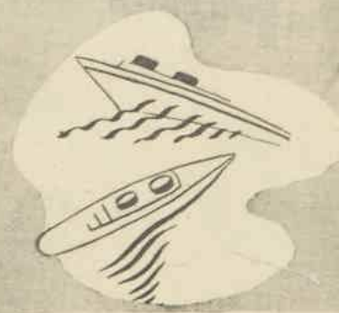

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Yes, definitely, COLINATED COCOANUT OIL is the marvellous shampoo that will make your hair lovelier than ever before! Your very first shampoo with Colinated will reveal new beauty, and new colour in your waves. It takes away dust-particles, dandruff and oily film, instantly, and restores the true gloss and silky-texture of your hair. *Just try it!*

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Colinated Cocoanut Oil *Shampoo*

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Cuticura PREPARATIONS

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 6

On the creamy crepe of her silken coat were finely-stencilled brown leaves and blue flowers that matched the color of her hair and eyes.

Birge put his hand warmly and strongly over hers.

"What's the matter, dear?" he said. And as usual his voice and manner quieted her, and she breathed more easily.

"It's this," she said. "Paul left—oh, hours ago. Not much after eleven. I've been lying awake since. I've been thinking. And I can't go through with it, Birge. I want you to help me!" Her agitation was rising; she tried to laugh. "I want to go with you—go off in the boat—when you go," she said feverishly. "I can't see him again! He'll think I'm crazy, and I think I am too." Honor paused to indulge in a nervous and mirthless laugh. "But I can't get married day after to-morrow. I've been thinking it—I've been sure of it for days. I just—don't want to! I don't want to!"

"Quarrel?" Birge asked. "No, of course not," he answered himself instantly. "You've changed?" he said slowly.

"And he's changed! Perhaps he was always this way inside. But New York's brought it out in him. He wants brokers' tickets and ringside seats, and to go to the places afterwards where the dancer or singer or fighter is going."

"No harm in that," Birge said, still holding her hand. Her anxious eyes did not brighten.

"For us there is!" she said quickly. "It's all wasteful—and exhausting. You have to have Europe and Palm Beach and places—places to rest in, if you're going to do all that! And he has to work. He is a lawyer! He's not a genius—not an artist."

"No," Birge conceded thoughtfully. "But you are, my dear," he reminded her. "Your place is with those people if you like them. Much more so than mine or his. I'm only their publisher, and the man whose wine they like. I don't run with them. They come to me for the boat or the swimming or the tennis, and I like it. But you——"

"Ah, but that's exactly what I won't do!" she interrupted him nervously. "Don't you see it would—it would destroy me to have to be successful—to have to make so much money! I can't—Birge, you know I can't commit myself to any life that means a twelve-thousand-dollar rent, and champagne and canapes every day, Europe in April and California in June—and it wouldn't be my California," she interrupted herself to say on a wail; "it'd be Burlingame and the Saint Francis! It wouldn't be the ranch with frost all over the lawn, and one of the Joes coming down with the milk pails smoking!"

"Those aren't serious things, Honor," the man said steadily. "Marriage works down to a common basis of what to do and what not to do."

"No; those aren't the *serious* things," she agreed quickly. "But Paul. Paul is serious," Honor went on. "He's the same man I loved so desperately a few years ago, and yet he's not. He was fourteen years older than I then; he was thirty-seven. Now he's forty-three and he's—he's set. It'll be always clothes and backgammon and tarpon fishing now, never really Paul again," Honor stammered on.

"Do you see what I mean, Birge? He's hardened. I don't mean he's hard! But that isn't all. It's that—that I don't like him to kiss me, and I used to lie awake at night dreaming that some day he might! I don't want my children to be his children. It—it wouldn't be fair to them——

"I'm talking like a fool, like a hysterical eighteen-year-old," she interrupted herself to say, in a cool, lifeless voice, with a sudden drop in tone and manner. "I've no business to bother you with this. I'm horribly sorry. But—but Paul is coming for me to-morrow at nine, and I'm going to tell him then that I—I can't go on with it. Only—only I'd so much rather leave him a letter explaining, and go off somewhere—somewhere he can't find me! To the ranch, of course. That's where I want to go. I hate to have to see him first. He's always been so generous to me; he always liked me. And of course he brought so much into my life—I was like a child when I met him, and it was the first time——

"And I thought," she said, as Birge continued to watch her steadily and did not speak. "I thought that if you were going away on the yacht—Margaret would go, as far as propriety's concerned! And it would be so wonderful to get away—on to the quiet sea—just by ourselves——"

"It seems to me," Birge said in his tempered, pleasant voice when she was still, "that it would be braver—yes, and decenter, too—to see him anyway. Perhaps just a talk with him would clear it all up for you, and you'd decide that you'd like to try it after all. I wouldn't——" his hand was strong and warm and comforting over her own—"I wouldn't be too much in a hurry. Don't you—don't you owe it to him, because of that old time, and what you meant to each other?"

She shook her head slowly, her eyes absent.

"I don't think so. I don't think so. In those days there was—passion in it, Birge," she confessed slowly. "I mean that there was the thing that makes a girl lie awake all night, dreaming of the joy of belonging to a man, of surrendering. The thing that makes it simply—simply impossible for her to eat! That sort of love."

"You've not been eating much as it is," he reminded her, smiling. "You didn't touch lunch at The Plymouth yesterday, or dinner to-night."

"Yes, I know." She sounded puzzled. "But the feeling I had for Paul simply isn't there any more," she persisted. "It used to—to wreck me. Hunger for his arms, for his embraces! But now——

"Now, do you know, Birge," Honor went on, in a fresh voice, as if to find a new phase of the subject was something of a relief to her, "do you know the thing that makes me humbly, utterly grateful? It's that, in those days when we were so mad to be together, to share every instant, we didn't go the whole way. And mind you," Honor added youthfully, "it wasn't that I was such a prude! That side of it didn't worry me at all. Indeed I was the one," she admitted eagerly, "who talked of going to Europe, or Tahiti or somewhere, together, when Marion, his wife, refused to give him his divorce. He was the one who showed character then. But it's come to be a hundred times that it does matter now, that in breaking with him I'm not breaking that sort of a tie; it wasn't that sort of an affair. He was my employer, you see, very rich and remote and handsome and—well, responsible. It was Paul who was always saying, 'I couldn't take you there. Someone from the office might be there, and it wouldn't help you at all!' And I was young, of course, and had been raised by seven aunts and two grandmothers, and had my aunt and sister and brother to watch me like cats. And now, now I'm so glad—so grateful. Grateful to whom I don't know, God perhaps. But anyway, grateful——"

She stopped, arrested by his intent look.

"But, Honor," he said slowly, "you told me that you and Cartwright had been lovers."

"Lovers?" Her round eyes widened childishly. "You mean—I see what you mean. But never!" she said. "You may have got that impression. But that's what makes me so free now. Don't you see?" And then, as he was still silent, she added curiously, her cheeks suddenly crimsoning: "Why, Birge? Does it make such a difference?"

"Does it to you? I don't mean then, but now?" he countered.

"Now, enormously," she answered reflectively. "Not theoretically, because I'm me," she added, "and whatever I'd done would perhaps have led the same way, I mean to my writing, to my expressing myself," Honor went on musingly. "For if we'd gone to Europe, or to Tahiti, Birge, I'd have played the game with a high hand," she said. "I'd not have cringed and apologised. I'd have been the woman who, for a great love— Well, perhaps it wouldn't have turned out as I fancied it would! But at all events I didn't have any misgivings then. It didn't seem to make much difference. In fact, I wanted to do it, to prove that I was more than equal to the old situation. I wasn't ashamed of anything then. Nothing mattered."

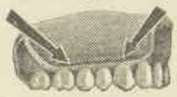
Please turn to Page 53

How I got rid of 'MIDDLE-AGED' SKIN although I'm over 50!

"ALL my friends want to know what I have done to make myself look so young. I have just celebrated my 50th birthday. My face was lined—my complexion dull and sallow. I looked very 'middle-aged.' Then I read about women who had amazing results from using Tokalon creams. Although I had very little hope, I decided to try them. Regularly every night I applied Crème Tokalon Biocel and every morning I put on the Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) before powdering. Even after a few days it seemed to me that my skin was fresher and clearer. In a week I was sure I was looking younger. Now, three months later, I am as amazed as all my friends. They tell me no one would take me for a day over 38."

Crème Tokalon Biocel contains 'Biocel' obtained from the skins of young animals by Dr. Stejskal, Professor of Vienna University—an extract of precious vital elements exactly like those in a young healthy human skin. Crème Tokalon (Vanishing), non-greasy, contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil, with other valuable nourishing ingredients. Use these two Tokalon creams regularly and a smooth, clear skin and new complexion beauty will be yours. Successful results positively guaranteed or money refunded without question. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

More Confidence Wearing FALSE TEETH that no longer "stay put"



THE illustration shows one of the most annoying and far reaching drawbacks to dental plate wearing—the loss of firm plate support due to gradual, continuous shrinking of the gums. Since a loose, wabbly plate handicaps eating and talking, causes discomfort and embarrassment and lessens self-confidence, have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes. Meanwhile, until your dentist has done this, use FASTEETH, the original **alkaline** (non-acid) powder, to hold your loose plate securely. It forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums. Eat and talk with greater confidence. Help safeguard your public appearances with the aid FASTEETH gives in holding unstable dental plates so they feel more comfortable and secure. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to keener eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

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Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

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Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 52

"WHAT would you think," Birge said, considering, "of simply telling Paul to-morrow that you want more time? Make some excuse. Say that you must go back with Adeline. And then, when you're home at the ranch again, and have had time and solitude to think it out, write him what you feel."

"I'm afraid to see him to-morrow," she admitted frankly.

"You mean he'll persuade you to go on with it?"

"It's my wedding eve, Birge!"

"I know. You know more of these things than I do," Birge said. "But is this more than the usual hesitation that a bride feels? My sisters, both of them——"

"This isn't hesitation, doubt," she said. "This is a cold, deliberate decision. I simply can't marry Paul Cartwright. You don't think I ought?"

"I don't know, Honor," Birge said. "I think you ought to see him."

"I'll see him." Her hand still linked to his she got to her feet; stood for a minute looking down at him. Birge did not stir; his eyes were riveted to hers. "Thank you," she said simply.

The man did not speak as she loosed his hand and turned and went to the door. She stopped there, gave him a smiling glance over her shoulder, and was gone. The old house was so still in the autumn night that, after a moment, he could hear her door closing on the floor below.

The household, she discovered, when she went downstairs on the following morning, was pleasantly excited about the wedding. Annie, the housekeeper, was anxious to settle the exact place where the couple and the officiating clergyman were to stand.

"If you'd just step into the drawing-room after your breakfast, Miss Brownell. I'm getting some flowers from town——"

"And I don't even know that I'm going to be married at all to-morrow!" Honor said desperately to Adeline, when they were alone together over their coffee and fruit.

"What!" Adeline said, aghast. Her amazement sobered Honor. She summoned her resolution sternly. Of course she would be married to Paul. Last night's mood of terror and irresolution had been mere hysteria.

"It's rather—final when you get right up to it," she said weakly.

"Oh, but, Hon, if you love a person!"

"I know, Sis. But even loving a person, it's quite different to be married at twenty-eight—different from being nineteen, I mean. I would have married the laundryman at nineteen just for the excitement of saying 'Mrs. Swensen' in the shops. But I'm so—so frightfully happy not being married at all!" Honor finished appealingly.

"You don't know anything about happiness," Adeline said serenely.

Birge came in. Honor could not quite meet his eyes, and felt her color fluctuate, but he seemed quite his natural self, and observed with some amusement that old Annie was cracked on the subject of marriages.

But when Adeline had left him and Honor alone his tone changed. He spoke quietly, rather low.

"Going through with it?"

Honor's unhappy eyes met his.

"I think so. I can't—I can't break it off now. He's to be here at nine."

"I know," Birge said, and went on with his breakfast.

"You were very kind to me last night," Honor began suddenly, "and I appreciated it. I was tired, I suppose, and terribly excited. And it seemed to me I had to talk to someone——" She hesitated a second and then changed it—"To you," she finished.

Birge looked at her with his agreeable smile.

"I'm glad you did," he said.

"Mr. Cartwright to see you, Miss Brownell," said the butler at this moment. Honor exchanged a surprised glance with Birge.

"He's early!" she said.

"Where is he, Manning?"

"In the library, sir. I wanted to show him out here," Manning said in a faintly aggrieved note, "but he said that he had breakfasted, sir."

"I'll bring him!" Honor disappeared, her napkin trailing from her hand.

PAUL was standing by the window when she found him. He turned, and as Honor raised her face for his kiss put his arms with a sudden fierceness about her.

"What a day, Paul! If only to-morrow's like it! Come and have some coffee; we're out on the terrace," Honor said, still encircled by his arm.

"I've had mine, dear." Something had happened to him; she felt as well as saw the change in him; he was pale, his manner was unnaturally quiet and strained. He caught her hands up to his lips and kissed them. "The most beautiful little hands in the world," he said, "your warm lovely clever hands!"

"Paul," she whispered, trying to turn him about so that she could see his face in the light. "You're sick, dear! What's the matter?"

"The matter," he said lightly, "is that I love you with all my heart and soul, but we're not to be married to-morrow!"

Honor stared at him in stupefaction. She could not speak.

"No, my dear," Paul said. "I cannot go through with it. Don't look at me that way, Honor; God knows I feel enough of a cad without that!"

He was speaking lightly, almost gaily, but she knew that there was neither lightness nor gaiety in his heart.

"What's the matter?" she managed to whisper.

"The matter is that I cannot let you in for it. Leave it that way. I've done some pretty low things in my life; I'll not do this. I'm breaking it off, Honor; it's over. We're not to be married. You—" Paul said on a breathless note—"you're to go home with Adeline, and write your books, and some day marry a man worth ten of me.

"You see," he said, in a somewhat less affected and reckless tone, as she merely rested her wondering eyes upon him without speaking. "I'm not rich, Honor. I'm in debt—in real debt. Your coat's not paid for, nor your ring. The Gary proposition has all gone sour; I'm not going to get anything out of it for five years. It's all rotten—everything is. That penthouse at twelve thousand a year——"

"BUT, Paul," she exclaimed eagerly, "we needn't take it!"

"My dear," he said, "that isn't the half of it nor the tenth of it! I've always been extravagant, I've always wanted money. But it was different years ago—it was simpler. There's nothing simple about this; it's big cars and big rents and big contracts! They're not talking in terms of thousands here; it's millions. If you can't dress the right way, go to the right places, be in Palm Beach to-morrow and London next week, you're dead and buried! I've got bids to a dozen clubs; it'll cost me thousands to take them up, and if I don't take them up I'm nowhere."

"But why?" she demanded simply, distressed by his obvious distress. "Why? Why try to keep up with it?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I know I'm caught into it. I lost every penny I had three months ago. Jackman made it up for me, brought it all back doubled. That's what I mean. I've got to have money to swing thing, so as to cash in on what I'm learning—what I know. I love you," he said in a low tone, his lips close to her temple, "I love you with every fibre of my being. You're the most enchanting woman I've ever known. You've loved me—goodness knows why—for six years! But I'm not going to drag you into it. You deserve better. So what I'm telling you this morning is good-bye."

"Good-bye?" she echoed, not believing her ears.

"Honor, I want you to hate me. I want you to feel that I'm a rotter. You never would have gone on loving me—I'm not worth one minute of it. But it'll help you now to despise me. Look at that!"

He had taken a telegram from his pocket; he opened it before her bewildered eyes.

She read it, comprehending nothing. She saw a signature: Dorothy Lowerie. Honor made herself read it again.

"Dear boy, yes yes yes. Proud and happy. Flying back with Sally on Tuesday. Yours for ever and for ever."

"What does that mean?" she said patiently.

"That I am to marry Dorothy Lowerie," he answered.

Honor's tone was merely puzzled.

"Paul, you can't! How can you?"

"Because I sent her a long night wire yesterday," he answered, again with the air of jauntiness, of foolery that did not at all deceive her. "And this—" he indicated the telegram—"this is the answer," he said.

"Not already!"

"Already. It's one o'clock in California, you know."

"She loves you," Honor said slowly, half aloud.

"She tells me so," he said. "I conducted her case, the largest I've ever handled. She's a very lonely woman, possibly she'd never had an association with a man before on such intimate terms. I dined with her—she has an immense place at Milton, outside of Boston, and another on Cape Cod. I dined with her four times a week, took her about. The case was that her father had left her a fortune—fifteen million or so—and her Scotch half-brothers, his sons by an earlier marriage, claimed that she was not a legitimate heir. Ha!" Paul interrupted himself with a reminiscent laugh, "I showed them up, and won my case! And by that time," he added, as gently and kindly as if he were explaining something to a child, "by that time Dot and I had become good friends. She depends on me. I gave her a lucky tip on a mine out in Montana and she's worth today twice what I got for her. And so," he finished, with an air of breeziness, "at this time next week I shall be married, my dear, and worth a few millions in my own right. She insists on it. She—you see she asked me, Honor, weeks ago."

Honor studied his face thoughtfully, her eyes infinitely sad. For the moment she had entirely forgotten her own share in the situation.

"Is it fair to her, Paul?" she asked.

He answered her eagerly. He was relieved that the blow had fallen, and that she had not sunk under it.

"I'll make it fair!" he said. "I'll make her the happiest woman alive. She'll never hear of you, or if she does it will only be to feel that she was the lucky one. She wants a home with a man in it; she wants my boys to call her 'Mother.' She says they're to have ponies—boats and all sorts of things when we're down on Buzzards Bay."

Honor spoke wearily, looking away out of the window to the trimmed terraces, the great trees wearing their last thin gold leaves, the crisped waters beyond, where the boat lay and where men were busy with ropes and buckets.

Please turn to Page 54

"She Cut Her Teeth

easily—thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. During teething keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's standby for over 100 years. The safe aperient for children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

ELECTRIC HOT WATER

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL

Queen Victoria Building, George Street, Sydney

And at 208 Burwood Rd., Burwood; 259 Beamish St., Campsie

AN APPROVED ELECTRIC RANGE NO DEPOSIT . . 5 YEARS' TERMS

A fast-cooking, money-saving modern electric range installed in your own home for monthly payments of a few shillings—WITHOUT DEPOSIT! Terms, spread over 5 years, are as low as 11/4d. a month (2/10d. a week!). All installation costs are included in the terms. Apply PROMPTLY.

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Lips touched with Tangee are youthful, NEVER painted

If your lipstick gives you that glazing painted look—it isn't Tangee! For Tangee can't paint. It isn't paint. Instead, by its magic Color Change Principle, it brings out your own natural loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you. Makes your lips live with youthful alluring color. Use Tangee today. Your friends will approve.

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How the flying doctor answers a call

Service brings safety to women and children in outback

THESE pictures tell the story of the splendid service being given by Australia's Flying Doctors.

Established only five years ago, the service now operates from five bases over an area of 1,000,000 square miles. A sixth base will be opened next month.

Flying Doctors fly over 100,000 miles every year in response to calls. As well as attending patients, the doctors give free advice by wireless telephone. Patients are carried by air to the nearest hospital.

1. *ACCIDENT happens at an outback station.*

2. *CALL is made for doctor by pedal wireless.*

3. *MESSAGE is received at base hospital.*

4. *DOCTOR gives directions for treatment till he arrives.*

5. *HE SWINGS propeller before taking off.*

6. *DOCTOR and pilot sight homestead from air.*

7. *ANXIOUS watch for plane's arrival.*

8. *PATIENT is transferred from truck to plane.*

9. *DOCTOR, assisted by pilot, lifts him into plane.*

10. *BACK AGAIN at hospital after a swift journey.*

WHEN the Australian Aerial Medical Services organisation was founded in 1934 its objective was to establish six bases so that no outback settler in any part of Australia would be without medical aid.

Bases with hospital and nursing facilities, a qualified doctor, "mother" wireless station in charge of a radio operator, and an aerial ambulance controlled by a skilled pilot have been established at Kalgoorlie, Port Hedland, Wyndham, Cloncurry, and Broken Hill.

The final base at Alice Springs is to be opened next month. Every outback settler and his family will then be within a few hours of medical aid and able to secure medical advice immediately by radio.

Medical aid by the Flying Doctors is given without fee.

Approximately 200 "transceiver" sets are in daily communication with the doctors' base radio stations.

Women in the outback gossip over the pedal wireless as they do over the telephone in cities. According to one of the doctors, a special radio "gossip" hour has been arranged in his area!

When the Pain is in
YOUR BACK
the fault is in your
KIDNEYS

It is weakness in your kidneys that causes Backache. Once you realise this important fact you are half-way to ending your torment. Kidneys must be constantly purifying the system, all day and all night long, for health to be maintained. Once they become sluggish, poisonous waste products accumulate, and your pain starts. Your back aches badly. Joints become stiff, limbs ache and life is made unbearable.

Backache goes when you strengthen your Kidneys with De WITT'S PILLS

Happily there is a safe, speedy means of cleansing and strengthening your kidneys. *Take De Witt's Pills—the remedy specially made for kidney weakness.* Then your Backache will be eased, and after a few doses will disappear entirely. Within 24 hours you will have positive proof of the cleansing properties of De Witt's Pills, and before many days have passed your whole body will benefit. Backache, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Trouble will go, because De Witt's Pills have remedied them from within—the only way *permanent* relief can be obtained.

Read this letter from a one-time sufferer

Mrs. A. M. Allen, 35, Town Hall Ave., Preston, N.18, Victoria, writes:—"Recently I was handicapped by terrible pains in the back which developed into agonising rheumatism. I had almost given up hope when I met a friend who had suffered similarly and who had benefited by De Witt's Pills. I decided to try them myself and am now writing and enclosing photograph to show you how well I look. Nothing did me any good until I tried your wonderful De Witt's Pills."

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THE HOMEMAKER

May 13, 1939 The Australian Women's Weekly First Page

By JANETTE

Don't raise your eyebrows

THESE FEATURES CAN BE VERY BEAUTIFUL AND EXPRESSIVE IF THEY ARE ALLOWED TO FOLLOW A NATURAL LINE

DELICATELY MOULDED BROWS that follow a natural line do much to add to the beauty of Phyllis Brooks, the pretty film player above.

NATURAL EYEBROWS, not raised beyond their normal line, but just slightly groomed and brushed, enhance the youthful expression in the face of Nancy Kelly, Fox player.

LEFT: Study these little diagrams. They will give you some help in the grooming of your own brows. Notice that a dotted line indicates the starting point of the brow.

IF you have good eyebrows, take the advice of the leading make-up experts and don't tamper with them.

The natural look is not only smartest, they say, but also most beautiful.

The eyebrows, according to Hollywood make-up men, are the most expressive features of a woman's face. But they are inclined to believe, and I am inclined to agree with them, that some eyebrows say just the wrong things!

The perfect eyebrow—if you've wondered—is one that follows the natural line of the open eye. In length and width it should be proportioned to the size of the face and to the features.

Ideal brows, like eyes and mouths, curve up the least little bit at the outer ends. (Study the old comedy mask versus the tragedy mask if you need conviction).

Minor corrections

EYEBROWS which fail to meet specifications may be brought into line, but warning is given that you should confine yourself to minor corrections.

The first and obvious thing to do to eyebrows is to keep the space over the nose clear and to remove straggling hairs. Tweezing does it, but tweezing with care, for this area is particularly subject to infection.

Always sterilise your tweezers with alcohol before using and bathe the area with alcohol before and after tweezing.

Thinning the brows is one of the easiest things to overdo. Remember that the thin pencil line is not fashionable any more.

And that if your face is large and your features heavy, you only emphasise these difficulties by cutting down on the size of your eyebrows.

Here are a few good rules:

If you have a long nose, do not allow the inner point of the eyebrow to come in farther than the inner point of the eye.

If you have a bulbous nose, the inner point of the eyebrow should stop just outside the outer point of the nostril.

SOFT and full of expression these lovely eyes of Armanda Duff would lose half their appeal if the eyebrows were raised above their normal line.

There should always be at least three-quarters of an inch between the outer end of the eyebrow and the hairline.

Don't raise your eyebrows unduly. It gives you an artificial look, adds to the apparent length of a long face, and definitely makes your eyes look smaller.

As a graphic illustration try the coin trick: Lay two pennies parallel at approximately the position of a pair of eyes. Above one sketch in an eyebrow at normal height, and above the other place the eyebrow a little higher.

It's an optical illusion, but the second coin will look smaller than the other. And so with the eye under the raised eyebrow.

But perhaps your problem is how to seem to have more—not less—eyebrow. To make brows look more important one of the best things is a little vaseline, which makes them seem a little darker and helps hold them in line.

An eyebrow crayon used discreetly is also a great help. Don't choose too dark a shade, and don't just draw on the crayon.

Sharpen your eyebrow pencil and apply it in tiny strokes the way the hairs grow.

Above all, don't use hair dye on brows—or lashes—no matter how harmless you believe the coloring matter to be.

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If you catch cold—*GO TO BED!*

WHAT MY PATIENTS . . . BY A ASK ME DOCTOR

DOCTOR, I've come to you because I have a shocking cold and I simply must have it better by Friday for the Military Ball. Will you tell me what I can do about it?

In the first place, young lady, you can go to bed for a couple of days. At present you're only spreading the virus about for other unfortunate people to pick up and lowering your own resistance into the bargain.

But surely a cold isn't serious enough for bed?

Indeed it is—and the longer you "crack hardy" the less chance you'll have of appearing at that ball on Friday.

Well—all right, I'll go to bed as soon as I get home.

Good girl. That's the best thing you can do when you've got a cold, although, unfortunately, many people cannot spare the time. They should, however, rest as much as possible.

But to get back to your treatment. I want you to inhale steam from hot water with a few drops of friar's balsam added to it, several times a day, to clear your head.

Oh, dear. I do hate inhaling. It makes me feel as though I'm being cooked. Still, if you say so——

Remember Friday!

Yes, of course. I'm not forgetting that!

Another thing I want you to do is to have plenty of orange and lemon drinks.

But why on earth . . . ?

Because they contain vitamin C, and whenever the body is fighting infection it needs extra amounts of that particular vitamin.

That part of the cure is quite pleasant, doctor.

Yes. And that's all I can do for you. In spite of all the research the medical profession has done on the subject, there is still a lot we do not know about the origin of and the cure for common colds.

Actually, "cold" is a very stupid name for the disease, because it isn't directly caused by cold at all.

Then how did it get the name?

The ailment was first associated with cold weather because, when it is chilly, people often congregate in stuffy overheated rooms and the moist, stagnant air affects the delicate membrane of their nasal passages and lowers their resistance to infection.

It's our civilisation that's at the root of the trouble. We muffle up in too many clothes and herd together in warm rooms instead of teaching our bodies to adapt themselves to the weather.

Yes, I suppose you're right there.

Importance of diet

I KNOW I'm right! And the best advice I can give, young lady, is to AVOID colds in the future instead of trying frantically to cure them, because colds aren't the trifling ailments many people think they are, you know. They can cause all sorts of unpleasant things—ear trouble and deafness, bronchitis, asthma, pneumonia and even rheumatism.

It's all very well to tell me that, doctor. But how CAN I avoid them?

First of all, by building up your bodily resistance. And here your diet is most important.

If you have plenty of milk, cheese, eggs, liver, meat, fruit and salad vegetables, together with some wholemeal cereal, you will be getting all the essential food elements which your body needs to build up its resistance against disease, including the all-too-common cold.

But, doctor, wouldn't a diet like that make me awfully fat?

Not a bit of it, my dear. If you reduce your cakes and white bread and rich puddings and sweets and eat those foods I just mentioned instead, you'll find that you'll not only be healthier, but that your figure will improve.

Really, doctor! Then I certainly will try it. And you think I'll be less likely to get colds then?

Most certainly. But if colds are going about it's wise to keep away from theatres and crowds as much as you can. And if people you know have colds keep well out of range of their coughs and sneezes and avoid handling anything they've touched.

By the way, you're not a mouth-breather are you?

Not as a rule—but I am just now. My nose is completely blocked up. But why do you ask?

Mouth-breathers are more prone to catch colds because they take dust and bacteria directly into their mouths instead of filtering the air through their noses.

Anyone who habitually breathes through his mouth ought to see a doctor about having the fault corrected.

JUST to make sure she will get rid of a slight cold quickly, she spends a day or so in bed, drinks plenty of lemon and orange drinks, and goes in for inhalation several times a day.

"Excuse me for getting personal — but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say . . . It's none of my business, of course — but what's a nose like that for?"

"You don't tell me! . . . You fill it full of water on a hot day — yes, yes, go on . . . Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy! . . . Well, I must say you've got something there!"

"Don't try to sell me one though! Nope — I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder . . . no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft and smooth—not the slightest bit gritty. Doctors and nurses recommend it as the finest powder for your baby. Also use Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream.

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For young wives and mothers

(TRUBY KING SYSTEM)

Baby's first month

THE first month of baby's life is most important. He is starting out on the long path of life and it is a wise mother who sees that he makes that start in the right way by giving him proper care, following proper feeding methods and so on.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet on this subject. Those interested may obtain a copy free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

"I don't *like* it," whimpered Patricia Ann, every single morning when Mummie brought in her regular breakfast. There were always scenes and tears while Mummie tried to force Patricia Ann to eat.

"Mrs. Smith gives Betsy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," says Sis, aged twelve. "I'll bet Tricia Ann would like those. Why, Mum, they go 'SNAP!' CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on. They're fun to eat!"

Mummie ordered some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles and now the whole family has them for breakfast. "Funny I never thought of them before," murmurs Mum. "Everybody knows rice is one of the best foods you can give children. And they're so digestible and nourishing, too—Patricia Ann and Sis have never looked or felt better!" . . . Order some from your grocer to-day!

CHOCOLATE CRACKLES.—Ingredients: 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2½ ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, 2½ ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 8 oz. Copha. Method: Stir dry ingredients together, melt Copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers, and allow to set. Enough for 30 or 36 Chocolate Crackles. B.7.

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WITH EVERY TYPE OF DECOR YOU ALWAYS NEED FLOWERS

For color and warmth

USE them lovingly, lavishly—recklessly if you wish—to adorn your home and give it a vital personality.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

NO matter how perfectly a room may be furnished, it still needs flowers to give it that warmth which makes the subtle difference between a house and a home.

For lovely decoration, too—for vivid color to lend gaiety to a sombre room, for bold vivid contrast, for subtle restful harmony, or for a simple friendly atmosphere, turn to flowers.

Set a bowl of rich red dahlias, one of the many beautiful red shades that are to be seen at present, in a room furnished in neutral or off-white tones.

If the main coloring in your room is blue—blue curtains, blue carpet and blue in the upholstery of the furniture—try any of the golden and yellow flowers for contrast and color relief.

The golden chrysanthemums in the natural color photograph on this page show how effective this color scheme is, and now that chrysanthemums are in their glory they offer a rich abundance of colors from pale yellow to tawny orange.

The many yellows and golds among dahlias, and that hardy but beautiful stand-by, the South African marigold, can be used most effectively in the same way.

Try blue cornflowers or delphiniums in a maize-colored vase; pale mauve, deep purple and pink sweet peas in a delicate grey vase; there is no end to the lovely variety of color effects that you can obtain with little trouble.

Massed effects are lovely, too. A cream bowl or urn filled with a profusion of gladioli, dahlias and other blooms in a range of harmonising colors can be used as the main point of interest in a room. Set the bowl on a mantel or on a small centre table and it will seem to fill the room with beauty.

THIS natural color photograph, taken in The Australian Women's Weekly studio, is a perfect example of the decorative value of flowers. The golden blooms in the big cream vase are the famous Coronation Gold chrysanthemums, hybridised by Mr. G. E. Mobbs, of Castle Hill. Against the deep blue of the curtains the gold stands out in harmonious relief, while the touch of rust-red in the corner and the colorful plate complete a scene full of life and warmth.

ATTENTION to color is not the only essential if flowers are to do their very best for your room. You must give equal attention to the way you arrange them in their vases, for arranging flowers is not just a matter of haphazard chance. It is an art in itself.

Never make the mistake of putting too many flowers all at once into a vase. To pick up a handful of flowers, or take the bunch you have just brought in from the garden, and thrust it as it is into a vase means only one result—an inartistic muddle.

Take the time and trouble to arrange the flowers one by one. Only then can each bloom fit into the picture in a way that does itself and your general effect justice.

When arranging smaller and lighter flowers, such as sweet peas, begin by putting in the vase any greenery you intend to use. It will prove helpful in holding the flowers in position.

How to arrange

THIS is particularly so with asparagus fern, for its numerous twists and curves form ideal supports into which the stems of the flowers can be slipped.

Before you begin filling a vase, sort and arrange your flowers according to the lengths of their stems. Put the longest stems in the centre. The short-stemmed blooms will look well on the sides where the edges of the bowl will help to hold and balance them.

For a very large bowl of flowers, or any flowers that have that contrary habit of swinging round just as you have achieved the effect that you want, place your vase or bowl in its position in the room and then arrange the flowers in it.

To keep flowers fresh as long as possible see that there is enough water in the vase to come right up the stems, but not to soak into the petals.

Treat the stems, too, before placing them in the vase, so that they will be able to absorb the water freely. If they are woody, as with roses, peel the ends; or split the ends of soft stems.

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A CLOSE-UP of the flower of the pitcher-plant, showing the opening at the top through which insects fall and are trapped. Notice the tip—it resembles the wings of a fly.

"Come Into My Parlor..."

Fly-catching plants

THESE strange plants, which derive their sustenance from the insects they trap in the depths of their weird flowers, provide the home gardener with a fascinating study.

—Says **THE OLD GARDENER.**

EVERYONE knows the native sundew or fly-catching plant, that tiny, sticky-leaved variety that partially lives on small insects that its bright flowers attract.

Few gardeners, however, try to grow the bigger, more attractive, insectivorous varieties such as the pitcher-plant, sarracenia, and darlingtonia californica.

They can be grown in any well-protected bush-house or glasshouse, and provide an interesting study.

While some of them are provided with a natural adhesive that actually "catches 'em alive," others, like the pitcher-plant, have open receptacles which are almost water-traps.

The digestive tracts of these plants absorb the juices of the insects caught, and in fact derive sustenance from their victims.

Probably the most spectacular of all fly-catching plants is the little venus-fly trap, a native of Carolina.

This is fitted with hairs that run towards the centre, where three minute triggers await to be tickled by flies and small beetles.

The very second that one of these triggers is touched the surrounding petals, fitted with hairs that overlap, snap together like a mouse-trap, and the plant remains closed until the victim is absorbed.

Most of these plants are obtainable from good nurserymen in Australia, and provide the gardener with something that is out of the ordinary, beautiful, and worthy of study.

CLUSTER OF FLOWERS on a pitcher-plant, one of the fascinating fly-catching varieties. As the name implies, the flowers are shaped like a water-pitcher—nature's way of making a fly-trap.

Eyes brighten at the sight of

YUM YUMS

made with COPHA

COPHA COOKLESS DAINTIES No. 8.

Yum Yums take only a few interesting minutes to make with Copha. Mix some to-day, and hear the gasps of joy from the children when they see the tempting plateful. Watch the grown-ups' faces brighten, too. No one can resist these novel, enticing chocolate-flavoured mouthfuls that go by the name of Yum Yums. Now look at the recipe and see how very simple they are to make.

RECIPE FOR YUM YUMS

(No cooking needed)

INGREDIENTS

8 ozs. Icing Sugar (sifted)
1 heaped dessertspoon Cocoa
2 ozs. Desiccated Coconut
1 Egg
1 teaspoon Essence of Vanilla
5 ozs. COPHA (melted)
Chocolate Topping or Sprinkles

METHOD: Mix together sugar, cocoa, coconut, egg and vanilla. Just melt Copha and stir thoroughly with other ingredients. Stand in cool place till firm. Form into long rolls ½" in diameter; cut to one inch lengths, and immediately roll these very lightly in Chocolate Topping. Yum Yums will harden as they cool.

FREE NEW COPHA RECIPE BOOK

"WHAT SHALL I COOK TO-DAY?"

Forty pages packed with recipes for cakes, pastries, puddings, cookies, savouries, and full instructions for cooking vegetables by the Copha method. Many of these recipes are new and they've all been carefully tested in our own kitchen.

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HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

Cut out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

Bright stoves

When fires are not required, stoves are apt to get very dull-looking. Clean with a good stove polish, then rub over with furniture polish. It will only need dusting to keep quite bright.

Care of enamel saucepans

Enamel saucepans will not crack if, when they are new, they are filled and left overnight with cold water, and then brought very slowly to the boil next day.

Soiled linoleum

Grease marks and dirt can be removed from linoleum if washed with warm water to which a little paraffin has been added. Dry with a cloth and afterwards polish with a good floor polish.

To save gas

To make your gas bill smaller, always turn off the gas before you remove a pan or kettle, and never leave a burner lighted, even if it has to be used again in a few minutes.

To keep face cream

If you have a jar of vanishing cream that is seldom used, add a few drops of rosewater to it occasionally and it will keep moist longer. This will also enable it to spread more evenly and make it "go further."

When sewing

If you prick your finger when sewing, and spots of blood spoil the appearance of the work, cover them with wet starch. Let it dry, then brush off, and the marks will be gone.

Hard socks

Men's socks have a tendency to become hard and stiff in the soles through constant wearing and washing. To avoid this, rub a little boracic powder into the soles of the socks after washing and drying them.

Marks on velvet

Dip a piece of silk into a little eucalyptus oil and work it on the velvet in a circular motion. Commence at the outside edge of the stain and work towards the centre.

The A.B.C. of cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Mango: Fruit grown in practically all tropical countries. Used as fresh fruit as well as basis for East Indian chutneys.

Marsala: Sweetish sherry-like wine made in Sicily.

Marzipan: Sweetmeat made of ground almonds and icing sugar, or almond icing.

Mask, To: To coat with sauce or mayonnaise, etc.

Mayonnaise: A cold sauce for salads made of egg-yolk or cream, oil, and vinegar.

Medaillon: Small rounds of meat, etc., prepared as an entree. (French.)

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KNITTED IN DARK BLUE . . . *with motifs in strawberry*

THE most entrancing waistcoat-cardigan embroidered all over with contrasting motifs and edged with cord of colored wool.

THIS SMART CARDIGAN in waistcoat style is knitted in dark air-force-blue wool with motifs and cording on the edge in a strawberry shade. Instructions for knitting on this page.

THIS cardigan knitted in smart waistcoat style is one of the most charming and unusual designs.

The original was knitted in dark blue wool (a shade like airforce-blue) and the motifs were done in strawberry.

The thick woollen cord which edges the garment was also done in strawberry which is a pink-red shade that contrasts perfectly with the blue.

Here are the knitting instructions:

Materials: 10oz. boucle wool, dark blue; 4oz. 3-ply fingering wool, strawberry, for embroidery and cords; 1 pair needles, No. 8; 1 spare needle, No. 8; 1 blunt embroidery needle with large eye; 1 large crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20½ inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

Tension: 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles and blue wool cast on 72 sts. and work as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows throughout, and increase 1 st. each end of the 29th row and every 10th row following 7 times. When back measures 13½ inches shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows, work even until armholes measure 7½ inches; shape shoulders by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 12 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 8 needles cast on 18 sts. and work in st.-st. for 3½ inches, leave on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles and blue wool, cast on 28 sts., which should measure 5½ inches, and work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. at centre edge of the 2nd row and every 2nd row following 10 times, to make the curved edge, then work even at centre edge and inc. 1 st. at seam edge of the 29th row and every 10th row following 7 times. At the same time when the 31st row is reached make the pocket as follows:

31st Row: K 8, cast off 18 sts., and work to end of row.

30th Row: P 14, p 18 sts. from spare needle, p to end of row. When work measures 13½ inches shape armhole by casting off 2 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Work even for 12 rows. Then shape neck by k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next row and every 2nd row following until 24 sts. remain. Work even until armhole measures 7½ inches; shape shoulder by casting off 4 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 6 times.

RIGHT FRONT

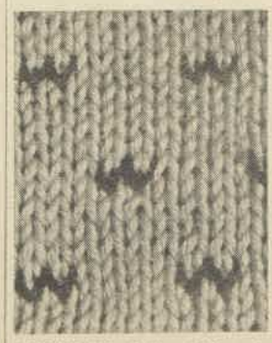
Using No. 8 needles and blue wool, cast on 28 sts. and work to correspond with left front.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Using No. 8 needles and blue wool cast on 40 sts., and work in st.-st. inc. 1 st. at each end of the 19th row and every 10th row following 11 times. Work even and when sleeve measures 19 inches shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. K 2 tog. at each end of every 2nd row 10 times, then k 2 tog. at each end of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO EMBROIDER

The small motifs are worked with strawberry colored wool in knitting st. This is done as follows: Every 5th row, at intervals of every 4 sts., embroider over 2 sts. As may be seen from the accompanying close-up of stitch, the order of the motifs is reversed throughout. In order that the embroidery may stand out well, the wool should be used double.



CLOSE-UP of the stitch and placing of the motifs used for embroidering cardigan.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Embroider the back, fronts and sleeves. Join shoulders. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Stitch pockets neatly on the wrong side. The outer edges of the cardigan are trimmed with a cord. It is crocheted with 16 strands of strawberry colored wool in chain st. Work the cord long enough to thread through the edges of front opening, back of neck and lower edge. Make two small cords to thread through the pocket openings as shown in illustration.

The Bows which trim the front are worked in double crochet, each one is 6½ inches long and ¾ inch wide. They are drawn through both sides of the front and tied, as shown. Stitch a length of elastic at back of cardigan from seam to seam to improve the fit at waistline.

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Knitting Wools

HOW MANY KISSES DOES A GOOD WIFE MISS . . . .

Often a wife who thinks she's dainty lets underarm odour spoil her charm!

She does so miss the good-night kisses that every good wife wants. How shocked she would be to know it's her own fault. Yet any woman should realise *it takes more than a bath* to keep underarms sweet.

It's so easy to stay fresh with MUM. Just a dab under each arm is all that's required. MUM gives you *all-day-long* protection, is harmless to fabrics and does not irritate the skin. Obtainable everywhere; purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

MUM *takes the odour out of perspiration*

Everybody Knew . . . what she meant by "Headache"

NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New —*Relaxing*—Way to Relieve Pain— You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realise just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm!

When your poor back feels it is being drawn in—when you want to sit down and cry with the Pain, and that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues" . . . let Myzone bring you wonderful comfort —better than anything you've ever known!

New Freedom for Women

Scientists have discovered new facts about Pain and with them has been found a new—safe—way to relieve Pain, *by relaxing* nervous and muscular tension—(instead of by "doping").

Already five out of every nine women are blessing this marvellous new relief. For Myzone's special *octavin* (anti-spasm) *compound* brings instant ease from most severe period pain, headache or sick-feeling.

TWO Tablets

Yes!—Just two tiny Myzone tablets, with drink of water, or cup of tea, at the first sign of pain. How comforting! And in a few minutes you feel Pain fading away —you look brighter—and feel better.

The Myzone box is neat and inconspicuous. The price is 2/- for three months' supply at your chemist or pharmacy counter.

Let Myzone help you to look your best at all times.

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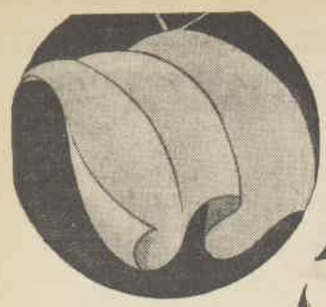

LOVELY LINENS *turn YELLOW*

. . . unless you give them the last rinse in BLUE water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!

Listeners Asked for More!

SO NOW

THREE SESSIONS EACH WEEK INSTEAD OF ONE

Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays

9.15 p.m.

HOLIDAYS

ANYWHERE — ANY PLACE — ANY TIME

Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau

St. James Building . . . Elizabeth Street, Sydney

He would welcome this

WARM PULLOVER

SMART PULLOVER for a man, knitted in 4-ply grey wool. The knitting instructions, which are quite simple to follow, are given below.

IT'S knitted in 4-ply grey wool and is just the kind of garment every man needs for his winter wardrobe.

KNIT this smart pullover for your husband, brother or boy friend, as the case may be. It's quite simple to make and would make a delightful gift.

Here are the instructions:

Materials required: 8oz. 4-ply Ramada super fingering wool, shade 7579 (grey); 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 4 No. 12 knitting needles pointed both ends.

Measurements: To fit 38-inch chest. Length, shoulder to hem, 19 inches.

Tension: Eight stitches to 1 inch, 10 rows to 1 inch in pattern.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; wl. fwd., wool forward; wl. bk., wool back.

Work into back of all cast on stitches.

All measurements quoted are after pressing.

BACK

Cast on 151 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 36 rows (3½ inches). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st and 3rd Rows: K.

2nd and 4th Rows: P.

5th Row: P 6, * place wool at back of work, sl. 1 purlwise, wl. fwd., p 5, * repeat * to * to last st., p 1.

6th Row: K 6, * wl. fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, wl. bk., k 5, * repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

7th Row: As 5th row.

8th, 9th, and 11th Rows: K.

10th and 12th Rows: P.

13th Row: P. 3, * wl. bk., sl. 1 purlwise, wl. fwd., p 5, * repeat * to * to last 4 sts., wl. fwd., sl. 1, wl. bk., p 3.

14th Row: K 3, * wl. fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, wl. bk., k 5, * repeat * to * to last 4 sts., wl. fwd., sl. 1, wl. bk., k 3.

15th Row: As 13th row.

16th Row: K.

Repeat the last 16 rows 4 times when work should measure 11½ inches from cast on.

The pattern should now be familiar, i.e., the slip sts. of the row being worked should be placed between the slip sts. of the previous sl.-st. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

1st Row: Cast off 10 sts., k to end. Cast off 10 sts., p to end.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 109 sts. remain, working pattern as far as possible at each end.

Pattern now work as original 16 rows.

Continue in pattern until armholes measure 7½ inches, measured straight up (21 sl.-st. ridges worked).

Shape shoulders on 1st row after sl.-st. rows.

Cast off 8 sts., k 19, cast off 55 sts., k 27. Work on last 27 sts. only.

Cast off 8 sts., p 17, p 2 tog.

K 2 tog., k to end.

Cast off 8 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

K 8. Cast off.

Join wool on neck end to 19 sts. left unworked, p 2 tog., p to end.

Cast off 8 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

P 2 tog., p to end. Cast off.

FRONT

Cast on 151 sts. on 2 No. 12 pins.

Work exactly as back until armholes measure 5½ inches measured straight up (18 sl.-st. ridges from welt).

Next Row: K.

Next Row: P 31, cast off 47 sts., p 31. Work on last 31 sts. only.

Next Row: K 31.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to end.

Continue in pattern, taking 2 tog. at neck edge every 3rd row until 24 sts. remain (the last decreasing should come on 2nd sl.-st. row).

Work the remaining 2 rows when 21 sl.-st. ridges should be worked from beginning, ending at armhole edge.

* Cast off 8 sts., work to end. Work back. * Repeat * to * once. Cast off.

Join wool at neck edge to sts. left unworked.

K 31.

P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Continue in pattern, taking 2 tog. at neck edge every 3rd row until 24 sts. remain (last decreasing on 2nd sl.-st. row).

Work 3 rows.

SHAPE SHOULDER

* Cast off 8 sts., work to end. Work back *.

Repeat * to * once. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work on wrong side (lengthwise) with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Sew up shoulder and side seams.

Work ribbed borders round armholes and neck.

With right side of work facing you and using the 4 No. 12 pins, commence at the underarm seam, pick up and k 1 st. into each st. round armhole edge on 3 pins (192 sts.).

Work k 1, p 1 rib stockingwise for 9 rounds.

Cast off in rib.

NECK

Commence at shoulder seam, pick up and k 1 st. in each st. round neck edge on 3 pins (168 sts.).

Work k 1, p 1 rib for 9 rounds. Cast off in rib.

CONFESSIONS OF A SKILFUL ARTIST!

NO PAINT COULD DO THIS! These lovely lips never look painted! The radiance of the mouth and their loveliness are enhanced with Michel lipstick! A few quick touches and lips take on a fresh appealing color. Michel has a special cream base that keeps lips soft and velvety—a fragrance that is subtle and inviting. One application lasts all day!

Make *your* lips a work of art. Choose from Michel's six enchanting shades the one that is individually *yours*: Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Raspberry, Scarlet.

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THE FASHIONABLE LIPSTICK

Price 2/- each

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Before Bedtime Start Driving Out BRONCHITIS

Sleep Sound All Night.

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting) before you go to bed—it's safe for the kids, also.

For bronchial coughs—for tough, old, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada—and feel as good as ever again.

It "acts like a flash"—and it's only 2/3 at all chemists and stores.

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

Piano care

Sometimes damp air affects the polished surface of a piano. The only thing you can do to prevent moisture from affecting the piano is to cover it. Piano covers are often made of holland or crash of some sort and are made the shape of the piano, fastening with tapes.

Handy polishers

Pieces of old velveteen make excellent polishers for glass and metal.

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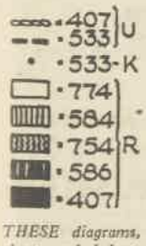
WORK ONE OF THESE attractive sets for your tea-table. It can be obtained traced on white or colored linen.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Flower-design set for your tea-tray

THIS pretty cloth with tea-cosy and serviette to match can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen, ready for you to work it.



THESE diagrams, above and below, indicate the stitches and colors of cottons to use in working the tea-table set.

THE cloth measures 12 by 18 inches, the serviette 11 by 11 inches, and the tea-cosy 13 by 10 inches.

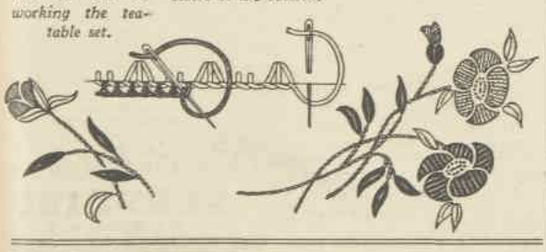
Price for complete set is 5/6.

Separately, prices are: Cloth 2/-, Serviette 1/-, Tea-Cosy 3/-.

The following Anchor stranded cottons are required for working, and may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1½d. a skein or 8 skeins 1/-.

One skein each: F. 407 (goblin-green), F. 533 (mid navy-blue), F. 584 (light cyclamen), F. 586 (mid cyclamen), F. 754 (floral-pink), F. 761 (light forget-me-not), F. 769 (pastel-blue), F. 774 (mid glacier-green).

The diagram below shows how to work the design. Stitches to be used are U, stem-stitch; K, French knots; R, satin-stitch. The numbers indicate the colors of the cottons.



Cutwork for the dining-table

THIS attractive set consists of a centre table mat 18 by 18 inches, a sideboard mat 11 by 17 inches, and 2 small mats each 8 by 8 inches. It can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working, in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green pure quality Irish linen.

Price for complete set is 5/6.

Separately, prices are:

Mat, 18 by 18 inches, 2/6 each. Mat, 11 by 17 inches, 2/- each. Mat, 8 by 8 inches, 1/- each.

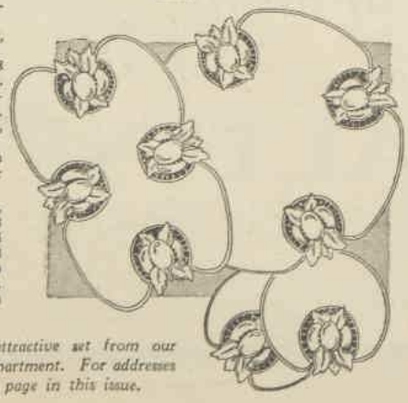
The set is also obtainable in 9 or 13 pieces.

The 9-piece set, 1 centre mat, 18 by 18 inches, 4 plate mats, 14 by 8 inches, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 8 by 8 inches, is 7/6 complete.

The 13-piece set, 1 centre mat, 18 by 18 inches, 6 plate mats, 8 by 14 inches, and 6 cup and saucer mats, 8 by 8 inches, is 9/6 complete.

Serviettes to match, 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Broder cottons for working may also be obtained, price 3½d. per skein.



ORDER this attractive set from our Needlework Department. For addresses see pattern page in this issue.

NOW BRIGHTER, WHITER WASHES FOR EVERYONE ...

BECAUSE THE

NEW IMPROVED RINSO IS HERE

Now—richer, finer, close-packed, longer-lasting, more business-like

THE BOTTLE TEST—Proof that the New Rinso's fine bubble suds are stronger—stand up far longer.
ACTUAL TEST—Equal quantities of old and New Rinso in bottles (A and B) each ¾-full of water. Shaken up and left standing 10 minutes.
RESULT—Shown clearly at left.
A: Old Rinso suds died down to less than 1 inch.
B: Bottle still nearly full of rich New Rinso suds.

Sparkling WHITES

Gay, sunny COLOURS

Softest WOOLLIES SILKS Like New

Think what this test means! That the New Rinso gives even thicker, richer suds than the old Rinso . . . that it leaves all ordinary washing soaps far behind! It means, too, that your washing will be even cleaner and whiter—with less work and in less time!

Fine bubble suds give more washing help, get clothes SHADES whiter

Take a handful of New Rinso suds and a handful of ordinary soap suds. See how much finer the New Rinso bubbles are! There's less air . . . more cleansing power and washing help. Big bubble suds—the only ones ordinary soaps give—burst or fade away after removing only the surface dirt. But not the New Rinso suds! They remove every speck of imbedded dirt in record time. Result? Your clothes are shades whiter, sunny bright and clover-sweet.

THE MAKERS OF LEADING WASHING MACHINES RECOMMEND RINSO EXCLUSIVELY

Now RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL even simpler . . . extra rich suds cut out soaking

Imagine it! An even simpler, shorter Rinso 2-minute boil method! That's because the New Rinso suds have so much more cleansing power that no soaking is necessary. *And yet clothes are sparkling white after only two minutes at the boil!*

SEE FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE PACKET.

New RINSO ideal for colours—all "light" washing

The New Rinso gives the thickest, richest possible suds—that's why it's so safe for all your "light" washing. Use lukewarm Rinso suds for your coloureds, silks, woollens and all washing that shouldn't go into the boil.

New RINSO safe for hands! No fear of sore, DRY SKIN . . SPLIT NAILS.

You need never fear for your hands when you wash with the rich New Rinso. There's positively nothing in the New Rinso suds that could affect the most sensitive skin.

New RINSO gives quicker wash-up — rich suds last longer . . absorb more grease

You'll simply sail through the washing-up with the New Rinso's help! The extra-rich longer-lasting suds absorb every trace of grease, leave china and glassware gleaming.

Look for the New BIGGER PACKET at your grocer's

4-290.13 A LEVER PRODUCT

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MORE prize-winning recipes . . .

SELECTED from entries in our big £1000 cookery contest. Final results of this contest to be announced soon. Watch for them.

HERE are some more recipes selected by the judging committee from the thousands of entries in our big £1000 cookery contest.

They have been awarded weekly prizes and are recommended by our cookery expert as worth trying.

Watch for final results of our contest. They will be announced very soon now. You may be a prize-winner.

ABOVE: Nougat sponge, always a popular favorite. The recipe for making, which wins a consolation prize this week, is given on this page.

LEFT: Sundae cake, a delicious afternoon tea mixture which wins this week's first prize. It is made with a layer of pastry at the bottom. Recipe on this page.

Cake Section:

SUNDAE CAKE

Make pastry with 7oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. butter, pinch salt, and 4 tablespoons water.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in butter till like fine crumbs. Add water and mix. Roll out very thinly. Grease an aluminium swiss-roll tin and cover all over with pastry. Spread with a layer of apricot jam.

Make a cake mixture as follows:

Four ounces sugar, 4oz. butter, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. crystallised cherries.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, milk, essence, and lastly sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, also chopped cherries.

Spread cake mixture on to the jam-covered pastry and cook in a steady oven for about 40 minutes. Turn out, and when quite cold cover with a frosting made as follows:

Frosting: Boil 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter till clear without stirring. Have ready a stiffly-beaten egg-white. Pour syrup on to it, beating to a nice thickness to spread on cake. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and cherries, which gives the effect of a sundae.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Clifton, 391 Liverpool Rd., Ashfield, N.S.W.

NOUGAT SPONGE

Two large or 3 small eggs, ¾ cup castor sugar, 1 scant cup self-raising flour, 1 level tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon hot water.

Beat together 2 large or 3 small eggs with 1 cup castor sugar. When light and fluffy stir in a scant cup self-raising flour and a level tablespoon butter melted in 1 tablespoon hot water. Bake in a moderate to hot oven for about 20 minutes. This cake looks best baked in a ring cake-tin. When cake is cool split open and fill with fudge filling. Ice with butter-icing and sprinkle with crushed caramel.

To make caramel, boil ½ cup of sugar and ½ cup water together until it turns a nice golden brown. Pour on to a buttered tin so that it will run out flat, and when cool smash it into small pieces.

Fudge Filling: Put into a saucepan 1 cup of white sugar, ½ cup of golden syrup, and cup of warm water. Stir well until it boils, then let it boil gently for 10 minutes without stirring. Test it by taking a little on the end of a spoon and cooling it in cold water. If it will roll into a soft ball it is ready for the next stage. Beat white of 1 egg very stiff, pour half mixture on the eggs and beat well. Put rest of mixture back on stove and boil for 2 minutes. Take off the heat immediately and then pour on to the egg-white mixture and add ½ cup chopped walnuts and beat until the mixture turns sugary and creamy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Carroll, 38 Carlyle St., Mackay, Qld.

CHOCOLATE AND PRESERVED GINGER CAKE

Half pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 1 small cup milk, 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, pinch of salt, 4 dessertspoons cocoa, 6 pieces of preserved ginger, 1 teaspoon carb. soda.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, then add milk with carb. soda dissolved in it, add pieces of ginger, then flour with cream of tartar, salt and cocoa sifted together.

Bake in fairly hot oven for one hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Evelyn Fox, Cheshunt P.O., Vic.

SHERRY CAKE

Half pound sugar, ½lb. butter, ½lb. flour, 3 eggs, 2oz. rice flour, 1 teaspoon (heaped) baking powder, ½ cup sherry, ½ teaspoon strawberry essence, 1oz. cocoa, 6 oz. mixed almonds.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs. Add sherry, essence and almonds, then dry ingredients. Bake in fairly hot oven ¾ to 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. O. Thornton, Cleve, West Coast, S.A.

Dessert Section:

LAMBETH PIE

Three cooking apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon water, pinch of salt, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 1 tablespoon currants, 1 dessertspoon shredded lemon-peel, nutmeg, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, a little water.

Custard: 2 eggs, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, the juice and grated rind of half a lemon.

Pastry: 1½ level cups of self-raising flour, ½ cup butter, pinch of salt, a little water to mix.

Peel, core and chop up apples, add water and sugar, boil until soft, let cool, must not be too moist.

Chop up dates, add sultanas, currants, shredded lemon-peel, nutmeg, sugar and a little water, boil, blend with arrowroot, let cool.

Beat eggs with sugar and butter, add lemon juice and rind.

Pastry: Roll out thin, line buttered piedish, put in apples. Then a very thin layer of pastry, next the date mixture, next another thin layer of pastry. Pour on custard mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven. While hot sprinkle with toasted coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Turner, Rocklands, Stoke St., Stanton Hill, Townsville, Qld.

FRENCH APPLE DESSERT

Peel and core apples carefully. Slice thinly and as evenly as possible.

Place in pan 1lb. sugar, add 4oz. fresh butter, a small tumblerful of brandy or whisky and water, or sherry and water. Bring gently to boil.

Add apples which should weigh 2lb. when prepared.

Bring gently to boil again.

Draw pan to side of fire and continue to stew very slowly till apples are clear right through, and of a deep red color.

Dish up in a circular dish. Boil the syrup at once, and pour over and around.

Set on ice till set. Serve, topped with whipped cream, and sprinkle with chopped almonds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Clarke, 56 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

Jam Section:

PEACH AND PINEAPPLE JAM

Three pounds peaches (large yellow ones are best), 1 pineapple (grated), 3lb. sugar.

Dip peaches in boiling water for a few seconds to remove skin, then cut into pieces and remove stones. Put into preserving pan, sprinkle sugar over, and bring to boil quickly, as the fruit discolors if left.

When boiling, add grated pineapple and boil rapidly about 30 minutes or till syrup jellies. Cover and seal down in jars.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Streaky Bay, West Coast, S.A.

APPLE AND TOMATO JELLY

Three pounds cooking apples, 1lb. tomatoes (not overripe), 1 pint water, 4lb. sugar.

Cut up apples and tomatoes without peeling either. Put in a pan with water. Simmer slowly for half-hour. Put through strainer, return to pan which should be cleaned again before using a second time. Add sugar. Boil for 20 minutes. Pot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dorothy Close, P.O. Box 199, Queenstown, Tas.

KUJA

To 2lb. marrow allow 1½lb. sugar, ½ tin pineapple chunks, 1 lemon, 1oz. stem ginger.

Cut marrow into small dice and leave in basin with the sugar for 24 hours. Then add ginger tied in muslin, lemon juice, and 2 tablespoons pineapple juice. Boil all together until it will set on a plate, but about half an hour before it is done add pineapple cut into small dice.

Remove ginger and bottle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Peters, Sanderston, S.A.

GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Three pounds grapefruit sliced thin and soaked in 9 pints of cold water overnight. Next day measure off by straining 3 pints of water, then replace with 3 fresh pints of water and put on to boil, and boil for 1 hour, then stand away till next day. Before putting on to cook add juice only of 4 sweet oranges. Measure your fruit pulp, and to each pint of fruit pulp add 1lb. of sugar and a small pinch of salt. Sugar is best added as your fruit comes up to the boil. Boil rapidly till it will jell, in about 30 to 40 minutes. When cooked, stand off to cool and bottle when it cools off a little so as shreds will not rise.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. M. MacGregor, Eden Park, Lane Cove Rd., North Ryde, N.S.W.

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says

Mrs. MOTHERWELL

"I know hundreds of cases where prize-winning babies have been fed even from birth on Robinson's "Patent" Barley and milk. You see, milk alone is apt to form an indigestible clot in baby's stomach, and it is the special job of Robinson's "Patent" Barley to prevent this and to help baby to derive the fullest benefit from every feed. Of course, if you can feed baby yourself, that's just as it should be. But if you can't, or if your doctor considers it would be inadvisable, you can rely on Robinson's "Patent" Barley absolutely."

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PINEAPPLE . . . *is good for you!*

SO USE THIS LUSCIOUS TROPICAL DELIGHT FOR YOUR SWEETS AND FOR YOUR SAVORY DISHES, TOO

By MARY FORBES

• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

IT is usually only too true that "what's good for you" and "what's nice" are two different things. But pineapple comes as a happy exception to this mournful rule.

As well as being one of the most delicious fruits, pineapple is high in food value.

It is rich in mineral salts, including iron, phosphorus and calcium, which form an excellent aid to digestion.

It is particularly easy for you to include pineapple in your menu nowadays, too, because, in addition to fresh pines, you can always obtain it in tins.

This is a great help to many a housewife, as she can keep a tin of this wholesome fruit always on hand ready for impromptu dishes.

Still further, scientific experiment recently carried out under University supervision shows that the vitamins A, B and C, which are present in fresh pineapple, are not destroyed when it is tinned.

PINEAPPLE FLIP, a drink that is different, healthful and thirst quenching. Try it for your next party. Recipe on this page.

There are so many ways of using pineapple, too. It is not only a dessert. It gives a most appetising flavor to salads and other savories, such as the tasty breakfast dish in this first recipe.

PINEAPPLE BREAKFAST DISH

Allow 1 slice pineapple and 1 slice of bacon to each person, little flour, salt, cayenne.

Remove rind from bacon and cut slice in halves. Put into frying pan, cover with cold water and bring to boil. Pour water off, then fry till crisp. Keep hot. Dip the rings of pineapple in flour to which salt and cayenne have been added, then fry in bacon fat till slightly brown. Place on hot dish, lay bacon on top and serve at once.

PINEAPPLE SUPREME, a delicious sweet prepared with milk, cornflour and pineapple and decorated with whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE SALAD

Rings of pineapple, thin slices of cheese, 3 prunes to each ring of pineapple, cream cheese, thin strips of chilli, lettuce.

Lay a thin sliced square of cheese on each ring of pineapple. Remove the stones from prunes and stuff with cream cheese. Put a cross of thin strips of chilli over the cream cheese. Lay 3 stuffed prunes on the centre of the cheese. Serve on a large glass plate on bed of finely-shredded lettuce.

PINEAPPLE MARSHMALLOWS

One cup chopped pineapple, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup chopped marshmallows, 4oz. sugar, essence to taste, 2 cups cream.

Whip the cream carefully, add the sugar, nuts, essence, marshmallows, and pineapple. Pour into individual glasses or one large one. Chill. Serve with thin cream.

PINEAPPLE COCONUT TART

Line a greased fireproof tart plate with shortcrust. Prick the centre and pinch edges. Bake, then leave till cold.

Take ½ cup pineapple syrup, add 2oz. coconut. Boil for 2 minutes, then leave till liquid is almost absorbed. When cold, place in the pastry case. Arrange the well-drained cubes of pineapple over the top. To another ½ cup of syrup add 2 tablespoons sugar and boil to thick syrup. When cold, pour over the pineapple and serve with whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE SUPREME

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup, 2 tablespoons cornflour, sugar to taste, rings of pineapple, ½ cup pineapple syrup, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, whipped cream.

Drain the rings of pineapple well and measure off two lots of syrup. Blend cornflour with little milk. Pour on the boiling milk. Return to saucepan and cook till thick. Add the 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup, and sugar if liked. Pour into wetted mould and leave till set. Add the blended arrowroot to the hot ½ cup syrup. Cook for 2 minutes till clear color, either yellow or green.

Then mould on to centre of large glass plate. Cut pineapple rings in halves and stand up round mould. Pour over the cold sauce, and top with whipped cream. Serve very cold.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING

One tin crushed pineapple, 1 packet pineapple jelly crystals, 1 pint custard, whites 2 eggs.

Drain the juice well from the pineapple and place the pulp in serving-dish. Pour over the custard and stir well. Heat the juice, add crystals, cool, and when beginning to set beat in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour over the custard. Chill till firm. Serve with cream.

PINEAPPLE FLIP

Seven-eighths cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 orange rind cut in thin strips, 1½ cups strong cold tea, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 cups tinned pineapple juice.

Boil sugar, orange juice and orange rind for 5 minutes, cool. Add tea, lemon juice and pineapple juice. Serve over cubes of frozen ginger ale or ice. Makes 1 quart, or fills 8 punch glasses.

CHICKEN SALAD AND PINEAPPLE SANDWICHES

One cup minced cold chicken, 1-8th cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped pimentos, mayonnaise to moisten, 1 tin sliced pineapple.

Combine minced chicken, celery, pimento, add mayonnaise to moisten. Split pineapple slices in two thin rounds. Cut bread in same size rounds as pineapple. Lay a slice of pineapple on buttered bread, spread with chicken salad, lay on a leaf of lettuce, cover with another slice of pineapple and top with buttered bread.

PINEAPPLE RICE CROQUETTES

One and 1-3rd cups of crushed pineapple, 2 cups steamed or boiled rice, 2 eggs, 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Drain the pineapple thoroughly. Combine the pineapple pulp and rice, mixing lightly with a fork. The rice needs to be dry and the grains well separated. Form into six croquettes, roll each one in eggs slightly beaten, to which one tablespoonful water has been added; then roll in crumbs and fry in deep fat until golden brown. These croquettes are excellent served with creamed chicken or other delicately-flavored creamed meat dishes.

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SHIPMATES

By Isabel Hopestill Carter

Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, May 13, 1939

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

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SHIPMATES

By ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

FIFTY or sixty years ago at Bath, Seguin Lighthouse watched over a busy throng of merchant vessels plying up the river, down the river to the sea, and along the harsh coast. The rock on which it stood thrust itself up from the sea a short distance beyond the mouth of the river. Even in summer calm the swell splintered in fountains of spray on the seaward side, and in winter both lighthouse and island were coated with icy sleet and shaken by the crash of the surf. In dark times of fog and storm the beacon was augmented by a hideous bellow that roared as if to say: "Keep off! . . . Keep off! . . . Keep off! . . . the shore!!"

New, shiny ships pranced down the river with the tide, shaking out immaculate canvas as they went, eager to test their mettle; battered and sea-worn they returned to the home port. "Seguin," said the men of Maine, "well, here we are again." Many, however, never came back, ships and men.

On the Bath side the ferry slip bisected a short bit of filled-in land along which ranged low buildings, sail-makers' establishments, riggers' lofts, ship-chandlers' places, all provided with greying boat-landings. Boats were tied up thickly there, row-boats, dories, skiffs, ships' dinghies, an occasional ship's life-boat, sail-boats, large and small, smart boats, shabby boats. From the waterfront the town rose gradually to the crest of a hill; two church spires pointed delicate fingers upward from among the trees.

Elizabeth Sparrow left the school early. It was "speaking" afternoon and not her turn to stay. Besides, the principal wanted her to go and find out whether Robert Miles was sick or was playing hookey again. It was a hot day to walk down to South Bath.

Luck was with her. Old Captain Daggett spied her from his buggy and invited her in behind the span of lively brown horses. They clicked along breezily, Elizabeth clutching at her absurd hat and egging on Captain Daggett's reminiscences.

Once, he pulled up the horses with a powerful hand to flourish the whip and shout a greeting.

"Hey, Tom, you!"

A tall, thin man answered the salutation. He, too, wore the typical tall hat and his dark eyes were keen. Elizabeth had often heard of him; he built ships and had a reputation for eccentricity.

"That's Tom Brown, you know," explained Captain Daggett. "He sailed foremast hand with me one voyage. Yellow fever. Fine fella, Cap'n Brown. Fine son, his boy Jim. The old man's going down to look over the damage, I guess . . . This your place?"

Elizabeth stepped down on to the resounding wooden sidewalk, suddenly oppressed with that familiar, vague sense of melancholy. It's the spring, or something, she thought. However, the feeling vanished while she talked with Robert's mother. Yes, Robert was sick and feverish-like. He went in swimming in the river Tuesday and the water was too cold yet. She had forbidden him to go but he was a cantankerous boy and now he had a fever, the doctor said. Mrs. Miles escorted Elizabeth to the gate, confiding in her that Robert's father was just waiting for him to get better to punish him.

Elizabeth set off briskly. It did not seem so hot down here. The houses were fewer and the trees shaded the walk and rustled pleasantly. The river shone deep blue through the fringe of oaks on the bank, with here and there a vessel at anchor. Off Wade's yard, which did a good deal of repair work, were a number of small craft. The fragrance of fresh pine chips was delightful. The ropewalk smelled nice, too.

Oh, a launching at Jordan's! A three-master with her lower masts stepped and strung with colors; the carpenters were thumping at the caulks. Several people stood on her poop and another group on the christening platform. Elizabeth stopped. Presently the vessel started to slide, faster and faster.

Fat Mrs. Pepper, coming from the yard, smiled and nodded, so Elizabeth waited for her.

"How-do, Bess," she gasped. "That was a pretty launching. Elias Jordan's granddaughter, little girl 'bout eleven I guess, christened her. My husband sails for Jordan, you know."

"Uh-huh. Where is he now?"

"He's due in New York any day. He'll probably run down to see us. He won't hardly know the baby, I bet. I miss his hand with the children. You ought t've seen him with the twins, clever as anything. They were born out East, Tientsin, on the ship. I was going up to Peking to have them, but I was taken by surprise, so to speak, and we were anchored miles offshore. Henry always claims the second twin was a better one because he'd had more experience by then. Seems to me I recollect you were born some foreign place, Bess?"

"Fayal."

"Oh, yes. You must ha' been only a child when your folks—how'd they happen to leave you at home?"

"I had the mumps. Uncle William said I'd better stay with them. My mother—so Uncle Bill says—was always thinking she could protect my father from something and it was only a short trip, down to the West Indies. Well, I couldn't have had better parents than Aunt Sophy and Uncle Bill. But it does seem strange, doesn't it?"

"Awful lot of strange things. I bet you sometimes get a-hankering to travel round yourself, Bess."

"No."

Mrs. Pepper looked at her in surprise. "What's the matter? I should imagine you might. It's in the blood. There's something about it. You hate it and you're afraid. But there's something about it. I'm bound up this way to see Mrs. Jonas Lilly. Glad I met you, Bess. G'bye."

Elizabeth tore along very fast for a few moments. That old chatterbox! Those women! So matter-of-fact about their inhuman lives, having their children grow up anyhow, exposed to all sorts of horrors, or waiting at home for husbands to return. There were three tiny embroidered dresses at home which had been bought for her in Fayal, and a baby's string of jagged coral; and a heavy silver spoon her mother had sent from Havana before they started back. You go away and die, and if your baby is in luck somebody like Aunt Sophy or Uncle Bill steps into the breach.

If she weren't delayed here at the lending library she could catch the three o'clock ferry. David might see her from his office and come across. From the corner of her eye she glanced up at his window; there was no sign of him. Maybe it was just as well. David was a problem. He hoped she was going to marry him and she herself suspected that eventually she would; yet, at each crisis, she put him off. She'd open her mouth to say yes, and hear herself stammering and floundering instead. If she were David she wouldn't stand any more backing and filling. But she intended to marry him. David was a dear, really.

The library occupied a long room originally designed for a store. Books had been contributed at random by the citizens so that a vast collection of odd reading matter came to hand as one poked along the shelves.

To-day as Elizabeth entered she encountered a plump, pink and white elderly woman who accosted her with a possessive curiosity.

"Why, Elizabeth, I haven't seen you for some time. What have you been doing? I told David yesterday that we must have you and Sophy over to supper soon. Is your Aunt Sophy well?"

"Very well, thank you," answered Elizabeth. She invariably became slightly self-conscious with David's mother. "Isn't this a hot day?"

"Indeed it is."

"Here's a good book, Bess," rumbled a deep voice. "Two Years Before the Mast." Old Captain Cotton thrust a dog-eared volume into her hand.

Elizabeth thanked him, delighted. She had heard of that book and wanted to read it. If she didn't fly now she'd miss the ferry.

Outside, however, she found David idling on the steps. "I saw you go in so I trotted over. Let's take a stroll on the Common." He reached for her books, glancing at the titles. "What on earth do you want to read 'Two Years Before the Mast' for, Bess?"

"Oh, it sounded cool on a hot day," she answered lightly, "and not so schoolteacherish."

"You don't have to teach school a minute longer than you like."

There he was again! "I don't mind much." There she was, too, in retreat as usual. "I think, maybe, I'll try and get a job up in Boston, or somewhere."

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"For the Lord's sake, why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just feel all kind of—uneasy. It's spring, I guess." You can blame the spring for anything. "I've never been to Boston."

"What is there to Boston. It's simply a bigger town."

Silence. It's a different town, dreamed Elizabeth. They sat down under a tree and David pulled a wide blade of grass and whistled on it. Elizabeth glanced at him sidewise. He was good-looking, intelligent-looking. He and his father were highly esteemed in Bath. Lawyers, prosperous, and safe. It's the heat that makes a person so languid and disinterested.

"We could go to Boston," remarked David after a pause in which he presumably had considered and sanctioned such a venture. "Even to New York. I've never been there myself. Never wanted to, much, but if you'd like—I want to get settled, Bess. I've been telling you this off and on for five years, haven't I. I hate to think of you, every morning, rain or shine, making that long trip to the school. It upsets you."

"Yes," murmured Elizabeth, probably that's it."

"How about it, Bess? Will you marry me? I do love you, you know." His voice dropped and he plucked a long spear of grass over this wholesale declaration of regard. Then he looked at Elizabeth with a slight twitch of his lips. "There's a trip to New York comes with this offer!"

"I—oh, David. I'll——I'll have to think. I—" She scrambled to her feet. "And the ferry——"

"I knew you'd say something about the ferry. Gosh, it's pretty evident you don't give two cents for me, or you wouldn't keep me dangling."

Elizabeth flushed deeply, partly in anger and partly in self-disgust. "But I don't! I mean I do! I don't know what I mean! Any number of times I've intended to—to say yes, but at the last moment I simply can't bring it out. I must be awfully queer. It kind of worries me. Maybe there are people that just aren't made to marry, David, and perhaps I'm one. I don't know what's the matter. But it's never any easier. Maybe we'd—we'd better let the old cat die, David!"

He stared at her. "Well," he remarked, "it's perfectly clear that it's easier for you to make up your mind not to take me than to take me. You make me feel like a dose of poison or a dentist."

"You're not. You know you're not. I do try—but it's no use, I guess. And so . . . if I run I can catch that ferry. Good-bye, David." He needn't have been so mean. Cross and unreasonable, thought Elizabeth, blinking.

The chronometer in Perry's window showed that it was later than Elizabeth had thought and she forgot her depression in a spurt for the ferry; oh, there! The whistle!

"Sam!" she screamed, waving frantically.

A short, stout man in faded dungarees, who had just hooked the chain across the stern of the boat and jerked the little step aside, now unhooked the chain with a grin.

"Didn't know 'twas s'hot, Bessie," he remarked. "till I seed you."

"I had to run," she panted, scarlet-faced.

"'Spected you on the other trip," he commented. The ferry began to crunch its way along the tall, splintered piles of the slip.

Elizabeth climbed the steep stair to the upper deck, pausing at the top to wipe her moist face and give a loosening wriggle inside her costume. There was a nice breeze up here, she thought; but she'd have to talk to Cap'n Benny Dunham and she didn't feel like it.

Twenty minutes later they reached their journey's end.

. . . . .

At the livery stable, Lijah Bacon, hitching old Nell to the buggy, observed that she was late, and for the second time she repeated the statement about the library with some tart mental comments. But she was as regular as the ferry, day after day, year after year, going to school and coming home. People might set clocks by her. When she reached home Aunt Sophy also would say that she was late. And to-day she had committed herself to ages of catching ferries, because she had burnt her bridge. She smiled reluctantly at her joke. There was still, of course, Chet Thompson; but a farmer, even a prosperous one, would be worse than a lawyer, more—more settled. That was it, settled. A person shouldn't be settled all her life.

Aunt Sophy, however, had a matter of importance on her mind and failed to demand an explanation of the tardiness. "After supper," she announced, "I want you to go down to the Point and tell Mis' Brown that I'm goin' over the river Saturday to get me some screens for this kitchen and I'd like her to go along, too, if she wants to."

After supper Elizabeth, arrayed in fresh clothes, strolled along the road, holding her percale skirt and her many ruffled and starched petticoats above the dust.

She hadn't been down the Point Road since that cold, rainy day in early spring, when the mud had reached halfway to the carriage hubs in the bad places. She halloed and received cheery shouts and waves in reply.

Elizabeth found Mrs. Brown in the kitchen washing the dishes which were being dried by a tall young man in a chaste checkered apron. Mrs. Brown said he was her nephew James Brown.

"You mean the captain of the Stanley?"

The young man nodded and his dark eyes twinkled. "See my jibboom?"

Rain began to fall heavily outside and there followed a great running about and slamming down of windows and closing of doors amidst wails from Mrs. Brown that the deacon had gone down to tinker with his boat and would set soaked and struck by lightning. He'd sit in that wet boat with the wind blowing and the rain lashing and imagine he was at sea again. And she had warned him that a storm was blowing up, too!

Crack, crack came the lightning with flashes that split the pall of blackness.

"Hail!" exclaimed Elizabeth at the rattle like bullets on the porch. "Listen to it come down the chimneys. Isn't it terrible!"

"Those hailstones are as big as marbles. I bet they break all the skylights in this town. Gosh, that struck somewhere round here? Are you Dr. Sparrow's daughter?"

"Niece. Oh, isn't that awful! It'll break off all the blossoms and spoil the gardens. Oh, my! That must have struck, too. I—listen to that rain!" The rain was a grey wall, vaguely diagonal, travelling slowly around the house; now it was slashing the north kitchen windows, now it could be heard on the west windows like a cascade. "It's passing. There was quite a space between the thunder and the lightning then. It's not raining quite so hard."

It grew perceptibly lighter; now one could see the yard littered with broken branches and young new leaves.

"Look at the road!" wailed Elizabeth. "Oh, look at that mud! How'll I ever get home!"

"I'll hitch up Uncle Bate's old horse and take you up," volunteered Jim Brown. "If he's down at the boat he can't stop me. My father'd never let me drive his buggy till the second time I came home from sea. I used to have to take my girls out in the Sullivan waggon. Isn't there a dance round here somewhere we could go to?"

"Not any nearer than Dresden," murmured Elizabeth demurely. "And Aunt Sophy won't let me go with strange young men either."

"Strange! I'm the deacon's nephew. You'll see, though, I'll coax her. Don't know what time I'll be home, Aunt Jane, but pretty late, I guess, if we go to Dresden."

. . . . . .

"What ferry do you take home?" inquired Jim as he left her after the dance.

"Oh, the quarter of four, unless I have to stay after school."

"Dear me, so do I! Isn't that odd." Jim grinned down at Elizabeth who dimpled. "Don't keep the children in."

The following day Jim Brown was aboard the ferry when Nellie got there, and insisted on going right home with her.

Aunt Sophy greeted Jim Brown with suspicion; wasn't this the same young man who had been here only last night to take Bess to a dance in Dresden? Still, she inquired spasmodically about the health of his father, his sister Mary, the deacon and his wife. While Elizabeth was upstairs refreshing herself after her day's work, Jim set himself to beguile Aunt Sophy.

At last he heard Elizabeth on the back stairs and the sound of voices in the kitchen and he withdrew to the sitting-room. Then Elizabeth put her head in the doorway.

"Come here," he whispered and, as she approached, "say, your Aunt Sophy's taken a dislike to me!"

"I can't imagine it." Elizabeth laughed. He caught her hand gayly. "She thinks, perhaps, you're the kind of young man who tries to hold people's hands on short acquaintance."

"Not people's," Jim protested, yielding the hand. "Just school-marms'. I needed comfort. Is the doctor likely to be severe, too?"

"He may not notice you're here at all." Jim Brown reached again for her hand. "Now I have to set the table—and there's Uncle Bill."

. . . . . .

Each day reached its peak at quarter to four. Elizabeth forgot David; her fines at the lending library accumulated. School children's penalties were hoarded against them. At the head of Ferry Street Elizabeth bulwarked her face for disappointment but patted her hair and skirt; at the foot of Ferry Street was there?—yes there was! —a young man in an outrageous London waistcoat, who had seen far places.

Yet, on their idle strolls and lazy trips along the river in the rented skiff, Elizabeth had trouble in eliciting a neatly-bound chronicle of his life. He exasperated her by his inquiries about what she did and when, and how; who were her friends and what were they like; how many children were in her grade at school.

"But," cried she, "I want to know about what you do!"

"Well," he replied, vaguely, "It's so kind of dull."

He did, at last, respond somewhat to her questions, telling with relish episodes of the

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days when he was a second mate. "It's fun to be a second mate. Gosh, I was a tough boy. I was eighteen, and I wasn't going to have anybody know it. Say, Bess, when I got to be second mate I grew side-whiskers—I imagined they'd make me look older. I told everybody I was twenty-five and I pretended I knew life from truck to keelson.

He frowned quizzically at her through the thick mist. "Lord, you're going to be soaked to the skin."

"No, I guess not. Do you know yet where you're going next, Jim?" Japan, Genoa—it wasn't fair.

"Uh-huh. Chartered for out Australia, general cargo."

Australia.

He labored stoutly at the oars, and soon the skiff slid precisely alongside the ramshackle landing. He tied the painter to the rotten post, and helped Elizabeth out, and they loitered in silence up the field to the village and to the doctor's house.

"Coming in?" Elizabeth held the door open; the bracket lamp over the office door revealed his sombre face to her, and a prickly nervous sensation seized her.

"No. See you to-morrow, though." He extended an unexpected hand and inserted his finger in a curl on her forehead. "It does curl, doesn't it? All by itself."

"Did you think it didn't?"

"Well, I've been hunting for years for genuine curls. You've no idea," he pursued with a judicial air, "how many girls have plain straight hair." Elizabeth felt suddenly shy and backed a step; her face glowed. "Now I was certain that English girl had real curls. She said so. But she deceived me. We got lost in one of those yellow fogs in London, and——"

London, thought Elizabeth.

"And when we finally found a railroad station or something, and I caught sight of her again, her hair was just straight blonde strings."

"I've always wanted to see London," said Elizabeth. "London fogs that you read about."

"Hang on to me then," answered Jim. His twinkling eyes regarded her from a serious face; the twinkle dulled to a queer gleam that made Elizabeth's heart thud. "It's an inhuman life, but I'd like—are you willing to hang on to me, Bess?"

Elizabeth swung the door hastily, almost shut it between them; then with the safe margin of a five-inch crack she stammered, "Yes. Yes, I—I guess so." And the next minute she was in Jim's arms.

. . . . . .

Aunt Sophy and a seamstress sewed early and late for three days while Uncle Bill made embarrassing inquiries about Jim. Elizabeth bought a hat and shoes and stockings, gloves and trunk.

Elizabeth married James Brown in the parlor, with a bouquet of syringas from the south yard in her hand. They would meet the ship in New York, and travel in it to Australia.

ELIZABETH BROWN sat erectly on the poop in a collapsible canvas chair; occasionally she got up and wandered to the rail to survey the dock and the apparent confusion on deck. She had been up since six-thirty when Jim had been called with the arrival of the tugboat at high tide.

There was the steward emerging from the galley with his basket. It felt like breakfast-time, though maybe breakfast would be late this morning. The cook, fat and bulging in a sleeveless undershirt, came out, too, and mounting a spare spar, leaned his forearms and chin on the bulwarks and spat towards the wharf. He gazed steadily at a red-haired man who was supporting himself on a post on the wharf. The red-haired man swept off a checked cap and curtsied immoderately and one of his slippers fell off. What on earth was he wearing slippers for? In bending to retrieve it he entangled himself in the hawsers, lost his balance and after some wild gyrations toppled over the edge of the dock with a great splash. The cook started and shouted something. Elizabeth screamed. The cook snatched a coil of rope from a belaying-pin at his side and threw it to the man churning in the water; amidst an ado of shouts the red-haired man arrived on deck to be given a ruthless push towards the fo'c'sle by the mate. Two slippers came flying over the rail in accurate pursuit of the staggering adventurer. He didn't get much sympathy, thought Elizabeth, and he might have been drowned. Everybody was grinning.

The tug suddenly let off a series of frightful bellows from her whistle and edged forward, slack lines tightened, creaked, and Elizabeth eyed apprehensively the bitts to which they were made fast; but all went well. The ship herself was moving!

More orders followed, more splashing of heavy hawsers, until all the ropes that bound them to the shore were gone and the vessel's bow crept beyond the end of the pier, swung a trifle, and her stern grated on a fender with little splintering sounds.

They were off. At the thought that she would not be home again for many a month a momentary pang of alarm at marriage, at leaving home and friends, at such a strange new life, pierced Elizabeth, and she looked nervously at Jim to see if he had already changed. But he stood there, his old felt hat pulled down on one side against the sun, a confident figure that even now turned to wave a hand and smile as if he had divined her qualm. It must be all right. It would be fun. Wasn't it what she had always wanted?

A man padding beside the house distracted her from her panic, a smallish middle-aged man in a patched shirt. As he crossed the poop his eyes met hers in that fleeting glance of mutual diffidence. She ought—

"Good morning," she murmured.

"G'morning, ma'am," he responded, casting off the ropes that held the wheel. In answer to the pilot's voice and the wheel the ship crawled along amidst the ferries, the shipping and the spidery little boats that all seemed bent on colliding with her.

. . . . . .

Throughout a week's bout with seasickness Elizabeth, lying on the sofa, wondered why she could have imagined that daily journeys on a ferry-boat qualified her as a sailor. Jim called her a landlubber, but hoped to make a seaman of her yet; he assured her over and over that this gale, this floundering, was a trifle, that the ship was cutting along like a racehorse and, he expected, catching up on the Faithful Mary hourly, and that unless they were delayed too long in the doldrums he would win his bet with the master of the Faithful Mary. For, he rejoiced, though the Faithful Mary was a speedy ship old Joe Peabody was notoriously cautious. The speculation lay in the fact that the J. B. Stanley was a caterpillar, a tortoise, a gundalow in a calm or in a light breeze, though she could reel 'em off in a gale. She was reeling 'em off now.

"I'm doing a good deal of reeling myself," remarked his wife feebly.

Though the helmsman fretted her she was growing accustomed to the steward's presence. He no longer glowered at her, as he did when she first came aboard, yet the reason for the change couldn't be because she wasn't eating meals lately, for if she accepted all his offers of tea and toast he wouldn't have time to get any other meals at all. She watched him at his labors around the cabin. He polished brass so enthusiastically that she could not bear to tell him that the smell of the polish nauseated her. He swept the rooms with sighs and groans and inefficiency. He made the bed so that at night it came to pieces like the One Hoss Shay. He touched up Elizabeth's shoes with zeal. He brought her clean handkerchiefs and restored hairpins that he collected in his desultory sweepings. Aunt Sophy could not have been more matter-of-fact. She was growing quite attached to him.

"Why, if you made me some tea as weak as weak and some toast I do believe I could eat it! I feel hungry!" Elizabeth exclaimed one morning.

The steward slouched out leaving mop and broom to fall where they were; his smile was an extra crease in his hollow cheeks. "Yeamoom knew rureberon are burr, he rejoined.

So she was, she agreed, if that remark meant that she was feeling better.

Thereafter Elizabeth spent day after day on deck. Willing hands moved her chair from sunlight into the shifting shade cast by the sails, and, somewhere near, lounged Jim, squinting his eyes now at the bellying canvas, now at the telltale streaming in a red line from the peak, and at his wife eagerly watching everything with the bright tags of her hair snapping from under the eclipsing hat.

Sometimes they two trod majestically upon the main deck, an ordeal for Elizabeth, conscious of many masculine eyes. She really longed to chat with the men, and Jim she knew hoped she would take an interest in them. If she might only exercise this inexplicable bashfulness. If there were another woman on board it would help.

That second officer made Elizabeth supremely uncomfortable. Occasionally when Jim was on deck he, too, would linger about the poop, lean on the rail, mutter "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," nod, and stare at the sea.

A lean, youngish man with three heavy horizontal creases across a high forehead, and two deeper lines that cut diagonally from his nose to his jaw, blue eyes fringed with thick black lashes, and that black moustache startling with his fairish hair. Was he terribly shy, or did he seethe with wrath and hatred towards all mankind, and particularly towards captains' wives? By the boomerang, she had learned, Jim referred to the aftermath, mental and physical, of a glorious spree. But that had been months ago and he looked well enough now.

The situation, tantalising at first, grew more so; for often now he lounged to the poop, when she was there alone sewing or reading, or simply sitting in idleness, and he rested against the bitts or the rail; rested, that was all. A few times she surprised him in a glance of startling intensity that immediately flickered away; sometimes through the interstices of the mammoth hat she thought he was gazing at her, but when she turned her head directly she found that he was moodily surveying the sea as usual. Had he nothing whatever to say? He talked to the mate, and Jim said he talked a little in a singularly intelligent way.

Then, out of a clear sky, he talked,

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He didn't look at her. He made his remark, one judged, to the spanker, but when she removed her eyes from him she realised that he looked swiftly at her as if to assure himself that she was aware he had addressed her, not the man at the wheel, nor the cross-trees, nor the telltale, nor the spanker.

"Did you ever eat an eel?"

An inward convulsion rent her, but she rose gallantly to the occasion. "No, I never did. Are they good?" Perhaps he liked to talk about food; many people did.

"I don't know," he mumbled, overcome. "I never ate one either."

Thenceforward, though taciturn, he was never completely unapproachable and the hard, bitter mouth would relax at rare intervals into a boyish smile that wiped years from his face.

. . . . .

Elizabeth practically blew through the companionway door and a blast of wind jostled her a half-dozen steps across the poop before she could catch at the edge of the house and stop with a gasp beside the mate who grinned at her.

"Isn't this great?" she cried.

"Strong enough. A mite too strong, maybe. She's cuttin' along all right."

She was cutting along. The water tore frothing by the lee rail like a horizontal waterfall, and showers of spray slashed the deck. The masts appeared to bend and the canvas bellied to bursting; to the topmast sail on every mast, to the last jib, nothing was missing. Occasional gleams of morning sun glittered through masses of racing clouds. It was stupendous, thought Elizabeth, magnificent.

"Don't you think you'd better go down," suggested the mate; so unwillingly Elizabeth, sensing she was in the way, went below.

Later Jim paid a brief visit below, creaking into his long black oilskin coat and his high boots; the men all wore short coats and oilskin pants, because, Elizabeth supposed, they had to run about and climb rigging while Jim alone stood still and gave orders.

"Can't you stay down a little while?" she asked.

He sat for a moment on the arm of her chair, kissed her and held her hand. "Not just now, pretty one. Got a half gale topside."

"It's awfully exciting, isn't it? I keep looking out the skylight."

He grinned. "Yeah, it's exciting, all right."

"Are we going as fast as ever?"

"So-so. Maybe we'll make land tomorrow."

"Oh, really? Oh, Jim, you're making fun of me!"

He squeezed her hand, rose and stretched, thudded out.

The next morning and all day the ship rolled and lunged tremendously and the storm howled. Meals were consumed anywhere that seemed reasonably stationary, but not without numerous catastrophies. Jim was absent except for short periods; Elizabeth heard the mate or second mate come and go with equal swiftness. Only she and the steward had time to spare. During the night she roused from uneasy sleep to glimpse Jim shedding his oilskins and boots and flinging himself on the sofa.

"Aren't you coming to bed, Jim?"

"Nope. Just got time to catch a little snooze."

"Has the wind changed or something? The ship feels different."

"Hove to."

Elizabeth lay awake for a time listening to Jim's heavy, regular breathing. The ship was hove-to; she did not know how that was done, and she had missed seeing it. Apparently it was a deed of some finality or need, bringing snoozes to tired men; you hove-to and got a snooze and then you—you un-hove-to. Elizabeth giggled sleepily and dozed off.

Throughout two more days the vessel bucked at great seas with most wearying plunges and jerks. It was lonely in the cabin.

The barometer was beginning to go up, observed Jim, some time later. "Going to get some sail on her pretty soon and see how the old girl'll behave." He looks tired, thought his wife, and he had said "ho hum" three times. "How do you like a gale, Bess? Does going to sea seem a lot of fun still?"

"Oh, isn't it exciting, a big storm? I love it. I expected I'd be scared but I wasn't at all, not even a minute." She scanned his face eagerly for approval, but perhaps he was cross after the three days and nights of sleeplessness and strain, for his face did not light up. He rapped on the table a moment and felt around in his pockets.

"Don't talk so foolish. Only an idiot isn't afraid sometimes." Then at the hurt stare of her wide violet eyes, "there, there, Bess, don't mind me. I'm just a little tired, that's all. Of course, there's nothing to be frightened of."

The vessel, banged and battered, at last gathered headway for Melbourne and they duly arrived.

JIM hurried ashore alone and returned both jubilant and displeased.

"Well, Bess, we certainly trounced the Faithful Mary. She got in yesterday. We trimmed her to the tune of nine days and she sprung her foremast in that blow. Cap'n Peabody says he lost a couple of sails. And when he first got into the westerlies a piece of heavy machinery he had aboard got adrift—it was on deck—and slid around and carried away his lee rail and raised havoc before they could secure it. She's a faster ship than our old girl, too!" Jim's dark eyes sparkled.

"Isn't that splendid! I mean, that we won! Oh, I think you're smart, Jim, and the mate told me, too, that you were a master hand at handling a ship. What do we do next?"

"Kill some time, looks like. Shipping's all tied up and I don't know when we can get at discharging. Saw a couple of skippers who've been waiting for six weeks now, but one of 'em's just gone on demurrage so he's not so excited as he probably was a few days ago. Isn't that enough to drive a fella mad? We made a quick trip and now we have to twiddle our thumbs. We even beat the Faithful Mary, but she got in a day ahead of us, so she'll have the advantage—doesn't make any difference here when we sailed. I bet we could ha' carried a little more sail and not have hove to so long. The crew'll eat up profits in wages and food and I'll be busy all the time haulin' 'em out of gaol and so on. Like to go ashore and board while we're here, Bess?"

"Oh, no, not unless you do. Do you want to? I like it here on the ship and sometimes I don't feel so very well." She dropped her eyes and a tinge of color rose in her cheeks. "Do the captains and their wives generally live ashore in port?"

"Sometimes they do. Some of them always do. Cap'n Preston always puts up at the best hotels and lives on the fat of the land like a lord; but he's not married. Cap'n Andrews and his wife generally board somewhere, I've been told. You can if you want to, Bess. I've usually stayed aboard and kept my eye on these harum-scarum fellows."

"Well, let's stay. I feel at home here."

Jim pinched her cheek. "Whenever you want to try shore life for a change, say the word."

DAYS came and went with little parties here and there; several high teas, several dinners on ships in the harbor, at all of which Elizabeth was much petted; they went to the theatre and to such amateur concerts as occurred. They took jaunts around to see the country and they viewed dutifully all the sights of Melbourne. They went to the Zoo. Between times Jim called regularly upon the consignees and berated them for the delay to the ship and, to Elizabeth, complained bitterly; only when the ship was on demurrage did he rest.

Eventually, however, after tiresome delays the ship was discharged and plodded to Newcastle for coal to Shanghai, to Elizabeth's delight. China!

Her joy, nevertheless, diminished with the increase of her encompassing discomfort, awkwardness and embarrassment. Everyone must know she was with child. All these men, of course, guessed. One could tell from the way they treated her and talked to her, cheerful and gentle; they had always been good-natured and kind, but now they were indefatigable in pulling chairs for her and arranging shady nooks and windbrakes.

It was a blessing now that the sea was so calm, not a breath of air stirred. Day after day they rocked like a leaf on a pond. Jim was dissatisfied; he liked to carry sail, fly along and make quick tricks. Well, at present she didn't want to be rolled and jerked and slammed even though it might be cooler with a breeze. Sailors detested calms. The mate grumbled and made enough toothpicks for a fleet of bottled ships; the second mate murmured once that it was infernally exasperating. And the amount of whistling for wind that shrilled abroad made the ship resemble a cage of canaries. She didn't want to sit on board at Shanghai for weeks and wait for the baby to come. She dreamed of and dreaded that going ashore at the last moment—up and down gangplanks and on rickety landing-stages!

Finally, late one afternoon, a ripple spread upon the glassy, blinding sea.

"Thank Heaven!" said Jim fervently.

"Glory be!" ejaculated the mate. "I never seen such weather in all my born days."

The heavenly calm was gone. In a few hours the ship was heeling easily and Jim had set some sails that Elizabeth had never seen before, three-cornered sails between the masts. And he mourned the passing of some he called studd'ns'ls. He invoked mighty trade winds from morning to evening, and he worked sights feverishly. Someone was always proclaiming, delightedly or indignantly, the log-line reading. With Jim so set on fast voyages it was policy for mates to concur with his idiocy. They didn't consider her.

For a vague weary period the good winds prevailed, to her languid discontent. Then the wind became stronger and the vessel plunged and the sea roared, the sails stretched like grey sheets of steel, and the rigging sang shrilly.

"Can't he carry sail, just?" shouted Mr. Johnson in Elizabeth's ear during a brief, staggering excursion into the open air that Jim had urged upon her. She had so longed to sit in the big chair and not be pitched hither and yon and joggled, feeling like a sea-going elephant.

It was a storm. In the late afternoon the ship lifted to a terrible pitch with the snarl of a sudden sharp gust, and there came a crash and bang that brought Elizabeth to

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her feet with a hand on her heart. Something had happened then! The vessel heeled precipitously and suddenly, throwing her against the door frame. Oh, she murmured with a gasp, oh, oh, until she recovered. She could easily look out the forward cabin and find out what that noise was. But she met the steward darting in, his apron soaked and his coffee-pot spouting liquid freely.

"Catomasway," he announced.

Thomas? He had said Thomas distinctly. No one was named Thomas. Oh, the topmast. That's what the noise was, carried the topmast away. Well, she was glad to hear it. If Jim——

"Semmeter," he added with a gleaming eye.

Now what was that? She reeled to the chair and dissected his observation. Some water? He couldn't be telling her that there was some water. Something the matter? That was it, maybe; something the matter with the rigging or the mast, causing it to carry away. If one of the mates should come below, or Jim—second mate—semmeter? semmeter? Second mate hurt? Why couldn't he speak decently?

So it was the second mate. He entered soon with blood dripping down his face, and, summoning the steward, dispatched him at once to the carpenter shop on an errand. She worked her weary, painful way to his door and asked if she could help, and he grinned his rare boyish smile, thanked her, and said he and the steward could fix that trifle shipshape in two shakes.

After Elizabeth had tried to eat some supper which the steward brought to her in her chair, she cried a little, thankful that Jim wasn't there to watch her. Then she decided to lie down on the sofa in the other room, but she found herself pacing, or, rather, lurching, back and forth.

Jim was upon her before she was aware, though Elizabeth imagined she had been alert for the poop door so that she could be found quietly seated; he clutched her arm and fear spread on his face. She forced a gallant smile.

"It's all—right, Jim. I'm just—seasick. It's not going to be to-night, I'm sure—It's not going—to be to-night. It isn't time. I'm just—seasick."

"Sit down," ordered Jim harshly. And then he stalked wildly back and forth and once, like a foolish old woman, wrung his hands. "What'm I goin' to do? What'll I do? The ship—What'm I goin' to do?" he muttered.

"Cap'n," spoke a deep voice. "Could I speak to you a minute?"

That was the second mate, thought Elizabeth, and relieved at Jim's departure, she uttered a smothered moan and rose and walked uphill to the door. She clung there briefly and noted that the man—with the steward goggling in the background—was showing Jim, at such an inopportune time, too, a great crackling piece of dirty paper that kept trying to fold itself up as if it realised its inappropriate appearance. Jim turned away and some of the fear had left his face.

"I haven't forgotten how," said the second mate. "I'll manage all right. You might get out o' here now, sir."

What an outrageous thing to say to a captain! Why, and Jim was going! He came in and pressed her against his sticky wet oilskins, muttering in her ear; and though his arms hurt her, his dread hurt her more.

"Don't be frightened, Jim. I'm just a little seasick." Then, unexpectedly, before she could choke it back, she emitted another of those horrid gasps, and Jim rushed from the cabin.

Someone seized her arm, gently, firmly.

"We'll walk back and forth together for a while, Mrs. Brown," said Mr. MacKay, "and when you're tired you can go to bed. After that if it still hurts I'll be on hand. I used to be a doctor before I drunk myself out of a job, and I've brought lots of babies into the world, white ones and black and red." He laughed softly and Elizabeth was startled into a chuckle that ended in a cry.

"Oh," she exclaimed, clinging in blind confidence to his arm and raising fear-filled eyes to his face. Why, it was a doctor's face! Like Uncle Bill. "It—it hurts so! And I'm so scared!"

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"Going to sea is a precarious business," pondered Elizabeth drowsily. "But Jim is so good a sailor. Everybody says so. Only he likes to go too fast."

Jim was sitting on the edge of the bed, his knees hooked up over the bunk-board; in addition, the steward's basket also rested on the bed, in which reposed what Jim already referred to as Sinbad and occasionally as the Tower of Babel.

"You want your basket, steward?" he called.

"Needabrininindinaf, sir," he responded and, entering with a duck of the head, he dexterously removed a small bundle from under the handle, deposited it with care in an open chart-table drawer, grinned fatuously at it and hastened from the family circle.

"He thinks that child's his," grunted Jim. "And will you see how handy he is with it! And the second mate, he thinks he has a lien on it, and the mate's awfully jealous because he thinks as first officer he ought to have had a better show. It's a scandal. Now they all want to know its name. In modesty I can't suggest that it be named after me when my own wife doesn't propose it but favors naming it after the second mate. I do claim it's a scandal."

"After my doctor," corrected Elizabeth with a smile.

"Well, I told him you wanted to name it for him and he was terrified. He said he couldn't have children named after him. There was a colored baby girl and two colored boys named after him in Washington, and three Italian children in New York. When he was getting his practice in obstetrics he had the greatest struggle to prevent the victims of his skill from naming all the children for him. He said it was a maternal delusion. Already, Bess, you have maternal delusions."

"I could name him James Robert," murmured his wife, "and kill two birds with one stone."

And her husband nodded assent.

Pleasant days followed. Elizabeth basked in attentions and compliments and messages relayed from sailors anxious to see the baby, both the steward and Jim reported. Odd presents crept timidly in: a wicked ivory-handled knife with a curved blade and an inscription in Spanish thereon; a silver charm or amulet that she had once observed on a tattooed chest; an old, old pistol mounted in silver with the barrel intricately chased. Upon this last gift Jim fell with covetous cries and claimed that it was intended for him.

"Clean as a new pin!" Jim exclaimed snapping the hammer and peering down the barrel. "I'll bet the fella stole it somewhere. This thing is worth money. I wonder if he has a pair of 'em. Gosh, why didn't you have twins, Bess?"

"That pistol is mine," objected Elizabeth. "I'm going to learn to shoot with it."

"Shoot! I expect it'd burst into a million pieces. This is my pistol, woman, and nobody's going to fire it but me, or maybe Sinbad when he's old enough for duelling."

The carpenter constructed a cradle, a cradle for a prince, shining and graceful, the edges undulating in fluent curves, a rising sun design on head and foot board, and a wooden canopy with openwork scrolls on the side. Its only defect became manifest when, rocking zealously, it ejected the occupant to the floor and fell upon him. Elizabeth's shrieks brought the steward to the rescue who scolded unintelligibly for five minutes while patting and jouncing the baby into a contented state once more.

Thereafter the cradle was lashed to screws in the deck and the carpenter filled the air with apologies to Jim, to the steward, to the mates, begging them to convey his regrets to the Ol' Woman. It hadn't occurred to him that rockers on a cradle might be a superfluity under some conditions. He would make the baby a high-chair, heavily weighted in the legs.

When the baby was six days old, and Shanghai within a few days' run, the steward established the infant in his basket and took him over the ship. Jim, Elizabeth suspected, spied anxiously from the poop, for he reported in detail. The second mate, he said, accompanied the party, easing the basket around corners and supporting the steward's back at the high doorsteps. The cook joined the procession carrying a long-handled ladle for purposes of defence, Jim judged.

A few more days of drowsing, of Jim reading to her in the hot cabin, of worrying whether she would ever be able to handle Sinbad as adaptly as Jim and the steward, and Elizabeth was strong enough to move about.

"I must watch when we get into Shanghai."

"You can't climb those stairs."

"I can go out on the main deck."

"Maybe," dubiously.

She did. On the day they sailed into Shanghai harbor, Elizabeth crossed the threshold, found her canvas chair awaiting her beside the after hatch, and a sickly green umbrella attached to the back of the chair to protect her from the sun, a palm-leaf fan resurrected from she knew not where, and in case it should turn off cold, Jim's mother's old grey shawl.

Over the rail Elizabeth saw tall masts slip by. Looking forward she could discern the far-off shore and multitudinous little darting boats and more tall vessels, to which they drew ever closer.

"Leggo the anchor!"

They were in Shanghai, China! Would there be women to talk with on all these ships here?

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Mrs. Watson, wife of Captain James Watson, of the bark L. F. Lucy, called soon upon Elizabeth, instructed and admonished her, and schemed for her first journey ashore to take place under her tutelage. She was sure that Jim would be inadequate to the task.

She sat in a straight chair, a big erect woman whose once blonde hair was now seamy with white, whose skin was tanned and weatherbeaten. Under her eyes were the many fine wrinkles of the seafarer; her mouth was pinched in so firmly that vertical puckers creased her lips.

"There aren't many women here this time so we'll have to go about together," she said. "There's not much to do either, except shop and visit on the ships. The

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foreign people here are hard to meet or get acquainted with when we go away so soon. And, of course, the Chinese—I don't take to the Chinese! Not for friends. The worse thing about going to sea is that after you've run across somebody you like they sail or you sail and you never see them again, or at least not for several years, and then you have to begin fresh all over because they've changed or you've changed.

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Nine days later Elizabeth stood on the grating at the foot of the gangway and wished that her dignity permitted her to crawl up on her hands and knees. It had been a day. And rickshaw riding, while entrancing beyond words, was bumpy, and those men did seem to want unaccountably to gallop; of course, with Mrs. Watson in the lead and urging her rickshaw not to daily Elizabeth's man concluded it was a race, and was spurred to greater efforts. But Mrs. Watson had been really grieved when she found Elizabeth was tired, and they had rested for some time in a big shop and drunk tea with the proprietor, which, her mentor informed her, was customary. Buyers or possible buyers were kowtowed to.

If she didn't start up that gangway soon she'd never be able to. Oh, the second mate was coming down to meet her or to go off in the boat—to meet her. He took her elbow encouragingly, and said for her to hold the rope on the other side and not to hurry.

"If you've been ashore with old Mother Watson you're probably dead."

She laughed and began to creep along, thankful for the lift under her arm. Certainly the loose rope wasn't any help. They ought to have something stiff on the outside and they might just as well as not, if Jim wanted to, and she'd suggest it to him. On Mrs. Watson's ship they doubtless had a flight of stairs with a mahogany handrail. She giggled at the idea and repeated it to the second mate. "I bet they do!" he agreed. "The mate aboard there says she's a regular terror. Still, I imagine she shinnies up a rope over the side like an able seaman. Here we are, all serene."

"How much should I give that coolie boy!" she whispered as if the boy might understand her, grinning beside the big basket of her treasures.

"I'll fix him. Just a few cash—the captain can settle with me. You run in and I'll fetch the basket in two-twos."

Jim was reading and sprang up cheerfully as she wavered through the forward cabin. "You're early. I wasn't expecting you for an hour. You're tired, Bess. That old woman's ridden you to death. Sit down here and I'll get your shoes off and—steward! Bring us some good hot tea."

The second mate entered with the baby and the steward was upon his heels with tea and cake spotted with raisins.

"You must ha' bought everything in sight, Bess! No, don't show me now. Drink your tea, m'girl."

Elizabeth sipped and rested. Now and then over the edge of the cup she smiled at her spouse. "I had a good time. I want to go again. At the broker's when Mrs. Watson was reading some letters addressed to her James, I talked for a while with a pretty woman that I kind of liked. Mrs. Watson doesn't like her, but I did. She's a Mrs. Bristol." She hoped that Jim would not say anything unkind about Mrs. Bristol.

He nodded over his mug. No, he wasn't going to say anything.

"In fact," hesitatingly, "she said she'd take me around Shanghai when I was feeling stronger, and I said I'd love to go. I didn't tell Mrs. Watson that."

Jim chuckled. Well, from all I hear, Mrs. Bristol knows more about the sea ports she's been in than many a woman, or man either. I guess you can go if you want to, Bess. People laugh at her, but—it's just kind of queer about her. Andy Bristol told me that when he cracked his kneecap that time he might have been crippled for life if she hadn't had good horse sense. She went out and helped Mrs. Greenlaw the second day when the children were so sick and dying. Of course, anybody else would, but nobody knew at the time; their mate happened to be visiting the Walkers' mate, and told how the children were. It's unreasonable to be so scared. Where did you get those things and what did you pay for them?"

"Nothing. They're cumshaws mostly!" Triumph gleamed from his wife's eye.

"Cumshaws!" He took a vase in his hand and examined it. He laid a pile of silk on his knee, passing his fingers lightly over the rich surface. He stared at the vase's mate in Elizabeth's admiring palm.

"But, Bess! Cumshaw's!"

"Why, yes. Mrs. Watson told me the merchants always gave cumshaws. We went to a place, Sun something, that she said was where we were getting our cargo from and they gave me most of these things. She said it was "customary."

Jim grinned at that. "They're beautiful, Bess. I tell you, though, I wish you hadn't. I don't take cumshaws generally, not anything more than a couple of silk handkerchiefs or trifles like that. Those things there, Bess, except maybe the teaset, are out of the cumshaw class."

"But Mrs. Watson went into a place, and she got even more than I did!"

"Lots of people do. I just don't like it."

Elizabeth's tired, disappointed lips trembled. "Mrs. Watson told me—I—can I take them back, Jim? I—I'd like to take them back."

"I can arrange it, I guess. I'll step in on Yung Sun to-morrow. I'll take the vases and the tray, if you don't mind, Bess, and then later I can buy you some others after I finish several days' debate with the old Chinaman—it'll be a very stately affair and involve hours of politeness. You wouldn't recognise me."

Soon Elizabeth could go ashore quite frequently; several times Mrs. Watson escorted her, but Elizabeth now rather avoided that lady if possible. Jim was an interested and willing companion. Then one morning she again fell in with Mrs. Bristol and reminded her promptly of her offer to show her the native parts of the city.

Mrs. Bristol flushed deeply. "I thought by this time—Why, I should be delighted. Would you like to go for a little while this morning? I'll be very careful, Captain Brown, and not tire her."

"Why don't you go, Bess? I'll meet you here around twelve or one."

Mrs. Bristol carried a stout cane which Elizabeth mentally sniffed at as a touch of affectation, though it was the only one she detected.

"I always walk," said Mary Ann Bristol, "but you'd better take a rickshaw. I'll tell them to go slowly and I can keep up all right. I walk fast."

"Do you like to walk?"

"Yes. I hate to drive or ride. Would you like to see some of the real shops for Chinese people themselves and look at the places where they live, the poor people or the small merchants? I know lots of them. I've been here three times and I trot around all day. I hardly ever go near the foreign city."

"I'd like nothing better! I haven't seen anybody that knows more than a half-dozen places. We've been to all of those, two or three times apiece."

So they set forth, Elizabeth in a rickshaw, charged to keep in sight and call of Mrs. Bristol, who strode briskly down the narrow, crooked streets. Occasionally Mrs. Bristol stopped to smile and gesture at some merchant, crouched like a heathen god on his doorsill, who rose and bowed profoundly with motions to enter. And always Mary Ann Bristol pointed to the rickshaw in which her guest sat enthroned and smiling, and to her also the merchant made obeisance.

They proceeded into a less populous street where the shops seemed better. Next they hurried through a short street, singularly quiet, where forlorn creatures peeped from doors and no children played. What a place! A horrible creature darted from a doorway and hobbled like a wild animal towards the rickshaw. His face was—he hardly had a face; filthy rags covered one arm, more rags spun about the wrinkled bones that answered for legs and he held a pottery bowl in one hand. His whole aspect was so loathsome and sinister that Elizabeth shuddered as the spectacle hopped in her direction. But Mrs. Bristol flew to her rescue and with a sweep of her cane waved him back; then fumbling in her purse she dropped money in the bowl and again motioned him away.

"He wouldn't hurt you," she called to her pallid guest. "Don't be frightened. He's a beggar, a leper, poor thing, and he looks much more awful than he is. You get used to them."

They entered only one shop where Elizabeth invested in a green and rose wall-pocket for flowers; she would never have noticed so odd a thing had not Mrs. Bristol indicated how beautiful they were and how characteristic of China. How surprised Jim would be!

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There were several excursions and then a sketching party. This time, too, Elizabeth travelled in a rickshaw with a stool, a drawing-board and a box at her feet while her friend strode along easily until they reached a row of toppling houses and, against the sky, the jagged outline of a many-storied temple. The houses were strange colors and the neighborhood grim and poverty-stricken. Here Mrs. Bristol arranged herself on the stool with her board on her knee and a stumpy pencil poised, and after sundry sighs and squirms set to work.

At last Elizabeth wearied and returned to seat herself in the deserted rickshaw. The people of the street had vanished into their hovels, perhaps to eat, and the street was empty. The rickshawmen had gone for food probably. Three men padded from a side street. Elizabeth watched them idly. As they drew closer she thought they had false, wicked faces. They were approaching her rickshaw! Elizabeth, though alarmed, told herself not to be idiotic. These men, though, looked malevolent. One of them carried a club and one suddenly revealed in his hand a sliver of a knife and they uttered a fierce low sound and snatched at her purse!

Elizabeth screamed, tried to push away, to jump from the far side of the rickshaw, still clinging to the purse which held the money she was going to invest in a bolt of undyed silk. She shrieked again fearfully and saw them take to their heels, for Mary Ann Bristol was upon them, flourishing her

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big cane and now and then landing a fair wallop. A merchant ran from a mean shop and, with wilder cries than Elizabeth had ever imagined, joined in the chase. Children burst forth and women and ragged men, and the mob disappeared down an alley. Mary Ann Bristol returned, panting hard.

"Oh," trembled Elizabeth. "You're the bravest woman I ever knew!"

"Brave!" The hot flush deepened. "You don't know what you're talking about. We'd better go home now. I'll gather my things. Where are those heathenish men?"

In the consul's office, while they waited for Jim, they said their good-byes.

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Jim was an unusual man, Elizabeth agreed to herself. It was luck, pure and simple, to have lighted upon him. His "library" had been a surprise. In the port stateroom besides a big ship-model of the Belle of Bath and an astonishing piece of colored woolwork there was a bunk full of books and also a couple of carpenter-made book-cases lashed to screw-eyes in the wall—the books, secured therein by a zigzag system of cords, peering out like prisoners behind the bars.

Elizabeth was in her element, and the days sped by till they neared the American port.

IN San Francisco Elizabeth did not go ashore so often as she had in Shanghai. One evening they did, however, sally out to the theatre, having engaged a stout woman, the wife of the stevedore, to care for the baby during their absence. As they returned, stumbling along dark mysterious docks, stepping over hawsers, ever mindful of holes in planking, surrounded by great crates, barrels, machinery—behind which violent men might lurk—Elizabeth was seized with misgiving.

"Hurry, Jim. I don't think we should have gone. You let almost everybody go ashore."

"You be calm, lamb," he rejoined. "I left the second mate and a watchman and the puppy all on guard."

No one came to meet them as they mounted the rail! The ship was as silent as a village street at midnight in a freezing winter; the spars towered black and wild and other silent ships lay menacingly at hand and the black water slap-slapped against the ship's sides and chuckled wickedly about the piers of the wharf. Elizabeth sped across the deck through the forward cabin, to be reassured by a silly bark from the puppy which welcomed her with drunken staggers; and the baby slumbered intact in his cradle. Elizabeth fell into a chair in great relief, somewhat abashed at her foolish panic.

After breakfast the next morning, having finished a few chores, Elizabeth wandered to the forward door; the cargo was going briskly out, matter-of-fact steady work without the droning chants of Chinese coolies. Over by the rail, sidelong to her, stood Jim and the second mate. She was on the point of calling a good-morning to Mr. MacKay when something in his attitude arrested her. He was listening with bent head and crimson face to Jim; she could not hear Jim's words, but a flinty hardness in his voice was perceptible. Elizabeth stole quietly away from the door.

"I had him on the carpet," said Jim when she inquired. "Well, when I looked into his room last night he was lying on the floor with one leg in the berth, dead drunk. The place reeked. I told him I'd fire him the next time he got drunk."

"Oh, Jim! What would we have done without him!"

"I haven't adopted him. I would ha' fired him this very morning if I—if we—I left him in charge here. A fella from the Winslow came along with some whisky and he couldn't resist. I won't have a mate I can't trust to watch the ship. There's never been but one I took for better or for worse." His eyes shone for a second. "It'll happen again, o' course."

"I don't believe so. He's had his lesson," replied Elizabeth optimistically.

Jim grunted.

It appeared that Jim knew more of such matters than his wife. For a space the second mate was a model of propriety and humility, dropped his eyes and colored when she addressed him, and she was satisfied that he would never err again. Yet he went ashore one evening and failed to return; failed to return the next evening. Then a policeman came to inform Jim that one of his men was at the gaol for drunken and disorderly conduct and did he want to pay his fine? Jim hied to the gaol, ransomed Mr. MacKay, escorted him back to the ship and paid him off. Jim wouldn't allow Elizabeth to say good-bye, but at her pleas he did permit the steward to carry the baby out to bid farewell. Elizabeth gathered from the steward's incoherent narrative and gestures that Mr. MacKay, still sodden, had blown his nose several times and put something into the baby's hand. It was a silver medal inscribed with the name that had adorned the wrinkled diploma and with the statement that it had been awarded for excellence in anatomical studies.

"Poor boy," sighed Elizabeth, turning the tarnished thing in her hand. "He was proud of that once, I suppose. If he had another trial, Jim, he might have done better."

"Humph!" said Jim. He filled his pipe, puffed a few times and changed the subject. "I just shipped a new boy, Bess. You can scrape acquaintance with him. He's an object for charity if I ever saw one."

"Yes?" She was at once alive with interest. "Where'd you find him?"

"Picked him up on the dock just now. He said he wanted to go to sea. Says he's seventeen, but he's no more than fifteen, I bet. His name's Oscar Paulsen. Don't mention him ashore—you know how talk gets around. I pretended to believe his story, but he's run away from Pat Anderson's ship. I saw him peering over the rail the other day when I was walking that way. He's been abused. If any man ought to be strung to a yard-arm Pat Anderson ought!"

"Who's he?"

"He's a by-word. He's one of the most brutal men in ships and his mates are off the same piece o' goods."

Oscar, indeed, was a sorry spectacle, a sight to wring the heart, mere skin and bones. Elizabeth, despite her best efforts, could not elicit a confession that he had run away from any ship, that he had ever been aboard a ship before. Yet he trusted her and when he loitered around her on the poop the frightened look faded from his eyes.

Again they were off to sea.

With the new crew Elizabeth was shy, contrary to her hopes, but the timidity wore off as they pushed southwards toward Cape Horn. Cape Horn! Going round the Horn! First they crossed the Line. Then it began gradually to grow colder and the trade winds blew. Around the world!

"This east'd passage isn't much," remarked Jim. "You haven't really been round the Horn till you've made the west'd trip. And this is summer-time, too."

"Summer-time! It's December, Jim. Oh, I forgot we're in the southern hemisphere."

"Don't you notice how long the light lasts? Pretty soon it'll be dark only about four hours. But the west'd passage in the winter—this is baby talk."

BUT when the westerly winds caught the vessel in their grip and rammed her forward, and the rigging sang, and wind-clouds tore across the sky, and the ship rolled and creaked and shipped big seas over her stern and dashed the ocean aside in her haste, so that it piled blue and steep, mottled with foam and spray and froth, Elizabeth decided baby talk was sufficient, though she declared it not so bad as the gale when Jimmy was born.

Late one afternoon she followed Jim on deck. It was a grey day with black and lowering clouds, and sudden gusts of wind shot out of the dark sky, died, and an instant's lull preceded another gust.

"Call all hands, mister," ordered Jim curtly. "All hands aloft to get in sail."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Both watches on deck! Elizabeth knew that that meant an urgent need for haste. Men came like magic. Already sails began to belly loosely and figures were speeding up the ratlines and along the dizzy yards to furl the furious canvas; the wind was coming now with a blustering howl, and Elizabeth caught the bitts in a tight embrace and wedged herself between them; wasn't it thrilling! Jim was too busy to notice her or he'd send her below. Wasn't it splendid! She felt like a viking! Oh! She uttered a scream, sprang from her anchorage, and leaped to grip Jim's arm.

"Jim! Look! Oscar!"

Jim gave a shout that it seemed to her might have been heard at the South Pole. He pointed, and from the main deck the mate's voice took up the cry.

"Come down out o' there! Oscar, you fool! Come down!"

Puny Oscar was out on the end of the foretopsail yard, clinging in most unseamanlike fashion; even from the deck one could see how ghastly his face was.

"Get that boy down!" bellowed the mate, halfway up the rigging himself.

Sailors crept out towards Oscar along the tenuous thread of rope. Oscar teetered, snatched, caught a bunch of sail; a blast of wind ripped it from his arms, buffeted him. A sailor was close now and towards him. Oscar turned a dreadful face, made a gallant attempt to slide a foot along the rope, seized a loose end of the rope as the ship lay over with her sail in the sea, and lost, alas, both his balance and his grip. For days and nights Elizabeth was to see that hurtling figure in mid-air.

"Go below, Bess," Jim's voice reached her. "He must have thought that all hands aloft meant him, too. He always did try the best he could."

Shuddering and cold, Elizabeth went below. She clasped her baby in her arms and stared with distended eyes across the cabin.

. . . . . .

They agreed—that is, Jim agreed and his wife disagreed—that while Jim made a short voyage to South America Elizabeth should, as Jim expressed it, go into dry dock at home to exhibit young James to the family connection and to recruit her own forces for another baby.

SHE, with Jimmy and the new baby, William, joined the ship again, on the day of sailing. Jim stood by the corner of the table filling his pipe and crooning a dismal air to improvised words.

Jim's hair had greyed and he was sadly thin and sallow now, though his appetite was good. The South American trip had aged him. He'd had a bad case of the yellow fever.

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"What's that tune, Jim? Did you make it up?"

"It's just a chanty. Coming up to see the watches chosen, Bess?"

Elizabeth followed him over the top of the house and, sitting on the rail, watched proceedings. Was it a bad omen that the day should be so grey, the water drab and wicked, reminding her of an ugly old fighting shark, the sky so dreary?

The men moved about with a deceptive leisure which Elizabeth knew was swift indeed. Two gawky boys shambled about, got in the way and were elbowed off, coiled up ropes on belaying-pins, only to have the second mate heave them off with words of scorn and commands to do it again and do it shipshape. Then came the lull.

. . . . .

The blinding lazy days of hovering over the Line were a poor introduction to the gusty weeks that followed; then they plunged and tossed, farther south, in the grim sweep of huge seas and a wind that froze the spray and sea to rails and rigging, so that men staggered, slid, grasped at the life-lines, and, in the rare moments when they were not fighting the ship against the blast, chipped with axes at the ice. Now on one side, now on the other, the outside cabin shutters slammed as the vessel beat, beat, beat, this way and that, to advance a mile or so only to drift back over her toil-won path.

It gave a mild concealed pleasure to Elizabeth to hear Jim roar against a black gale: "Take in the topsail!" Then, soon, her heart would sink at the cry to "shake out that reef!" Take something in, shake something out, spelled the fury of the days.

"Cape Horn weather," grinned the oil-skinned mate, thawing his red hands at the cabin stove and juggling his mug and plate dexterously.

Jimmy liked it. On that piece of carpet he slid back and forth violently across the careening deck; on it, thwartships, he gobbled his meals, and from it, unconcernedly, he plucked morsels of viands that had escaped his dish; he bathed it in condensed milk and soup, and when a sea broke the skylight and drenched him and it with cold salt water, he was divinely pleased; in it, his lifeboat, he conquered the raging elements.

Battered, weary, at last they had beat free to the westward. Jim, with a jovial glimmer in the glance he shot at his wife, lumbered from the bathroom with a keg. "Have a wee bit drap o' something?" he inquired. "Setting up all hands and now's your chance."

"Jim!" she exclaimed, shocked. "Why, Jim! You can't be going to give them something to drink!"

"Oh, I guess so," he replied casually, pursuing his course.

Startled but curious, she bumped after him, and, opening the outer door a crack, peeped through at a desperate scene. A group of men, tin cups in hand, was gathered there with an eager look on faces drawn and fagged, even in the shadow cast by sou'-westers and the dark day. Avid eyes followed Jim's every move as he passed the keg to the steward. Officers drew close, too. Suddenly Elizabeth realised what the Cape Horn passage had meant for them; days and nights of all hands on deck.

TO an obbligato of Jim's lamentations over freights, and the drone of wind in the rigging of a hard-driven ship, through days and nights of storm and long, long brassy calms when, the wind not whistling so gally, Jim's plaints were again audible, the vessel pegged off the miles; ballast to New York, general cargo round the Horn, wheat to Queenstown for orders, on to Southampton, light to Baltimore, a coal charter to Hongkong. And at that point the shoe began to pinch.

For Jim wanted to leave Elizabeth at home—she was to have another baby—and Elizabeth refused to be left. She would not; she would not! The last time she had stayed behind he had been sick. Elizabeth didn't propose to sit for months in a window recollecting how Jim carried sail even if he did profess to know exactly when to furl. He could not hoodwink her longer about hurricanes and Cape Horn, fevers and accidents; and the unimportant risks of having another baby at sea were nothing to worry about in comparison.

A woman has only one husband and it behoves her to keep an eye on him; a person could have ten or twelve children. They'd arrive in Hongkong in plenty of time anyway.

When Jim reluctantly yielded to her entreaties, the city assumed a glamor quickly dissipated. So the remainder of the time in port Elizabeth clung to the ship, listening to the roar of sliding coal, trying to keep pace with the omnipresent black dust in which William, their second son, rechristened Swabby, elatedly marked on the white paintwork, and examining pariah heads.

There was the eternal washing; there was the alphabet for Jimmy; there were games of euchre and reading with Jim. There were lessons in navigation for her, to which she submitted under protest; at first the thrill of having solved the problem correctly brightened the task, but later it bored her. For a while during the dull days around the Line they practised rifle-shooting, but Elizabeth abandoned the sport when, one afternoon, she accidentally shot a Mother Carey's chicken at which she had aimed, not dreaming to hit it.

Jim had started a new piece of embroidery, a lighthouse scene. Everyone on board had a hobby. The cook played the mouth-organ. The mate fished for sharks and made walking-sticks from the backbones and necklaces from the teeth; when the region for sharks was passed he simply fished; also he swore fluently. The second mate read the Bible, compared the stars with a salty volume on astronomy, and painted the wooden soldiers that the carpenter whittled for the children.

Rounding the Horn again, she sat in her chair with every nerve taut and listened to the howl of gales.

"We're running away from that iceberg," remarked Jim, "just as fast as we can go and hoping not to meet any of his family. Thought you'd like to see one once, and from a distance. Once is too often. You'd better go down now. It's pretty mean out here." He steadied her to the companionway and a blast of icy spray assisted. She met Jimmy half-way up the stairs, and, gripping him firmly by the shoulder, hustled him down.

"Well, we've weathered that at last," observed Jim cheerfully, when the Horn lay astern. "Now to make up for lost time."

But they did not make up time. Jim fussed over head winds, at tacking ship, tacking ship. They zigzagged all over the Pacific Ocean, he grumbled, eating up provisions. "I'll put the crew on a legal diet," he fumed.

"Balboa made a mistake when he discovered the Pacific Ocean," he continued. "We'd be better off without it. It's one of the largest and most contrary oceans in the world. Any islands are so far off the track that you can't come on them except by chance when you're looking for the South Pole, or for savages to convert to Christianity, or a place to bury treasure. You either have a dead calm or a gale blows up all of a sudden and carries your sails away so that you can't make use of the next day's fair wind.

Provisions were getting terribly short. For a while the portions seemed small; then some articles vanished, then others; all the fancy canned goods were gone save for a few tomatoes and peaches that the steward was cherishing for a vague occasion when they were badly needed. Elizabeth's mouth watered simply at the thought of new potatoes. Still, there was abundance of bread, though no one can rhapsodise over plain bread with a scraping of fat and salt on it to ease its passage; and there was salt beef, canned corn, and aged beans; tea was plentiful and on Sunday was served a strange brew, "foc's'le coffee," said the steward apologetically.

Elizabeth felt very acrimonious towards Jim on account of the potatoes; it was stupid to fall short of potatoes. They keep. You could take tons of them. Besides, Jim was one of those infuriating people who like to instruct others in what to eat, and now he frowned on salt beef, which, next to potatoes, she craved. He recommended canned corn and beans, in her condition, he said wisely. She did loathe those mysterious phrases. And she liked salt beef. Moreover, the medicine-book was written for mariners, miners, and—well, some other group of God-forsaken people; mountaineers, maybe. Corn and beans! When he knew she couldn't look at canned corn and beans without wrinkling up inside. Now and then, feeling like a bottomless pit, she wished she had stayed at home. Lime-juice tasted good; Jim served it to the cabin daily, and weekly to the crew, measuring it in careful spoonfuls, and he performed prodigies of computation on how long it would last at the present rate. When, to Elizabeth's satisfaction, the canned corn no more graced the board, the mate uttered a dismal groan and looked more cannibalistic than ever.

"It takes food to keep that fella up to the mark," commented Jim. "I'll say that in favor of short rations. He hasn't cussed a man for two weeks. But our second who used to be a peaceable lad is a bunch of nerves. Queer. We're out of chewing-tobacco, even. All we need now in the shape of bad luck is a typhoon in the Yellow Sea."

"Don't call it the Yellow Sea, please. It makes me sick to think of a yellow sea. Call it the China Sea."

"You're the skipper. Say the word and I'll have all hands call it the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean or the—or the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact we don't go near the Yellow Sea. You feel pretty mean, don't you, Bess?" His voice was anxious.

"I feel all right," she replied gallantly, dreading an outburst on beans and condensed milk.

IN a dead calm in the China Sea the baby was born.

"What color—are its eyes?" whispered Elizabeth to Jim, with a bundle in his arms and a strange look on his face.

The baby was such a tiny, sad, old-looking creature that it twisted one's heart into an agonising knot. Surely in Hongkong he would grow plump as a partridge.

After Hongkong, life settled for Elizabeth into a monotonous round of days of perpetual anxiety over the active boys and an ever impinging fear for the baby, pleasant evenings of reading and euchre when the children were safe in their berths, mild interference in Jim's woolwork, talks with the officers and helmsmen on the shining rushing nights.

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In San Francisco she enjoyed the selection of a new overcoat for Jim and the excitement of packing with meticulous care and sending home to Aunt Sophy's attic their accumulated treasures, too much for quarters cramped by an enlarged family.

And they were off once more for New Orleans and for Mobile, where they loaded cotton for England.

"We've got lots of room now," remarked Elizabeth, "and we can get some things in England maybe, for our house when we give up the sea. I'd like to have——"

"Oh, the times are hard and the wages —low. Leave her, Johnny, leave her," boomed Jim promptly and continued to chant in gasps as he discarded his long boots and with a sigh of comfort shoved his feet into the embroidered slippers his sister Mary had sent him. "Haven't we a good overcoat? Well, we landed a pretty good freight this time, so we can buy Westminster Abbey or Lord Nelson or most anything. I'd like to have one of those silver trumpets in the Tower myself." He watched the baby's weak attempts to stand up with the aid of the smooth slats of the coop where he now principally resided. "That's it, old fella," he encouraged. "Come on, now. "You've made it, by Cripes!" He lifted the child over the edge and sat down, patting him in a congratulatory manner on the back. "You'll soon be walking at this rate."

"He's seventeen months old," worried Elizabeth. "The others could walk when they were about a year. But just as long as he—I won't care if he can't walk till he's ten."

"Lots of famous men were sickly children. This chap is going to be a credit to the family while those fat lazy lumps—" he shot a humorous look at the boys who were rolling marbles across the cabin at opposing armies of wooden soldiers, cigarette pictures, spools, tall screws, and they looked up and giggled—"end in the poorhouse."

It did seem as if the baby's health improved in the warm soft weather of the tropics, and even after it grew colder on their northward course a suggestion of color still tinged his face. Elizabeth persuaded herself that there was even a Jimmish twinkle in his eye when he dropped a bottle of warm milk over the side of his coop to burst into a thousand pieces.

One night Elizabeth roused from weary sleep with a sense that Jim was moving about. Was it the baby? No, it wasn't. All the previous day the baby had suffered from a disturbance of the stomach. Drowsily she half-opened her eyes. Little flashes flickered in the cabin. Rockets! In one move she was standing barefooted on the ever-clammy carpet. Why, just lightning. There was a rumble, distant, of thunder. A thunderstorm at sea, so far north, so cold. It couldn't be. Yes, it was. She'd look out of the skylight.

A hasty enumeration of visible human figures showed that both watches were on deck stripping off sail at a furious pace. Lightning tore a jagged, brilliant seam down the black cloud. Jim, buttoning on his oilskins, lent a hand at the wheel while the man there unrolled his own yellow bundle and jammed himself into coat and hat and pants. Now all the stars were devoured and it was black as Egypt except for the intermittent flares. Ah! With a gigantic sigh the wind smote the ship. With a rending flash and crash the rain fell in fierce slanting lines; flash, crash, flash, crash, stupendous and terrible. Lightning leaped out of the sky to bury itself in the sea like a golden sword; to right and left, ahead and astern, it darted as if someone were aiming with poor success at the vessel. It was awful. Elizabeth bleated at each flash and its accompanying explosion.

In the blinding light the ship, the masts and yards, men's figures, Jim, sprang out black, revealed for a fraction of a second only to melt into the enfolding black. Suddenly there came one dazzling stream of fire with a crack and the impact of a blow that made the vessel stagger; light poured down the mainmast from truck to deck. That struck! In the appalling lull Elizabeth became aware of a faint wailing below. She sped down, gathered the fretful baby into her arms and settled on the sofa to await with tense nerves news from on deck. What awful flashes!

Continuous thunder drowned out the deck sounds; then she heard Jim's voice, like the chirp of a cricket in pandemonium,

"Cut away!"

The confusion of noise endured for hours, it seemed. Once the ship lurched heavily, then recovered and merely rolled as usual. Gradually the storm decreased, the lightning and thunder were no longer simultaneous nor so frequent, the rain pelted less hard. The worst was over. The whimpering baby on her lap fell asleep, and his mother nodded wearily herself but was loath to go to bed until she had seen Jim.

She waked in the grey light of morning, her neck stiff from hanging on her shoulder, and rose achingly, laid the baby in his coop and walked to and fro in the cabin.

Through the leeward windows, when the vessel lifted, Elizabeth could discern on the horizon dim pinkish wisps, promise of a red sky. She would make tea; it was early yet for the steward's coffee. Tea would be refreshing. She might allow enough for Jim, also, while she was about to heat the baby's milk.

Jim arrived as the tea was brewed. Half-sitting on the cabin table with one leg swinging comfortably, he poured thick condensed milk into the mug. For a time they sipped in silence, Elizabeth having learned long since that her Jim craved food in the morning before engaging in debate or chatter. So they sipped, while she darted impatient, surreptitious glances at her husband. Then he sighed, wiped his mouth, looked about for a safe place for the mug.

"Want some more?"

"Guess not. The steward'll be here pretty soon with coffee, I s'pose."

The poop bell rang out, clang-clang, and the baritone forward bell echoed it politely.

"Get any sleep, Bess?" he yawned.

"I went to sleep sitting on the sofa. What happened?"

"Bad medicine. Lightning struck the mainmast. Never saw such a funny bit of weather in my life in this latitude. Split that mast like a toothpick. Had to cut it away." He looked at Elizabeth steadily as if he strove to penetrate her mind. "Have you looked out?"

"Not since the storm. What'll you do about the mast?"

"What'll I do?" He laughed rather grimly as if laughter were an exercise. "Abandon ship, most likely."

"Abandon ship? Jim! Not just because you lost a mast!" His wife's tone expressed such thrifty horror of waste that he smiled again, but this time with a genuine twinkle.

"Well, only indirectly. That bolt went clear into the cotton and we've got a roaring fire down there for a winter's day. It burns like paper almost. I doubt if we can hold it. We've been at it all night." He yawned again. "You might pick up what you need while there's plenty of time, Bess. Thank the Lord, I've always had those good old whaleboats. Lots of room for anything. Guess I'll trot up for another look-see. So long."

His matter-of-fact manner inspired in Elizabeth a calm she would never have expected to enjoy; the first thing now was to feed the baby. Then she would sit down on the sofa and plan.

She opened her eyes at the clangor of the breakfast bell and met Jim's smile.

"I—I was thinking what to take, and I must have dropped off," she murmured foolishly.

"What did you decide on?"

She laughed. "I'll have to think all over again."

"Well, you'd better walk the floor next time you think. Hey, you stevedores, are you ready for breakfast?"

Breakfast was a hurried affair; the mate came with soot still on his nose, snatched a bite and departed. The distracted steward offered sugar repeatedly throughout the meal, spilled salt and threw propitiatory grains over each shoulder in confusion as to whether it should be the right or the left.

"You did that too late, steward," remarked the skipper and the steward colored.

"Yessir, cer'n did, sir."

"Get together plenty of stuff, milk and so forth for the children. Cook some mush for the baby. He'll have to take it cold."

"Make a fire in a bucket, sir."

"Yeah, maybe so."

Slowly Elizabeth gathered a pile of clothes and wrapped them in an oilskin coat. She looked through the chart-table drawers, the desk drawers, the drawers under the berths; there wasn't much. Jim would have to lose his books, but fortunately they had sent most of their pet junk home. Her eye lighted on an oil-painting over the chart-table of a ship rolling along under full sail. Jim was fond of that picture; he said the painter was a sailor. With a sharp knife she slit it from the frame. Where was her certificate? Oh, yes, here. Jim's flower piece and his new piece; they made a neat tight roll. She filled a small reticule with odds and ends. She took all the socks from the slopchest and a big tin of tobacco, opened the oilskin bundle and inserted them. Was that all? The boys would wear their warm coats—oh, Jim's new overcoat! Folding it with care she placed it in his travelling-bag.

She was ensconced cosily in the big chair with the baby, the shawl and the oilskin coat across her knees, when Jim appeared. He grinned immediately.

"You going to wear that hat? It's cold."

She put up her hand and felt her new bonnet. "Oh, no. I'm going to wear my hood. I was just trying this on for the last time."

Jim moved deliberately through the rooms collecting papers and instruments, things from the bathroom, the slopchest and flag-locker; he stumbled over the travelling-bag and snorted when she announced its valuable contents.

"I'll call you in a few minutes, Bess. It's getting pretty hot. Put on your things and the boys'."

She leaped up, suddenly agitated. "Quick, boys, quick!" She buttoned them up, crammed on their knitted blue caps, permitted them to wear their rubber boots, wrapped the baby in the shawl and pinned him securely so that only his thin face peeped out monkey-like, laid him on a chair, hurried into her thick old coat and her

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bood, assembled the parcels in a heap, paced swiftly back and forth, darting futilely into each room while the mate carried the bundles out.

Jim called from the companionway door, and she drove her brood ahead of her up the stairs, and somehow they all managed to descend safely into a small bobbing boat.

And there they sat, while men clambered up and down the ladder, stowed parcels and lashed cases of supplies in place in their boat and in the other two. At last one of the boats shoved off with waving hands and shouts of farewell. Then the mate settled in the stern of his boat, and that in turn pushed away from the vessel, pulled off some distance, waited and watched, rising on a crest and falling from sight. Dense clouds of smoke poured upward. Men dropped into their boat and remained. Hans and old Charley, Pete the boy, the steward, Lexis, big Lew, Henry. Paul sat on the rail handing down Jim's things. Paul climbed down. Then Jim balanced down the ladder with the sextant-box under his arm, settled in the sternsheets, appraised the load shrewdly, eyed the short mast which had already been stepped and the heavy oars in readiness.

"All right," he said, "shove off."

THREE days and nights passed like a nightmare.

That first night another frightful thunderstorm blew up, lashing the waves to towering heights. One had no time to fear the brilliant flares striking the water on every side. In the imminent peril of the boat's swamping, the men bailed like madmen. Every surplus article went over the side; Elizabeth, shivering in the bottom of the boat with water swirling around her waist, squeaked angrily when the travelling-bag set out to travel independently. One arm she squeezed about Jimmy and Swabby, and with the other she lifted the baby as high as she could, supporting him on her upraised knee.

Once Jim, from behind her, standing with both hands to the tiller, leaned to yell in her ear.

"Stiff upper lip, Bess! Say, j'see, my overcoat go to Davy Jones?"

They pulled through that, only to be wet and cold and wretched and hungry. There was only hardtack and water left; all those beautiful supplies had gone overboard. The baby wailed and fretted over biscuit soaked in water, sighed and cried and whined.

After that the long hours dragged in their trail long days and long nights, the longest ever known. Five minutes was an eternity. It was raw, yet the sun shone bright and the water sparkled dazzlingly. The boat floated like a cake of soap on the lathery sea, ran up on peaks and plunged sickeningly downwards, rolled, pushing busily for Ireland, so Jim averred. How far? Oh, not so far.

Elizabeth couldn't sleep. Others slept and dozed, but her eyes were burned open so that they might never close again, and her whole body was dumb and dead. Fear racked her, for the baby wouldn't eat, would suck hopefully at a morsel of water-soaked hardtack only to whimper his distaste. Endlessly she urged him, begged, coaxed him to eat, oh, just a tiny bit more.

A BARK poked its masts over the horizon one evening at sunset and at dawn the whaleboat was fumbling at her sheer black hull. They hauled Elizabeth up the side in a bo'a'n's chair and, as strong hands steadied her to the deck, a man tightened his clasp on her arm, exclaiming:

"Why, Mis' Brown!"

He looked familiar, even through the black dots that clouded her vision like a spotted veil. She rubbed her hand across her burning eyeballs, and looked quickly before the dots could reassemble.

"Mr. Johnson!"

"That's who 'tis!" he beamed. "Here's Cap'n Jones."

Another hand held hers for a moment. This was truly a captain, she thought, for he wore an old felt hat like Jim's. He, too, repeated her name as if he knew her, but his features slithered and blurred. He led her to the cabin and presently someone, someone who kept snickering—afterwards she hoped it was Jim, but at the time she did not care—put her to bed in a man's pink flannel night-shirt, and she slept and slept and slept.

And while she slept away the days, little Anthony, her youngest child, died.

HOW long, daylight or dark, Elizabeth had tossed on her hard bed she did not know, but it penetrated her consciousness that Jim, who had been coming and going, sitting for long periods on the chair at the foot of the bunk, had absented himself an unearthly time. Anything could happen at sea. She sprang up, flung her coat over the pink flannel night-shirt and burst into an eerily quiet cabin. No one there. No voices anywhere. No sounds but ship sounds.

She peeped through the outer cabin door and started. What was this? A—A—Jim was standing with his back to her, holding a little bundle in his arms, tenderly, with bent head. That strange captain was shuffling the pages of a book, and now he began hoarsely to read, mumblingly; now and then he had trouble with his voice as if he had a cold: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh . . . He that keepeth . . . will not slumber. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night . . . preserve thee from all evil . . . thy soul . . . preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore."

He blew his nose; he had a red-and-blue bandanna. Then he muttered, "Cap'n." Jim laid his bundle on the little grating, and that man, clearing his throat, said: "We therefore commit his body to the sea . . ." A queer sound rose from the little group, and as two men raised the grating Jim turned his back suddenly to stare across the deck. Elizabeth saw the hard muscles knot at the corners of his jaw. His eyes—she had never seen that look in his eyes before. The tiny splash shook Elizabeth to the soul. Her knees melted beneath her.

Jim must not find her there. On hands and knees she crept through the forward cabin, pushed open the door of that narrow room, and crouched on the dampish, saltish, aged carpet, picking at its dirty fuzz. Sea-carpets, grimy, clammy. Jim wouldn't come; not yet. He wouldn't want to see her. She didn't want to see him, to see anybody. How purple her hands were. Purple with orange-colored blotches, cold.

By day trying to evade sympathy, by night conning over her baby's little life; so the few weeks passed. She could chat about trifles; she talked to Jim as with a pleasant stranger, but always fending him away. If she might only escape somewhere and cry, and cry, and cry out loud, sniffle and snort, become red and bleared and spotty, and finally recover from the dry hardness that hurt her. And it hurt Jim, too. He followed her and watched her surreptitiously with bleak eyes; but at last he ceased to attempt to kiss or comfort her and fell back on desultory remarks about this bark, about his own hazy plans. More often, however, he sat in silence smoking.

TOWING up Chesapeake Bay Jim spoke cheerfully to her. "We won't have much to pack up this time, will we, Bess?"

She shook her head, gazing at the low-lying shores that passed so slowly. Oh, just to get away from all these watchful people!

"I hope I can land a job right off," he went on. "We'll be eating into our savings every minute I'm out of work. Jones says he heard that the captain of the Parrs' ship, Jotham L. Parr, was thinking of retiring. She's kind of an old vessel, though, and I've understood as cranky as Great-Aunt Lizzie. My father's vessels were both provided for, last I heard, and the old man wouldn't make a place for me at somebody else's expense. I'd hate to take a mate's berth, unless I'm desperate. I've been one of the lords of creation now. And I'd have to leave you ashore."

"I don't think I'll ever go to sea again." There was a lifeless finality in her statement.

He turned towards her sharply, but he answered gently, "Oh, we'll talk about that later. You can run up home and visit the folks while I look round."

"I don't want to go up home."

"But why not?"

"I don't want to. I just don't want to. I can stay in Baltimore in some little house while you get a ship."

"Oh, sure. I'll ask Edgerton to-morrow. Somebody at the broker's will know about rents. I'll run ashore as soon as we're in."

. . . . . .

On the day they landed Jim returned to the bark late in the evening, tired. "I've been hustling all over this town, Elizabeth. I've looked at five houses. The houses here grow in long rows like a centipede. All the separate houses cost like fun. I did find a small, cheap house in a poorish neighborhood. Willard, the man from the broker's who was taking me around, said it was a respectable district, though. I looked at it. I'll take you there to-morrow. I'm afraid you may not like it, but it might answer for a while."

"Any kind of house will do."

"It's furnished after a fashion. I never saw such pictures and raffle. It's in the middle of a row of the most surprised-looking houses. But we wouldn't have to take it for a year, Willard said, just for as long as we liked."

"We'll go to-morrow. I can't bear this ship another day."

With their meagre parcels and the odd wooden boxes they moved in the next day. Elizabeth followed Jim through the crowded rooms and paid no heed to his jokes and comments on the ramshackle furniture and the sentimental pictures. It was a house, and from its windows there was no view at all of the heaving, greedy ocean. So she seated herself in a battered rocker by the lace curtains and rocked. Jim and the boys went out to a store and returned laden with supplies, and a negro boy rattled in their wake with more staples in a yellow cart. The children churned everywhere with yelps of exploration while Jim arranged the purchases in seamanlike neat fashion in the kitchen.

"Ships don't grow on trees any more." "No luck to-day," Jim would say evenings. "Something'll turn up to-morrow, I guess."

Then one morning he went to Philadelphia, perhaps on to New York, in his quest.

The house seemed unfamiliar and alien without his large presence, and Elizabeth's spurts of housewifeliness abruptly died. They lived on oatmeal, bread and milk. She

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rocked by the window. Shame, however, overtook her when she discovered Jimmy struggling with the broom in the cluttered kitchen, Swabby panting under the stove with a brush.

Jim arrived in the evening, weary and disheartened.

"No luck yet," he said. "I found some decent letters in answer to mine at the broker's, but no job."

A jangle on the doorbell disturbed them. "It's maybe Mrs. Dreen next door. She said she and her husband would come in soon. You go. Let me wash my face in the kitchen."

But it was not the Breens. Jim dashed jubilantly to the kitchen with a telegram. "A job! The Bartlets want me to go down to Rio and bring home the Asa West and keep her. Pay my way down." He was cautiously squeezing the telegram into a ball to drop into the fire."

He laughed as the telegram burst into flame and caught his wife's hand in a burst of relief. "I'm glad I got a job pretty quick. The longer you're on the beach the harder it gets. I'll have to heave up anchor right away, I guess, Bess. I hate to leave you and the boys in a strange place, but perhaps your Aunt Sophy would come down later and stay with you when the baby comes. Then I'd be back and take you along again."

Elizabeth stiffened. "I don't want to go to sea any more. I don't think I can ever look at it again. I'll always be thinking —I'll always worry about the children. Oh, Jim, if I had known about Anthony, I'd never have dared have another baby. I can't bear even to think about this one."

"Nonsense. However, it'll be just as you say." A shade darkened his face, though he patted her hand gently. "We'll talk it over when I get home again."

Another day was hectic with packing and then, with his shabby overcoat on his back and his hat in his hand, Jim was kissing the boys and bidding Jimmy take good care of his mother and Swabby. Then he held her in his arms a moment tightly.

"So long, shipmate."

"Couldn't you—oh, Jim, couldn't you get some other kind of work to do?"

"What, me? You can't teach an old dog new tricks. So long, dear." And he was gone. The children watched him up the street, waving from the sidewalk, screaming, "Good-bye! Good-bye! long after he was out of hearing.

A drab routine of housekeeping and teaching the children filled Elizabeth's days. As months dribbled on the children's uproar wearied her more and more, and she felt less able to control them; those little sail boats required Jim's firm hand on the helm.

One morning a great clattering at her front door alarmed her, a hurtling of words, thumping of bundles, rattling of wheels and clapping of horses' hoofs on the cobbles. Speeding from the kitchen in fear of a disaster to the boys she encountered in the entry the portly person of Aunt Sophy.

Aunt Sophy possessed the small house from the moment she arrived. In the morning she rose early from the room whence she had ejected the boys, ordered Elizabeth to remain abed till ten o'clock, hustled the boys out of bed, and sounds of stovelids, voices, dishes, and the smell of wood-fire and coffee and less distinctive odors drifted upstairs. After a banging of doors a vast peace was interpreted to mean that Aunt Sophy and the boys had gone forth to buy the day's provisions. Elizabeth fell asleep.

It was nearly noon when she next waked. She could hear the creak of the floors as Aunt Sophy padded below, and she dressed hastily to present herself with abject excuses which Aunt Sophy ignored, inundating her niece with conversation about the house, the neighbors, that grocery-store, walking into the wrong house on her return from the errands.

"I never saw such a surprised lookin' house as this. I took the boys to the school and I left 'em there, Lis'beth." She plumped down with a dish of potatoes and whipped out a knife.

"What, Swabby?"

"Yessir. I left Jimmy in the third grade, poor lamb; I guess he won't like that grade much—they're bigger'n he is, but he's had good teaching."

"At the rate Jimmy's going he'll be in the eighth grade when he's been to sea two, three more years." Aunt Sophy rocked placidly.

"But I'm not going to sea any more." Elizabeth did not quite dare to look at her aunt.

"Not going any more? My gracious! Why, I thought—— Aren't you and Jim getting along all right? Not as it's any of my business. My gracious."

"Why, of course we are, Aunt Sophy "

"Well, I couldn't offhand think of any other real good reason and that popped into my head. I guess likely the shipwreck scared you. It would have me."

"No, no. Not so much. It was something else." Elizabeth glanced at her aunt, seeing only a sort of puzzled wonder on her face. "It was the baby. It seemed as if the sea had devoured him. You can't understand what it was like to hear that—that little splash. I don't even know where it was. It might be like that with the other children. Terrible things do happen. Just to drop a baby over the side as if it—as if it were a dirty rag, and go away and leave it!" Her voice shook.

But one day she took her distracted pen in hand and wrote to Jim:

Dear Jim,—

I have changed my mind about going to sea. I cannot stand it to stay ashore. I suppose I shall worry over the children and drive you crazy so you'll hate me, but since I've been under the weather I have been thinking of all the things that might happen to you when I am not 'here to boss you. I hope I'll be able to join the ship as soon as you arrive. I am feeling well on the whole and Aunt Sophy is a great help when she's not talking. I think her mind must be failing; she tells the most gruesome stories, and she never used to. Poor Uncle Bill.

The boys are well. Swabby has ruined our reputation by a great literary effort at school—did I write you this before?—that his father is a sayler and goes to see, but he does not know his name. You can see, in my present state, it is high time that I had outward and visible sign of a husband. Please take good care of yourself. Uncle William wrote me on a postal card, the first one I ever saw, that a good way not to get malaria was to keep dry and not let any strange bugs bite you, but that the very best method was to keep away from malarial countries. Aunt Sophy sends her love. Your loving wife,

ELIZABETH.

* * * * * *

So eventually Elizabeth Brown sat on the after hatch of the Asa West, holding Swabby by the tail of his jacket and inspecting a new crew. One of the men was assisted on board and stood spinning by the rail waving a bloody hand and resisting all attempts to get rid of him; drops of blood spattered on the paint as he gesticulated. The second mate was impatient with a fellow so big and so superlatively obstinate.

"Mr. Hardy!" called the skipper's wife. The little second mate came towards her. "Send him to the forward cabin and I'll bandage his hand."

"He's all right. It's nothing much," objected the officer.

"It's bleeding like everything. He must have it fixed."

"He's drunk."

"Drunk! My gracious," she laughed. "Send him along, do please, Mr. Hardy."

"I don't want to," repeated the man. "The cap'n's ashore. I can't let him in the forrard cabin."

"Well, I'll bring the things out to the hatch then. I'm not afraid of him."

"I don't think—Tell you, Mrs. Brown, I've seen that fella before; he's called Dave, the bald. You better not have anything to do with him."

"Nonsense. Send him to the hatch and you can watch us all the time."

"Well—But I don't like it."

Elizabeth with basin and bandages and plaster and a sponge emerged upon the deck to find her patient holding stoutly to the door. He had a glassy stare in his biased light-grey eyes.

Elizabeth washed the big dirty hand, and then poured disinfectant in the cut. The dash of water or the sting of the medicine penetrated the fastness of her patient's mind, for he ceased to mutter and made efforts to fix one eye at least upon her. Like a restive horse he plunged his head downwards and sideways and at last appeared to catch a fleeting glimpse of her, for he started, shouted "Ha!" and lost his line of vision. Once or twice more he ducked his head dangerously until he seemed to have made certain that a woman was actually there and washing his calloused hand.

"Ha!" he shouted again. Then he communed within himself with dark indescribable whispers. Decisively, he released the door, balanced himself by crossing his eyes, so it seemed, and with a slow careful reach up, up, up, removed his cap; but he dropped it hastily on the deck, snatched at and embraced the door in he very nick of time. Elizabeth finished her task in convulsive giggles that she tried to suppress. Mr. Hardy hurried the sailor from the scene; the man felt more at ease with second mates, obviously, for he clasped him around the neck, towering over him by a head, and at a distance of ten feet from the hatch began to trumpet in stentorian tones his conclusions on recent events.

Dave, the bald, was not prepossessing in appearance, even when sober. He had a mean mouth and thin lips that folded in upon jagged blackish teeth. But by the time the last dressing had been applied to his hand he and his angelic ministrant were friends. He remarked with a hideous show of teeth that hitherto he had spent his spare time at sea in quarrels, specialising in mates. Nevertheless, despite his reputation and appearance, he gave no trouble.

This Dave had another friend, Charley, the man who had joined the ship in a state of total inebriety. Charley was no addition to a ship's company, for his being an able seaman, and a man of muscle was more than offset by his disposition. He bore all the earmarks of a blackguard, the skipper said. Upon occasion Elizabeth had tried to talk

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with him, and though he answered idle questions civilly enough creeps ran up and down her spine at his gaze. She could not endure him to look at her and yet she constantly caught his eye.

He's crazy, she shivered. One day as he stood at the wheel she glimpsed for a second through the parted opening of his blowing shirt at a long slim object—a knife, surely, dangling on his chest by a cord about his neck. That was queer. His sheath knife rode on his hip as was usual. One moment she characterised him to Jim as corrupt and another as insane; yet Dave and Charley looked rather alike, she mused. The mate, also, had conceived a violent distaste for Charley and all his works, and, in fact, no one save Dave relished him.

After a week or so when Charley had recovered from a debauch he found ways to bector the mate. Soon a certain look sufficed to produce an explosion. Jim, roused by angry shouts and vituperation, rushed on deck at night again and again during the mate's watch to restore the peace. Time and again he broke up an impending fight.

"There'll be a row there some day that I'll have to stop with a pistol," he growled after a midnight punitive excursion abroad. "That man's bad medicine and the mate's aching for a fight."

"How do you stop them now?" inquired his wife.

"They just stop," explained the skipper lucidly, and with another cross snort fell asleep.

"It's your hangelic influence," she murmured, unheeded.

In the midst of one of their long conversations the period of peace on board was shattered. The mate, mottled with fury, drove Charley towards the foc'sle and clutching the door frame stood there gibbering, rabid, impotent.

"When we get to port," he raged, "I'll tear you to rags!" Disregarding the answering snarl he strode back along the main deck blind to Elizabeth's horrified presence, and presently, a little more composed in the righteous glow of not having actually struck the man, resumed his interrupted duties.

The next day was a flat calm. Elizabeth wandered through the forward cabin and leaned in the door to look on deck. Bald-headed Dave was a black spot tarring rigging aloft. The decks shone white and spotless; the men had been holystoning for the last week. Half-concealed in the dimness of the vestibule Elizabeth watched Swabby amusedly.

He was attending to his paintwork behind the starboard bitts; that was his place, and with a man's-size bucket of salt water and a boy's-size swab, made for him by an infatuated sailor, he mopped devotedly at the six feet of white paint. A combination of which he knew nothing maintained that region in a state of filthiness; the carpenter bringing the lanterns aft hove some sawdust and an oily handful of oakum on to Swabby's domain; the steward found it a convenient spot to sprinkle a few coffee grounds and he also shook brooms and wrung mops there. Swabby's mother herself, as her houseplants gradually succumbed to a sea life, distributed dirt behind the bitts; there the mates knocked out dead ashes from their pipes. Consequently, no one could behold Swabby at work without grins of self-satisfaction. Elizabeth withdrew a step from the doorway so she might enjoy the spectacle undetected.

Bill was not five feet from Swabby, creeping along on his knees renewing the blue paint. From time to time a small dog barked on the other side of the deck, and at each bark Swabby scrambled from his squatting position and gazed eagerly in the direction of the sound. Several times lately he had almost seen that dog. Bill smiled as he painted and Elizabeth smiled.

Then another movement attracted her. A man stepped from the carpenter shop with a tar pot in his hand and slouched aft, Charley. His light narrow eyes darted here and there as he idled along, a gleam from those wild beast eyes flickering on Swabby's sturdy back.

The skipper's wife shrank yet farther into the entry. Another gleam settled on the creeping figure in faded dungarees whose head bloomed like a marigold against the blue-and-white bulwarks, and, dabbling the rag in the oozy pot, Charley tossed it deftly at the brilliant hair; it left a smear on a brown cheek, dyed black some copper locks and huddled in a black splatter on the fresh paint. Bill sprang to his feet, scarlet.

"You—" he began furiously, but his possible fluency was nipped by Swabby's shrill ha-ha at his friend with black on his face. "You—" choked Bill. "You clean up that stuff now!" His blue eyes blazed as he stepped forward. "You—you plague rat," he stammered. "You hammer head of the Penobscot!"

At the harmless words Charley's head jerked up, but at a shout from the poop in the mate's voice conveying an adjuration to step lively, cunning replaced the ferocity of his expression. "Jest a joke, Bill," drawing a cleanish rag from his hip pocket and stooping, "jest a joke."

"Don't you joke with me." However, Bill relaxed his tense attitude, glanced over the rail at a sweeping gull. Swabby returned to his bucket and Bill to his brush and Charley swaggered away, sighting with a bold leer a white face in a doorway. That was a queer episode, thought Elizabeth.

Jim, with spectacles on nose, sauntered through the cabin and linked an arm in his wife's. He scanned the deck. His eyes twinkled on his industrious son. "Thought I heard words," he said. "Well, Bess, I think by night we're going to get some wind at last."

About four-thirty the "little fella," as Jim was wont privately to refer to his second officer, summoned the skipper from his bed; there was trouble afoot. The mate's watch reported on deck without Bill. On searching they found the truant lying on his back in his bunk with an easy arm over his face and a sheath-knife in his heart, dead in the night. No one had heard a sound. The skipper dressed and went out; all morning he was busy.

The funeral took place that same bright windy morning. Someone tolled the forward bell and the ship's company gathered around the long canvas parcel on a grating near where the little sea-dog used to bark. Jim read the service. Elizabeth clung sickly to the knob and frame of the cabin door and listened and swallowed lumps in her throat for the gay young man; the boys shoved her rudely from behind to see what this odd affair taking place on deck was, and Swabby sniffled against her skirt and finally kicked her heel sharply because she wouldn't let him pass. Later he hunted for Bill. At last, after dinner, Jim glanced across at Elizabeth twisting her handkerchief and he drew from his coat pocket a slim package.

"This," he said, "is it. Look at it, Bess." He rolled off the crumpled rag, revealing a sheath-knife. The tipmost point was broken; it was very sharp and bright, but it was, after all, only an ordinary sheath-knife. She had seen hundreds. It's Joe's knife, everybody says. Joe says so himself. But he says he lost it a couple of days ago."

"Joe? Did he do it?"

"He swears he didn't. I don't think he did. I must ferret this out. Gosh, Bess, I'll never hear the last of it. A man murdered, and never any trouble on my ships in fifteen years. A new ship, too. At least, new to me—she's as old as Methuselah. I'll be twitted of it in every ship-chandler's and broker's from Dan to Beersheba. As like as not, they'll hold the ship in port for months, and there'll be a stink. Newspapers. I've got to settle this before we get in, that's certain." The cabin door was opened by the diligent steward and the skipper slipped into mild observations on fresh air for seasickness.

. . . . . .

"Jim, did you ever hear of a ship—a vessel—named the, named the—it's a river——"

"You're seasick," chuckled her husband.

"No, no. It's named the Androscoggin. No, it's not. Kennebec, Sheepscot, Penobscot—Yes, the Penobscot, Jim?"

"Penobscot?" he repeated. "Penobscot? Hum." Where had she got hold of that story? "There might have been one before my day, Bess. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I heard Bill call Charley a—a hammerhead of the Penobscot. He was mad about some tar Charley threw on him."

"Yes? Charley and Bill? Doesn't seem to mean much." He scowled as he wadded tobacco in his pipe.

Jim continued:

"Charley's packing his sea-bag; says he's going ashore. He wouldn't come on deck for the watch and the mate cussed in good style and was all for yanking him out neck'n crop, but I said to let him stay. He may get over it if we humor him a little. The mate said he had on a dirty starched collar and a rose-colored necktie. Rose-color, the mate's own words." Jim Brown's eyes puckered at the fantastic idea. "That tartar would ha' like to fetch him out. Oh, well, they're all tired. However, the weather's moderating now."

"Charley must be crazy," said Bess.

"Looks like it. I've heard stories of crazy sailors. I guess drink and dirt and vile living and disease and a dog's life generally aggravate it, whatever causes it. And, of course, every fella that goes to sea must ha' been a little bit simple to start with."

In the morning when Jim had his early coffee Elizabeth begged for some; she had dreamed horribly and she felt weak.

As they sat talking Jim suddenly straightened, cocking his ear, as an outburst of voices was wafted to him.

"I'll have to harangue that man again about the time and place to curse," he complained. "When I give up the sea, Bess, I'm going to teach in the Sunday school, like Uncle Bate. There are——" He broke off and made for the door to the main deck.

Elizabeth, too, caught the distant flurry, the rush of feet. She tied her purple gown about her and pursued Jim dizzily through the forward cabin. She hesitated a moment before opening the door—her costume. She heard a dull thud and a groan, followed by a queer silence that frightened her, and she pushed the thick door back and leaned out.

It was like a painting. The edge of the bulwarks rose against a clear morning sky, and on the lee a dark blue torrent surged past and water gurgled in the scuppers; the deck sloped steeply. Almost at her feet lay,

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a huddled heap in rumpled clothes, the mate, arms and legs flung about distressfully and face turned to leeward, his mouth dropped open as if he were on the point of shouting. What had happened? Was he dead? A belaying-pin rolled on the deck near by.

Elizabeth tore away her fascinated eyes and saw Jim moving cautiously up the slanting deck, and Charley, his frothing lips whispering aimlessly, backing, backing towards the bulwarks. Two men were standing aloof with savage excitement in their gaze. Step by step Jim advanced, and step by step Charlie retreated. Their hands hung clenched and their shoulders hunched forward. The light tap of the rail at the sailor's back halted him; even the ugly mutters ceased to fall from his lips which drew back tight and thin from yellow teeth. Driblets of water leaked from the corners of his mouth. His eyes were utterly mad. Slowly he raised his right hand as the skipper drew ever nearer.

He was taller than Jim, and bigger; the slant of the deck made him gigantic. Elizabeth held her breath; Jim was strong, but this man—— Suddenly she became aware of that lifting hand, lifting to the throat, and her mind presented a flashing picture of a blue shirt blowing in the wind. "Oh, Jim," she said voicelessly, "oh, Jim." Jim was so near, too near——

"Jim!" she shrieked. "Around his neck! A knife!"

Her warning was barely in time; at her cry the man snatched the weapon from his shirt and struck violently; but, though Jim had leaped swiftly sideways at her call, the downward stab of the blade caught him in the side and he reeled, spun on his heel, and staggered back. As Elizabeth's wail rose curdlingly and she ran up the white deck to clutch at him, bald-headed Dave flung himself at the madman.

"Charley!" he shouted.

He grabbed at the knife and the cord broke; the unexpectedness of the attack caused Charley to loosen his grip on the haft, and it fell to the deck and quickly rolled out of reach. Charley delivered a heavy blow on Dave's ear. They wrestled back and forth over the deck, and fists and legs, and presently a sheath-knife, were dreadfully involved; they rolled apart when they fell, and, staggering to their feet, hit, stabbed, clinched, and fell again. Charley, using his teeth like an animal, buried them in Dave's shoulder, in his arm, anywhere. The bright blood-spots on the holystoned planks were smooched about by the scuffling feet. The men were terribly similar now, for, excepting Dave's bald pate, both were painted red with blood from blows and falls and trifling slashes. Their shirts were in shreds. Dave was panting. Charley's insane strength was winning him the advantage.

The skipper lolled on the after hatch with his hand to his side where a dark spot was spreading on the grey cotton cloth; Elizabeth, heedless and white beside him, stared also at the fighters and little fears skurried around in her whirling head. But the contest was blurring before the skipper's anxious eyes.

"Bess," he said in a thin, sharp voice. "Bess! Get me my pistol."

Why hadn't she thought of that? The pistol. She sped through the dim, calm cabin, indifferent to the baby's war-cries, and pounced on the revolver in the small drawer of the desk; ha, it was loaded. She flew back to the deck, stepping over the outflung arm of the mate. Bill and the mate and Jim. The skipper received the weapon in his left hand, still pressing his right to the oozing wound. He exerted all his strength—but he could not fire with his left hand; in truth, he could not lift the weapon. And the haze thickened fast.

"Shoot," he whispered, thrusting the pistol into his wife's hand, "if you have to. He's crazy."

"If you have to," persisted Captain Jim Brown in a tiny voice, "shoot—him." He slumped back on the hatch into darkness, his right hand red with blood.

Elizabeth knew now that Jim was dead. Why didn't that second mate wake up and help them? Was he afraid? What right had he to sleep at such a time? Perhaps he was dead, too. Jim had told her to—but she couldn't do it. Yet she must. Jim had told her to, and Dave was her friend. The children—— She tottered towards the struggling men.

They no longer rose from the deck; they rolled and struck and bit. Dave's eyes blinked now and then through running blood. Even his bald head was red—like a sleek red wig, thought Elizabeth; this was no ship for red-haired men. She stepped nearer. They must keep still a moment; they moved so fast, so confusedly, writhing over and over, over and over. Dave's blows were silly flaps and when he fell on his back only by a superhuman effort did he raise himself. Once as he toiled he caught a glimpse of a figure against the blue sky, clad in a purple robe with white undergown fluttering in the gay wind, violet eyes edged in black, wide open, hair ruffled and bright.

"A hangel," he muttered, and found inspiration to bite Charley's wrist. Charley immediately crashed Dave's head to the deck with a jarring bang. Dave's eyes closed. Charley struck two vicious blows in his face and swung his sheath-knife clear; simultaneously Elizabeth lifted her shaking hand and a man darted into sight across the deck and hurled himself upon Charley's back; the two stupid spectators, roused at last, and more men who ran from the fo'c'sle launched themselves into the fray. The waving revolver had spoken, twice, startlingly, and was answered by a minute "ping" of metal on metal, and by the slow spread of a rip in the taut belly of the mainsail. Everything was over; Charley was pinioned.

"I must have hit him," murmured Elizabeth light-heartedly. "I think I did. See the blood. I used to be a good shot." Then her head cleared a bit in the stillness. "Take the captain into the cabin, Mr. Hardy, please," she said with composure as the little second mate burst from the door, tousled and half-dressed, sleep still fogging his round blue eyes. Would the children be frightened at seeing their father—like that? "Take the mate," swallowing, "into his room. And put Dave——" Dave was opening his available eye, moving his lips, looking at her beseechingly.

She bent to his whisper.

"Charley—he has—them fits. Don't let 'em—'urt 'im. Me own—brother," he breathed and drifted away into unconsciousness.

Elizabeth started. Brothers. She had talked with Dave for hours without a hint of this. Though they had looked alike she had assumed it a resemblance born of kindred habits. Mr. Hardy appeared at her elbow.

"Put him—somewhere. I'll fix him—by and by."

"Yes'm." Mr. Hardy gently gripped her arm and guided her to the door.

. . . . . .

Jim lay on the rumpled bed; could he really be dead? It did not seem decent under the circumstances for the baby to scream so powerfully for an overdue breakfast. But weak throbs reassured Elizabeth's fingertips wandering and searching for Jim's heart. She must brace up. She must consult the medicine book immediately.

Elizabeth seated herself with a sigh on the stool before the medicine chest, pulled out the top drawer and opened the cupboard doors; her legs were ready to drop off any moment. Since early morning she had been ministering to the sick, wrapping them in bandages that slipped and had to be replaced, sopping up blood, scolding invalids and children, feeding what seemed like fifteen babies, and presently it was all to do again.

Oh, the second mate—no, he was the mate now—stood distrait in the doorway. "You know, ma'am," he blurted, "I dunno how to take the sun!" His eyes scanned her face for suggestions.

"Oh, don't you? Well, I don't believe it makes much difference for a day or two."

"Nobody knows 'ny navigation, and we got to git a position somehow. You don't happen to know, Mis' Brown?"

"Why, yes, I did learn once. I may have forgotten though. It's kind of complicated. Do you think we need to bother?"

"Yes, ma'am. We got to know where we are. We're clippin' along pretty fast and they's islands and we can't be s'far from Australia now."

"Well, I'll see if I can do it. What time is it?"

"Close t'eight bells. You'll have to take it now if you're goin' to, ma'am."

Elizabeth's weary legs bore her to the sextant box and she stared down at the smug-faced chronometer and practised counting seconds, cast a glance at Jim, who breathed stertorously with a scarlet face and one hand outside the blanket twitching at each breath. She plodded up the stairs and on the poop, uncertainly turned the sextant round and round trying to recall how it went. Did she have to move the little mirror? Or all those bits of colored glass? Probably Jim had left those all fixed. Like this you did it, she decided. Then there were patient moments swaying back and forth on deck in the roasting sun. Oh! Almost missed it. There now—oh, count! One—two—three—four—EIGHT—BELLS—seven—eight—nine — ten —eleven——

She scribbled the figures on a scrap of paper and started to work with them.

After vast struggles and much erasing of mistakes she finally had a result that fitted on the chart in a reasonable place, though quite close to the margin. She would have to find the next chart.

There were plenty of charts and all so curly. Here were several without a scrap of land to give you a clue, with just a pencil-marked path across the expanse of ocean. She studied the latitude figures carefully; no, those degrees didn't match. By this time they should be using a chart with Australia or at least some islands on it. "I wonder why the thing you want is always the very last," she exclaimed as she lighted upon Australia. She weighted the contrary sheet on the table and with gasps transferred the position to the new chart and surveyed the effect. "Now there's Australia——"

Rolling it up once more she mounted the companionway to show Mr. Hardy, and the two bent their heads over the outspread chart. "There's where we are, I'm quite sure. It agrees pretty well with yesterday's. There's Australia over there to the right. I should think we'd have to go south of east all the time, wouldn't you?"

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"Kind of east-by-south, I guess," he muttered, "now how far would you say that was?"

"A degree is about—no, I don't believe it is. I think a degree down here isn't so many miles as it is farther toward the Line. I'll have to look it up. Anyway we're a safe distance off; if we were within even a week of getting anywhere I think the captain would have mentioned it.

Elizabeth went below to read the medicine book on food for invalids. The steward could make a lot of soup.

In a few days Dave could lurch aft for his dressings; he was a fearsome spectacle, however, and, repeatedly remarking through a swollen mouth that he'd look a pretty tough customer on a dark night, was mildly puzzled at Elizabeth's giggle.

Jim showed improvement before the mate. His first conscious idea related to the ship, and Elizabeth stated the arrangement in vogue at the time and he smiled faintly; he asked the position, frowned, and shut his eyes, with a mutter to keep a sharp lookout.

ONE night Jim roused Elizabeth from her intermittent sleep to demand the time, and she told him tartly to count the bells and not wake her up for nonsense.

The mate continued feverish, still obsessed with the notion that eight bells was his cue for action; but he was far too ill and bewildered to have discovered as yet that eight bells never sounded.

One grey day when the sun was hidden in a threatening sky Elizabeth stepped quietly into the forward cabin for a pitcher of water and, as she often did, advanced a pace beyond the pantry door for a slanting glance into the invalid's room; she saw him propped on his elbow, his face lifted to the small window, like a man of steel, waiting, waiting for something. What troubled the poor soul? She was tempted to speak to him, to push him gently down on the pillow, but while she hesitated the poop bell rang noon time, one-two, one-two, one-two, and from far forward came the mocking echo, one-two, one-two, one-two. The man dropped heavily on the bed with a groan.

"That's it. Crazy! Crazy, I am."

With the pitcher slopping in her hand Elizabeth stumbled up the companionway, caught the astonished Mr. Hardy by the sleeve. "Strike eight bells! It's that that's bothering him. He hasn't heard eight bells and he thinks he's crazy. Strike it loud and slow."

Slowly, precisely, unmistakably: One-two, one-two, one-two, one-two rang the poop bell. The look-out who had spun on his heel at the sound guessed the meaning of Mr. Hardy's gesture and vanished from sight; the sonorous forward bell spoke, correctly. Elizabeth with a laugh nodded. "Now we'll see what'll happen."

This time it was Jim who was tense; he sat up in bed and shouted irritably whether, in his illness, they couldn't do so simple a thing as ring the bells right; if there was anyone on board who couldn't count he'd be glad while he was abed to teach him to count up to eight, and why in thunder did they ring seven bells and then six bells and then, right on top of that, eight bells? He thought he was crazy yesterday when he noticed seven bells and then six bells again and to-day—Elizabeth laughed at him and said the system kept the patients' minds alert.

The second mate, bound for dinner, looked in upon the mate who was sleeplly regarding the ceiling with his hands laid limply on his stomach; he rolled his eyes at Mr. Hardy's inquiry about his comfort.

"I was beginning to be sure I was crazy," he said in a drowsy voice. "But it's eight bells now and my watch below. By Heaven, I've counted bells day and night. Git out, will you? My head aches like the devil. Shut that door. I ain't no public show or waxworks."

Mr. Hardy obeyed.

"I'll be second mate again pretty soon," he grinned at Elizabeth. "The mate's come aboard."

"I'm going to be reduced myself," she replied in kind. "The captain's been scolding me about the way the bells are rung. He says we're driving him insane with our shiftlessness."

When Jim at last did move from bed he was annoyed to find himself very flimsy; when he essayed the companionway his wound stabbed him and he had not sufficient strength even to surmount the high door-sills to the main deck. He hobbled about like an intolerably peevish old dog, his wife reflected. But every day he achieved one stair more until one noon she opened the poop door to the methodical chant of seconds and collided with him sitting on the top step; she lost her count to the ruin of the day's observation, and she reprimanded him sharply. But Jim laughed for the first time since he had been ill, and his eyes shot their old merry gleam at her.

They had made remarkably good time, commented Jim.

"I never made a faster trip myself from the Cape," continued Jim with that inscrutable grin at his wife. Been good strong winds, eh?"

"Great, sir!" gloried Mr. Hardy. "Reg'lar whales. We sure carried some sail! Ain't been a day when we didn't make a couple hundred or more miles. The old girl'll sure sail when you give her the canvas and a fair wind. Leaks bad, though, sir."

REJOICING in a pleasant day, while the ship bowled through for Bombay in a hot wind from the profound blue sky, Elizabeth looked up from her chair at the mate in the doorway.

"Cap'n here?"

"Oh, yes." At the voices Jim came from the big room. "How's your hand, Mr. Brooks? I haven't seen you for days, hardly?"

"Bad, bad," he mumbled, crossing at Jim's nod to the bathroom.

There was the usual tinkling of glasses, smothered words, silence, mutter, silence. "Well, come on deck and I'll see," in Jim's voice.

The mate passed out; shortly, Jim went up the companionway. Elizabeth saw the mate's legs traverse the port window and later return. She had almost forgotten her curiosity when he re-entered the forward cabin, pacing a short swift course just out of her sight, back and forth. He went into the pantry where he produced various little jingles, a pound, and a crash. What in the world was he doing? He couldn't be hungry. The steward, on an errand, discovered him and beat a talkative retreat. "No, I won't do it. No, no, I won't. I don't care if you are the mate. If you was the Ol' Man hisself I wouldn't do it. I ain't no pertater. I got my reg'lar work to do now and don't you mess up my pantry."

What was the matter? Potato? Curiosity revived and drew Elizabeth from her seat to peep in her turn in the pantry door; the mate was trying, foolishly, to erect a structure of ketchup bottles, condensed milk cans, cross-pieces of knives. He turned a mottled purple face at her breath of surprise.

"You better go 'way. I'm a-goin' to cut off my finger if I kin get this fixed to hold the chisel straight. I can't git anybody on this ship to help me." His voice trembled. "I been and ast everybody and they won't even hold the chisel while I hit. You'd think some of 'em 'ud be glad to."

"Cut off your finger!"

"Cut off my finger or lose m' arm. What's a finger? I seen a thing like this before—on another man. He died. It aches fit to kill a fella. It's all swoll up—m' arm's nigh's big's my leg. The skipper says it ought to come off, but when he got to the point o' doin' it he was seasick-like." The careful tower collapsed as the vessel rolled and with a whisper of objurgation he began once more his awkward left-handed task. Elizabeth caught a glimpse of his hand, and shuddered.

"If you d-don't mind if I shut m-my eyes, I c-could hold it f-for you," Elizabeth said. She couldn't let him do this thing all sole alone. "Maybe—I c-could."

"You go 'way. I'll git this gallows fixed stiddy bimeby. Wisht it was a dead calm for ten minutes."

She stepped to his side. "Put the chisel where you want it, and—and put my hand on it. I c-can't look at it." She felt a wooden shaft in her fingers, felt it shift and settle on something soft and twitching.

There was a smashing blow that would have felled a tree, a splintering sound; the chisel stood upright in solid wood, quivering. "Is it d-done?"

"Yes'm," presently came a whisper. "Don't look. You go tell the cap'n, please. I want a bandage. Just pass me back that ap'n o' the steward's there. Tell the cap'n."

She met Jim, descending, as she tacked towards the poop and she motioned pantrywards. "The mate," she said, "bandages." Jim hastened. Presently she heard their voices in the bathroom, the mate's exclamations of "Ouch!" and "Gee!" and "My Heaven, cap'n, don't put on no more o' that!" You wouldn't suspect, meditated Elizabeth, from his bluster now that he had crudely amputated his own finger with a hammer and chisel. Amputat—pertater. She was g-going to laugh or c-cry or b-both.

But her intentions were thwarted by the thud of a heavy fall and Jim's grunt, the pumping of water, a whiff of ammonia; then a scrambling of feet and the mate ejaculating, "What'd I do, cap'n? Faint like a nice young lady? We got a ship's company of 'em, 'cept your wife, sir. I bet she don't do no swoonin'. Jus' gimme your arm, sir, if you don't mind for a minute." Then a confusion of irregular steps faded into the forward cabin. Jim's voice summoned the steward.

Jim stood in the doorway, contemplating his pallid wife, whose blue eyes were enormous; he grinned, though he leaned against the jamb.

"I seen in the paper," he remarked in a small voice, "where a lady disappeared. I—I feel inclined that way myself. He said you held the chisel and that the rest of this ship's company were sweet young females."

Mr. Brook's injury mended and by the time land was sighted his arm had decreased in size to its customary proportions and his spirits had correspondingly increased.

From his first trip ashore, Jim opined that he would end in jail, with that money—he brought sacrifice and burnt offerings: he produced, while Jim paced lordly on the poop, an Indian shawl for Elizabeth, whistles—darn the man—for the boys, two heavy silver bracelets for the baby. He begged Elizabeth to pass on to the cap'n a queer short sword with an ivory or bone haft, en-

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cased in a carved wooden scabbard. At his hurt dismay when Elizabeth lectured him for extravagance and threatened to refuse them, she relented. They were beautiful gifts, she admitted, too nice. Where had he discovered such treasures?

"Oh, when we come in I thought I seen the Julius Walker over yonder and I ast around and sure enough 'twas her. Well, once I made a trip aboard her and I thought the Ol' Woman would lay me a course if I could find her. I was to Havana with Mis' Bristol. We had the fever aboard. She knows all about these foreign places gen'lly and she piloted me. She knows you."

"Mary Ann Bristol!"

"Yes'm. You ought to ha' seen her that time we had the fever." He shook his head weightily, whether in condemnation or commendation one could not determine, but assumed, in view of Mary Ann Bristol's infirmity, condemnation, alas.

"Oh, I want to see her!"

"You'll have to crack on sail then, ma'am. They're leavin' in just a day or so. She told me, though, to tell you she'd be at the Consul's to-morrow 'bout ten o'clock and loaf round there long as she could. You really like that shawl?"

"Beautiful!" Elizabeth swathed it around her shoulders, patting and arranging. "The things are just lovely. Only you shouldn't have done it, Mr. Brooks."

"You took care of me when I had m'busted head and you hepped me with m'finger. You been fine to me. And, anyway, they didn't cost much," he deprecated. "Well, I got to be off." The poop door creaked and the mate fled.

PART II.

JIM tossed his sou-wester in the air so that, descending, it perched on his head. The baby screamed with glee, flapped her arms and lost her balance, and Swabby dragged her to her unsteady feet where she wavered uncertainly and sat down again abruptly with pleasant smiles and dimples. "Her sea legs aren't so good, are they? You stand up, landlubber. Want to come on deck for a spell, Jimmy?"

"Yes!"

"Oh, Jim!" There was panic in Elizabeth's cry.

"Bess! Now quit that. Put on your oilskins, son."

Elizabeth's mind fretted and jumped. Presently she mounted the companionway and looked out; the rain poured in sheets, obliterating the leeward view, dashing and streaming on the windward windows so as to obstruct her vision on that side also. Jim would be absorbed with his ship. Her business was the children. She must go out.

She put on her old thick coat, a sou'wester and her boots.

Everyone looked surprised when she popped from the companionway, Jim even a bit suspicious.

"Isn't it great!" she exclaimed guilefully. "The cabin's so stuffy."

Jim grunted.

Elizabeth worried as she watched Jimmy's small figure. The deck was slippery, treacherous; he was so small; the vessel canted so steeply that when he strolled with his father to leeward it seemed impossible that they should not slide into the sea which swished by, close and hungry, licking the rail. When Jim paused and tipped his head back to scan the telltale and the canvas, Jimmy paraded alone, vastly important. He was too young to understand danger or fear. She herself had been like that on her first voyage, and she well remembered the day Jim had told her not to talk like an idiot about not being afraid. Well, she never had again, never would, at least not about the sea.

There was a bustle on the main deck; small yellow puppets mounted the rigging; sails were clewed up here and there. Men massed themselves in various places, tossing coils of rope from belaying-pins. Elizabeth could perceive that the wind was veering fast; the telltale had switched to quite a different angle with the yards and the sails shivered. Jim stood intent.

With his fingers in Jimmy's collar he stepped across the top of the house, watchful, cool. Everybody seemed posed for action; faces craned towards Jim over powerful shoulders; far forward stood the second mate, waiting; the man at the wheel shifted his hands on the spokes and he turned a little sidewise, his head also twisted towards the skipper. Jim flung a word over his shoulder to Pat at the wheel, and shouted.

"Leggo and haul!"

NOW the ship heeled to the other side, the telltale streaming off to port. Sailors ran to the poop, pulled taut the spanker-sheets, ending the boom's mad exercise over Elizabeth's head; other men sped up the rigging, the clewed-up sails flapped down again and bellied hard. Once more they were sheering, all sail set, through the pin-pricked grey waste.

Thick fog swaddled the English Channel when the Asa West duly arrived in England, opaque and stalthy. Again and again Elizabeth stepped out on the poop and strove to penetrate the density that wrapped them; it touched her skin like a wet cloth, beaded her eyelashes. It crushed down, a horrid weight more menacing than night or storm. The forward part of the ship disappeared in it. A man at the break of the poop was unrecognisable. Their foghorn grunted regularly, yet it would be difficult to state the precise location of that foghorn. But, of course, it was on the vanished fo'c'sle head. Other foghorns sounded, shrill, booming, hoarse, whistling, near and far, on invisible vessels that cut dangerously through the crowded Channel.

"Oh, Jim," she cried at last, "how can you go at such a pace here? We might hit something."

"Only steerage-way, not wind much," he answered. "We can be hit just as easy lying at anchor. At least we're under way and manageable and——"

"But steamers."

"Well, they're all creeping along, prob-ly dead slow, just like us. Oh, come on, Bess!" There was the hint of impatience again that she had learned to dread. "I don't want to be run down any more than you do. But if we are, we are. Go below, Bess, and do something."

Unwillingly, with a lump in her throat, she went below. She swallowed, swallowed twice, as she descended the stairs; the children all looked up at her, watched her with those round eyes as she sat down and folded her hands and tried to ignore the wisps of fog that floated in the cabin. From their play they still turned occasionally to her in that puzzled way.

"Is somep'n going to hit us in the fog?" asked Swabby suddenly, after a long scrutiny of his mother's face.

She started.

"O' course not," asserted Jimmy before she had collected herself for a reply. "Can't you hear our ol' foghorn?"

"I can hear lots of foghorns. Is somep'n going to hit us, Mamma?"

"No, I guess not, Swabby, your father says not."

"Oh. Do you think somep'n is going to hit us?"

"Something might. But I don't believe so, because we've got to have Christmas in port once in a while."

"I never seen Christmas on land."

"The last time we had Christmas, Mam, you made candy on the oil-stove and Papa gave us each a brand-new pencil. When I was showin' mine to the carpenter it fell overboard. It was red. Papa wouldn't go back after it for me. Whee, Christmas! I bet if anything came out of the fog at us we'd tack ship quick and get away. Quick as scat. Leggo the royal halliards!"

"Leggo the royal halliards!"

"Iggo alyers!"

At Jim's step on the stairs Elizabeth realised how tensely she sat, her hands closed, her toes curled in and every muscle and nerve stretched. She tried to relax, to assume an easy posture for his benefit, but his shrewd dark eyes probed her duplicity; he approached her chair and dropped on its arm, straightened her bent fingers, giving the hand a little shake to limber it up.

"What you going to do if we hit something, Bess?" he whispered in her ear. "Don't let your imagination run wild. Find something to do. You'll frighten the children, too. I didn't mean to be cross." He gave her hand another flip and when wrist and fingers jerked limply his eyes twinkled. "Now I'll have to be off. What'd you landlubbers do if a ship came larruping out of the fog at you?"

"Tack ship!" shouted Jimmy and Swabby.

"Tack ip!" screamed the baby.

"Leggo and haul!" roared the chorus.

"Iggo all!" squealed the solo.

Leggo and haul, thought Elizabeth, a motto for her. Jim advised her to do something, and Mary Ann Bristol said to keep busy. She was frightened chiefly on account of the children and Jim, so she justified her fears, but she couldn't wish the children to grow as terrified as she or for Jim to be miserable in her misery.

"I'm going to tack ship, Jimmy," she said seriously.

"Leggo and haul!" he responded with vigor, and once again the cabin rang.

. . . . . .

Hard days, eased by occupation, tallied off the months. The months hurried, tallying off years.

Experience in this kind of life, Elizabeth came to believe, had only surface roots; weeds, they had no future.

Long to be remembered was the shabby old man to whom Jimmy had talked one day in the broker's office while his father was finishing some business, and whom Jimmy had hospitably invited to survey the marvels of his ship. Father and son had escorted the taciturn old fellow aboard where Jimmy, Swabby and the baby had guided the guest fore and aft, chattering, explaining, naming things; the family had been thunderstruck the next day when Jimmy had received a letter of gratitude, enclosing three one-hundred dollar bills for him, his brother and his sister "from an old shell-back to three young ones."

For a long time now they had had a black steward with a large gold ring, who proved a godsend to Elizabeth, for in bad weather he was scared, turned a mottled grey and his hands trembled. But he was faithful; with terrified eyes rolling, he polished brass and handed plates and swept, punctuating his tasks with irrespressible moans. Elizabeth herself, bent nervously over her wool-work, was astonished sometimes at her own voice saying consolingly, "Oh, it's getting better now, steward; it'll soon be over. You don't need to be frightened, Cap'n Brown is a fine sailor."

"Yes'm. Oh-h-h! But no kine of a sailor

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kin fool the sea alla time. Oh, Lawd, ain't this turr'ble."

No kind of a sailor can fool the sea all the time.

"What do you go to sea for, steward? Why don't you get a shore job?"

"It's a long story, ma'am. I tells you some time when bimeby there ain't no sea leapin' and boundin' and devourin'."

Fair weather jobs increased as the children grew. They all had lessons now. Their clothes had to be made, mended. She knit their sea stockings herself.

Little by little Elizabeth had elicited the steward's tale. When he was a boy of sixteen he and two companions, one a white boy of bad habits, had broken into a grocery store and robbed the till; they had been caught and sent to gaol for five years.

"One day loafin' down on de docks I hepped a big white man carry his budgets on board a ship and I walks round her lookin'. Never been on a ship before. I hepped the cook peel potatoes—I hoped he maybe give me somepin to eat. He says could I wait on table for suppa, the steward done gone, and I says sure. I ain't never done it, but I hear my mother tell how folkses have things done, and I was pret disprit. So he lemp me ap'n, and I got the suppa on. The Ol' Man he says I kin stay s'long as I don't steal nothin' from the ship and works good. An I been goin' to sea now twenty years I reckon. I save money, too. When I gits back to Baltimore agin I'm boun' to go out and splurge roun' little so all them folks so mean to me kin see. Sometimes I think I stop goin' to sea and git me waiter job ashore, but I knows it ain't no use. They hear I been to prison pret soon and out I goes. If somebody lose a purse in the restrunt then everybody point the finger at me. I never tooken the leastest thing fum any ship er anybody since I been goin', ma'am.

* * * * * *

On a fateful day in Baltimore Jake went ashore for the long-desired splurge, postponed for several weeks. Upon their arrival the crew and an incompetent cook had been discharged and Jake had been a tower of strength and willingness at odd jobs. At last, Elizabeth undertook to get supper herself—he was to be spared. Everyone promised assistance. The steward's face shone like lacquer at the deluge of advice he received on the best ways to splurge.

"Have you seen the steward, Mis' Brown?" called the mate from the forward cabin.

"Oh, no. I just must see him. Is he grand?"

"Cl'k, cl'k." He shook his head and half-shut his eyes at the memory. "I'll send him in.

"Ha' you seen the steward, Mis' Brown?" called the second mate, plunging into his room.

"Oh, no! He hasn't gone yet, has he?"

"I'll send him in. He's feeling a little bashful."

"Have you seen the steward yet, Bess?" Jim came grinning down the companionway. "I caught a glimpse of him from the poop—Solomon in all his glory."

"I must see him. I do hope he won't go without coming in." The children, infected with Elizabeth's excitement, whirled about the cabin like a school of nervous fish. "Oh!"

The outer door opened and the steward entered. His grin spread from ear to ear and if such a jetty skin could blush it must have blushed at the shout of greeting and admiration.

"Oh, steward, aren't you splendid!"

He bobbed and ducked in the cabin door. He wore a brown and white checked suit, very short and tight of coat. His shining shoes had buttoned cloth tops. Across his black vest there looped to starboard and port a massive gold chain. His tie was luridly red and pierced by a noble pin, and his collar flashed gleams of light from its surface. He bore in his hand a cane and a derby of a revolting shade of yellowish brown; furthermore, that hand was adorned with a diamond ring and the other hand with his large gold ring. His face radiated bliss.

"Iss chain mister the secon' mate lemp me. He tol' me it ain't gol' but it looks mightily like it to me. I wish I had a gol' watch, but I ain't got no watch 'tall." He ducked again as Jim came into view at the farther door.

"Well, steward, you do look fine. I've got an old watch that you could take on your trip. It's busted, but it looks like gold." The steward's eyes rolled though he murmured protests.

"No, sir, I cou'n't. Might lose. Aw, now, sir, that's a fine watch. I cou'n't. Wou'n't it look gran' on this yere chain? Uh. Uh. Gran'. You sure you kin spare dish yere watch? I git him fixed for you afta. Got somepin on each end now, ma'am. Mister mate lemp me lil compass for stahb'd side. Ain't it a smart trick? You notice m'cane? Mister carpenter he lemp it to me. He says it come fum the ol' country where he come fum. Beautiful cane, ain't it, Cap'n, sir?"

Jim swung the cane with pleasure, ran his hand along the polished wood. "Sure is a beauty. You can give 'em a good crack with that knob, steward, if they get troublesome."

"Sure can, sir, got good heavy head. I aimed to git me a fine silk hankchuff to wear in my front pocket, but I fergits it. No, now, ma'am, don't you go fer to git me one of the cap'n's nice hankchuffs. Uh. Juss you lookkee how noble that hankchuff looks stickin' out my pocket. I take good care of it, ma'am. I won't go to wup m'nose on that hankchuff. Don't really 'cessitate no hankchuff anyways but it sure does give lot o' style to have sich. Aw, ma'am, I cou'n't put m'hat on in here. No sir, ma'am. But I stan's outside in de door, if Jimmy be so kine as to hole it open, and I puts on m'hat and you see me then."

He posed resplendent on the grating, framed like a picture in the doorway; they all exclaimed and smiled, wished him a good time, assured him he would cut a dash.

"I hope he'll be all right," worried Elizabeth at intervals during the afternoon. "He was so gorgeous, I'm afraid. He might meet some of his gaol acquaintances who like watches and stickpins and diamond rings. Did you ever see such an enormous piece of glass in your life!"

"Has the steward come back, Mr. Brooks?" she asked at eight o'clock, hearing a familiar pad of steps in the entry. "I do hope he's all right. It's probably some awful district. He might be attacked after dark. They'd see that diamond stickpin and the ring flashing. I do wish he'd come back."

"Oh, has the steward come yet, Mr. Stinson?" she inquired at ten o'clock, looking up from the book which she was reading aloud to Jim. "Dear me, he said he'd be back early. I'm anxious about him."

"They're having a party for him, I guess," responded the second mate.

"Well, maybe that's so. Jim, I can't seem to keep my mind on this; I don't have the least idea what the last two pages have been about."

"Think of having a wife that gets so anxious about a steward, a black steward," murmured Jim. "I hope it's only the clothes, because I could buy me raiment and jewellery. But personal charm—I never expected to be jealous of a steward."

When morning came but no steward, Elizabeth was not alone in her uneasiness; everyone was keeping an eye on the dock. Jim paced the poop restlessly. At ten o'clock he put on his shore clothes.

"I'm going after that man," he said. "I have his mother's address. He's probably landed in gaol somewhere, dead drunk, but I'm going to find out. I feel responsible."

"Jim, I don't want you to! I'm sure it's a dangerous neighborhood. I just know it. It's bad enough to be worried about the steward, but I'll simply go crazy with you prowling around among those ruffians. Please don't go. Send a policeman."

"Ho, I'll do better than that. I'm taking Brooks along. He's hoping for a fight, and he'll be disappointed when we find the steward sobering off in the lock-up. I wish I hadn't let him wear that jewellery. They tell me he had a wad of notes, too, to show off. Stinson says his sister's married to a fella that's been in the pen for various offences. We'll pick up a policeman as we go along, Bess, so don't you fret. I'm going to fetch that fella back if he's alive."

In the late afternoon a clatter of hoofs resounded on the dock. Jim descended from the cab, the mate descended, then the steward; but a steward of diminished grandeur. Where was the yellowish-brown derby. In its stead he wore a darkly spotted bandage beneath which gleamed a happy grin. The mate guided his dizzy approach to shipmates appraising the damage and their own losses. The shiny collar was gone but the red tie was arranged in a large bow-knot to conceal the deficiency. The checked suit. Why, he was wearing torn and dirty dungaree trousers. The splendid green shirt was in rags. Though he still had the vest, the gold chain that had festooned its front was missing. So also all the jewellery. Nevertheless, he swung the cane gallantly. Certainly he had not the hang-dog air of one rescued from a gaol, but rather the mien of a warrior. And the mate obviously had eaten a canary.

"Tell me everything, Jim."

"Oh, we had a great time. First place, it was like storming a fort. We had a policeman with us, and the steward's mother seemed to think we were going to arrest her boy again. All the neighbors far and wide gathered round and we told them who we were and that we didn't want to arrest Jake at all; that he was a very valuable man who couldn't be spared from the ship, and they got excited and shrieked at the old woman and the hullabaloo was tremendous. There were some rough-looking specimens in that mob, and I was glad we had a bobby along to give us tone. It takes a lot of nerve, as a rule, to tackle a policeman in cold blood.

"Well, with everybody shouting, the old woman couldn't hear anything, and it looked like we'd be there till doomsday. So finally, very timorous, we decided to go, anyway.

The poor old creature was almost mad with fear. She thought he'd go to gaol again.

"I wish you could ha' seen it, Bess. It was just too ridiculous." Jim slumped down on the sofa with outstretched legs and he sucked at his pipe with the twinkles gleaming and dodging in his eyes. "Ho, hum. No, I didn't hit anybody; not exactly, I did dig my elbow into one fat porpoise

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that was crowding us a little too much. I thought. He was still gasping and groaning on the kerb when we left. My, I'd like to have been the one to slam that rascally brother-in-law, but Brooks is too fast for me. It was a great ruckus, Bess."

Inspired thereto by the steward's pre-war magnificence, Elizabeth decided to buy a new hat—though it was nonsense, she said. Yes, she and Swabby would meet Jim at the broker's afterwards.

She trudged into the office and saw—why, Jim was jubilant over something.

The family plodded homeward. Jim with his fingers inserted in Swabby's coat. The children talked excitedly of their day ashore, and under cover of their chatter Jim now and again exulted over his good fortune.

"She's a fine fast ship, I've heard. The Blanchards build good ships. All I hope is that Cap'n Peavey doesn't change his mind about retiring; these old skippers are always talking about it, and never doing it. But I don't see that he can help it now she's been offered me. We have to buy into her. Well, we can can sell out of the west, and we've been pretty saving on the whole. I can raise money on my insurance or borrow some of a bank, think likely, and in a few years we'll be foaming along, Bess. I'm attached to this old vessel though, and I sure was glad to get her. But she's still older now and leaks like a sieve. The topmast—won't it be fine to have a brand new vessel; practically new anyhow, Bess?" He pressed her arm. Then a suspicion clouded his mind. "You are pleased, aren't you, Bess?"

"Oh yes, indeed! It's splendid!" Her smile reassured him and they walked on for a time in silence.

"Lemme see. We'll make this voyage and by the time we're back—if it should be a little too soon we might take a vacation and run up home and see the folks. I haven't had a vacation for twenty-two years. And then, hooray for the Abigail Blanchard!"

"I can't get over it. Why, Jim, I'm thirty-seven years old." Her voice sank to a despairing whisper and her eyes, blue and big and sad, sought his. "I've got just hundreds of little teeny wrinkles round my eyes, and those deep ones at the corner of my mouth. I feel young. I can't bear to grow old!"

Jim crossed the room and sat on the arm of her chair, cuddled a hand under her chin. "Old? Nonsense. I'll know you're getting old and ugly when those darn brokers and skippers stop hanging round you wherever we go." Her face brightened as he scanned it.

"I hate to think of it, though. Do you love me, Jim, just the same?"

The hand stroking her cheek paused and he sat silent. Oh, she wished she hadn't asked that. What if—and she herself loathed people who tried to pry up the unrevealing crust to see what the pie had inside. What if—

"Love you, Bess? Maybe not in exactly the same way as I did at first—but you don't either, I guess.", Better, better, she thought to herself, far better; then I believed I loved David Bridge. "But now, you're a lighthouse on a lee shore in a dirty night. The north star. A good wife and a stout ship, that's about all, a sea-faring man gets of life. Some men never have either while I've got both." He gripped her shoulders. "I'm pretty poetical—here come those darn kids."

When the ship was almost ready for sea, lying out in the stream, a disturbing letter from Aunt Sophy arrived. She told how Uncle Bill had gone out after supper one rainy, slippery evening to talk with Louis Blackhair, an aged Indian, who had dwelt for many years in a shanty on the outskirts of the village, and on his way home he had had a fall, spraining his ankle and breaking his wrist, and he had been thoroughly chilled before he had at last succeeded in reaching home. Now he was down with pneumonia, and Aunt Sophy feared the outcome. She wished Elizabeth were there. One saw Aunt Sophy, fat, independent all her sixty-odd years, wishing Elizabeth was there.

"Do you mind if I go home, Jim?" She was torn between two anxieties, one for Jim, who, alone and untrammelled, would attempt an extra fast voyage, and one for Uncle Bill, who might die. She would have to trust Jim; she couldn't let Uncle Bill go without having seen him again.

"I'll miss you," Jim spoke slowly, "but I think you ought to go. It'll be only this trip anyway, and then we'll take the new vessel. Certainly you must go and help your Aunt Sophy. You should get right off, I s'pose. I'll go ashore in the morning for tickets and so forth. I'll miss you. But I was away when my mother died and it makes a little ache to remember."

Elizabeth went below to put finishing touches to her work and to be with Jim as much as possible for the small time remaining. And presently her husband joined her.

He said meaningly that he had something for her that would make its appearance in due season. What could it be? Evidently nothing large or cumbersome or she would have seen the package.

Jim sauntered back presently with a small white box in his fingers. "Here's a ring I bought you, Bess. There now. I haven't ever given you any jewellery since I bought you a handsome wedding-ring for two dollars or such a matter."

"Oh, Jim!"

"I saw one something like this in a jeweller's window." He held her hand, staring down at the ring. "I'd like to have got you the big one in the window. It reminded me of the color of your eyes." He laughed self-consciously at his sentiment. "It's a sapphire."

"Jim, I know you paid too much—and just when we have to spend a lot, too. But oh, Jim, isn't it beautiful! And all those wicked little diamonds around it. You're an extravagant wretch and I've a mind to make you take it back. You could tell them that the lady just hated sapphires the color of her eyes with little diamonds round about. I've never thought about jewellery since I was a girl in school. Sometimes then I used to wish I had some—the other girls had rings. I had one with a tiny little turquoise in it when I was about ten, but I lost it and I used to think Henrietta Lord found it, for some time afterwards she began to wear one she said her uncle gave her, but I believed it was mine. However, that was only a common little ring. This is lovely." The children crowded near to see and exclaim over the blue and white sparkles.

"It's getting late, Jim."

"No, is it? It does that every afternoon I've noticed." He planted a light blow on Jimmy's stomach and a cuff on Swabby's head, shook himself with a sigh, straightened his clothes and passed a hand over his hair. "However, it seems to me it did it quicker this afternoon than ever before. Well, you fellas, put on your things. Hey, Mr. Brooks, I guess we're ready to shove off." The cabin filled with men's bustle over boxes and trunks; then it was bare and forlorn. "You take that small bag. If you boys break those ship-models I'll scalp you the next time I see you. What's this, steward? Lunch? Say, Elizabeth, the steward's made you up a box of lunch. You got everything now? Not leaving anything behind but me?"

They trooped through the forward cabin laden with bundles and bags. The children were excited, but their mother felt suddenly sad. She glanced swiftly over the old ship, forward and aft, up at the towering masts, at the group of men by the gangway. This, this was her home.

"Take good care of the cap'n, steward," she murmured, shaking the big black hand. "I depend on you not to let him get sick or anything. Good-bye. Good-bye, everybody. Oh, good-bye!"

With cries of farewell the boat pushed off from the black side of the ship, the streak of water widened between them, and they swung around and headed for the shore. The children continued to wave and screech, and as the boat crept around the stern of a barge which would obstruct their view entirely Elizabeth turned for the last time, saw the men still lining the rail, waved, saw arms flung up in answer and heard the faint shout borne over the water.

"So-long!"

She clung to Jim's arm at the steamer rail.

"Oh, Jim, I don't want to go. I feel so uneasy about leaving you. Something may go wrong, I'm afraid."

He patted her back cheerfully. "Nonsense, Bess. You felt like this, you said, when I left you ashore when Swabby was born, and nothing happened, did it?"

"You got yellow fever," she replied instantly.

He had forgotten that. That was a slip. "Well, you can't have that but once. Anyway you needn't try to scare me. Write often, Bess."

"Yes, and you write to me every day when you're in port, won't you, Jim?"

"So you can get in a frenzy if I miss a day, eh? Well, I guess not. I'll write at judicious intervals. B'bye, Bess. Jimmy, I trust you to take good care of your mother while I'm away. So-long, shipmates."

The final hard hugs and kisses were exchanged, admonitions for the boys' conduct, an extra kiss for Elizabeth. Jim strode down the steamer's long gangplank which was already in the clutches of watchful sailors and a gold-braided officer. The gangplank lifted from the dock, slid aboard; now they were cut off from the shore. The steamer with its attendant tugs snorted and churned, backed a little, ground her stern against the pier, drew away.

Elizabeth marshalled her retinue along the deck to a place whence they might catch one more glimpse of Jim, bareheaded on the dock. He swung his hat in wide salutation, held Elizabeth's eyes for a long moment with his own across the boiling gap of dark, dirty water, whirled abruptly on his heel and walked up the dock, away from them. Wouldn't he look back once more? Evidently not. Oh, good-bye, Jim.

But he did. From the shadow of the warehouse he watched the steamer dwindle to a tiny puff of smoke and vanish utterly.

. . . . . .

Letters from Jim came regularly, then suddenly ceased.

Elizabeth's days were full from dawn to dark; Uncle Bill was making a very slow recovery. Aunt Sophy, worn with work and lack of sleep, was crotchety, the children

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rioted with health and the novelty of shore life. There seemed to be no end to the meals. She had accustomed herself to a cook and steward. Invalid's meals must be prepared, and stout victuals for the growing children—the housework necessitated by the swarm of inmates in the house was endless.

She seized time to take the children over the river one Saturday to call upon their grandfather; they behaved remarkably well, standing off shyly and inspecting the tall old man with sidewhiskers and bright dark eyes who stepped from the house in his high hat and long-tailed coat to examine the party.

"The girl looks like James," he observed, and Elizabeth nodded. "Very much as he was when a boy. Yes, the boys are like you. What are you going to do with them?" Then, "I guess we might go inside. If the young folks went out to the kitchen I wouldn't be surprised if you found your Aunt Mary had some cookies or something. Well, here she is now. Wouldn't you say, daughter, that James has a very fair-looking family?"

Elizabeth fumbled for conversation with the old man in the sitting-room, amidst jagged pink sea-shells, chumps of coral, ivory tusks, a half-dozen enchanting foreign fans pinned open against the wallpaper. Her gaze travelled over the quaint photographs and tintypes on the mantelshelf, and from the tail of her eye she could dimly discern that the right-hand wall was devoted to ship pictures, paintings and photographs, and that over the dining-room door was nailed a builder's half-model of a ship's hull, polished and brown. Jim liked ship things, too.

"What you going to do with those children?" he demanded again presently.

"Jim wants them to go to college," she replied, "if we can afford it."

"College. Well, that won't do any harm, I s'pose. But if you send one, send them all."

"Jim thinks sea-faring—that by the time the boys grow there won't be many ships."

"Well, he's wrong. There've got to be ships and men to sail 'em. Steamers can't carry all the freights. We've been sea-faring folks for generations, Elizabeth, and I hope your boys will carry it on."

One day, upon a scheduled visit, to the children's grandfather, over the river, to her astonishment Jim's father gave into her hand a stiff legal paper. "I've deeded that small house the Blakes have lived in to James, Elizabeth. I haven't felt quite right that twice when James needed a vessel he had to find one outside the family. The Blakes are moving to California to live near their son. The house brings only a small rent, but it will be well for you and James to have a home to fall back on when he gives up the sea for good. Besides, I should like to have you on this side of the river. When your Uncle William is about again you might like a house of your own until I find a good tenant for it."

"Why, Captain Brown?" She was quite overcome.

"Well, Elizabeth, it's not in the best part of town, you understand, but it's a sturdy old house with a big yard, big enough for children and a garden. The house is only a story and a half. I think I could rent it for you right off—or would you want to move into it yourself?"

"I couldn't leave Aunt Sophy just now, Captain Brown. She's awfully tired, and there's a lot of work to do and so many people come to see Uncle Bill and stay for meals that she never can rest. Jim'll be pleased about the house. So am I. You know, I've always wanted a little old house. I can plan about it and furnish it while we're at sea, over and over."

The old man almost smiled, a deep wrinkle, in fact, creased his gaunt cheeks raising a snowy hump of whisker. "Well, the say-so's yours and James'. I'll follow your instructions. I would suggest, Elizabeth, though I dare say it's none of my business, that you call your second boy William. Swabby strikes me as a very unsuitable name for anyone. Now it's time for you to leave; I think you can make the four o'clock ferry."

At last the monotony of the days was broken by a brief notification from the owners that the ship had arrived; and thereupon, unless the weather was very bad, Elizabeth plodded daily, sometimes afoot and sometimes in Uncle Bill's buggy, to the post office, though she was well aware that letters could not arrive for two weeks at least. Letters, oh, letters. Finally two came at once, a thin one scribbled, so Jim said, as the anchor chain clanked down and he was hurrying to go ashore on the tug, and one, tremendously thick, which proved to be a series written at sea.

There were many letters after that, and when summer was suggesting autumn the pilot-letter came.

My dear wife, Elizabeth,—

Hurray, we're homeward bound. I shall count the days till I see you. When I consider how dull this voyage has been I feel even more virtuous than I did when I let you go home. I don't think I could do it again. I have laid in a lot of coarse yarn—homespun—for the return trip, and I am puzzling over my next design; my idea is a ship dropping the pilot and whenever the mate or the steward observe me—I do the drawing on the forward cabin table—they warn me, with plenty of sirs, of course, that I have left out the royal halliards or the jib downhaul or the galley smokestack. They are all for complete accuracy. Some license should be allowed a burlap artist. I have begun to re-read Shakespeare—I thought of buying a new copy as Grandsir Parrott's is heavier than the deepsea lead and the print is infernal—but I resisted temptation. Shakespeare is a good shipmate to have along. "Never lie by thy side, see thee no more"—do you know where that comes? Since I read that lately, it's haunted me—seemed as if we had been separated for years instead of months, but every day now will bring us nearer.

The days will pass slowly in my eagerness to see you. Give my regards to your aunt and uncle and my love to the children. Don't worry, Bess, over every storm that is reported. Those terrific newspaper gales are just good breezes to a sailor. Goodbye, my dear love, and keep up a good heart and a stiff upper lip for we're homeward bound this very day.

Your ever loving husband,
Jim.

Then the silence fell, broken only by a notice that a steamer had passed and spoken the Asa West and all was well aboard. The round of tasks, of dutiful visits occupied the days. Dreaded September and October lagged by without reports of West Indian hurricanes. Raw November could not chill Elizabeth's spirits which were rising daily. The Wednesday afternoon when Jim's father remarked, "Guess she's coming up the coast now," was a gala day in spite of biting spits of rain and Elizabeth imparted to all and sundry whom she met that thrilling bit of news. "She's coming up the coast now, I guess!"

It was then that a blizzard leaped like a mad creature at New England's throat. The howling wind piled snow about the white houses, bore down old barns to bury livestock in the ruins; great sturdy trees swayed and lashed and big boughs snapped under the violence of the gale and the weight of snow. Three days it raged.

At the end of eight hours Elizabeth was doing necessary tasks for the children like a mechanical toy; her hands automatically washed dishes, rinsed cup-towels, brushed hearths, fed fires with chunks of wood and coal.

At the end of twelve hours Elizabeth, sleepless, was sitting beside a kitchen window with a lamp casting a dim light on a mass of colored wool on the table and a rumpled piece of cross-stitch on her knee. Fingers stiff with fear pushed the needle back and forth, over and under, across, back and forth. Each high shriek of the wind caused a sudder in the slight figure humped over the gaudy embroidery. The foremast had been reinforced with temporary iron bands! A gust rattled the windows of the old house. She was wearing her lightweight canvas probably, not the Cape Horn Number One stuff. Even her best was frail and patched. The needle punched in and out and, somehow, the colors did not seem quite right. The lamp dimmed and dimmed.

Elizabeth filled the lamp again. She was reminded of something. Coffee, yes. She filled the coffee-pot, one, two, three, four mugs; she stirred the fire, holding the pot on the stove and absently looking about for something. A string. She secured the pot to the stove-cover handle. Another howl of the wind sent her back to her chair and her furious sewing.

In the miserable early morning Uncle Bill found her still at her work. He smelt the scorching coffee, noticed the string that kept the pot from overturning when the ship rolled and his old heart was wrenched.

"You can't help him by staying up all night, Bess." He laid his arm on the tormented shoulders. "He'll be all right, my dear."

"I can't sleep. She's old. She leaks. She's rotten." A monotonous catalogue of the facts that held disaster and death for seamen, learned in the school she had chosen.

"But Jim is a first-class sailor. You mustn't——"

"Yes. But she's old. She's old."

Uncle Bill sighed and patted her back. "Suppose you help me get out to the barn."

Elizabeth stepped for a moment from the shelter of the buildings; the wind wrapped her clothes about her and tore at her hair. The drifts were already deep, and the top surfaces whirled off like carried-away sails. He had been on deck all night, all night. All of yesterday. The foremast had had to be reinforced with iron bands.

It must moderate soon. How could it go on and on? Elizabeth began to pace the floor, six steps forward, six back. Jim was pacing the poop still, twenty-four hours or more now. Maybe he hadn't had anything to eat, no coffee. There'd be lifelines rigged everywhere. And, oh Heaven, she was such an old ship! The awful seas would pound and pound at her and the men would pump and pump, icy hands on those iron pump-handles, their lips drawn back from their teeth. Elizabeth stood perfectly still in the middle of the room

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and heard the scream of wire rigging and the thunder of the battering seas and the wash of water over the lee rail. Do something.

During the day the storm abated.

. . . . . .

For three weeks and more the newspapers retailed the havoc, disasters to countryside and city; little by little tales of losses at sea filtered in, suspicions, certainties.

The Lemuel Wakefield, four hundred miles off the coast on that Sunday, made port with a story of a fearful gale, two men lost overboard, the captain hurled across the poop to break his spine, her jibboom, foretopmast and to'gallan'mast gone. She had spoken the bark Neptune inward bound a day or two before, a faster vessel, but the Neptune had not arrived—as yet.

"Jim's run for it, Bess," said old Deacon Bate Brown, making a hard journey up from the Point to say this word to his white-faced niece-in-law. "He'll be in pretty soon. Once I was blown six hundred miles out o' my course."

Losses, losses at sea. When people eyed her guiltily and gossiped fast about the neighbors' bad boys to the exclusion of other subjects, Elizabeth guessed that another suspected disaster had been confirmed.

"Why don't you tell me!" she screamed suddenly at Uncle Bill once. "Can't you see I've got to know?"

"Jim's all right," he quavered, tottering across the room for his pipe on the mantel, forgetting his purpose and cruising about nervously. "He's just been blown out to sea. If anybody could weather that gale Jim Brown could. Everybody says so."

"She leaked. She leaked. She was old." Elizabeth spoke now in a dead voice of horror. "She was old."

"He run for it," reiterated the old man.

"Outrun that wind?" It was no use to talk. If she sat in the sitting-room window she would see first whoever came up the path, back or front, with news; they shouldn't deceive her. She sat by the window. No news, no real news. Days and days . . .

A jingle of bells heralded a sleigh. Someone enveloped in coats and mufflers walked to the back door, could be heard stamping his feet in the kitchen.

"In there?" a man's voice asked.

Jim's father entered; he placed his tall hat on the centre table, sat down in Aunt Sophy's rocker, and met Elizabeth's eyes squarely.

"I'm afraid he's gone, Elizabeth. I don't see any hope. It's been too long a time now . . . We've got to grin and bear it, I guess." He looked old, old; he drew one of the familiar enormous colored silk handkerchiefs from the tail of his coat, unfolded it, folded it, restored it to the pocket, consulted a fat gold watch. "I'm afraid he's gone."

"Gone," she echoed vaguely.

"You understand me, Elizabeth? James is lost. I—I," he hastily jerked out the handkerchief, unfolded it, folded and replaced it. "It's no use watching any more . . . You understand, don't you?"

"Lost. Yes. Yes."

"I felt I had to come and tell you. But I'd better be getting back. It's almighty cold." She continued to stare at the old man, thinking how red and pinched his nose was, how raw were his bony veined hands that alternately fumbled the handkerchief and watch; his eyes, usually so bright and penetrating, fixed flimly on a crocheted tidy. He shook his head, rose and made his slow way towards the kitchen door. With his hand on the lath he paused in dreary thought.

"Simon," he said. "James. Keep a stiff upper lip, Elizabeth."

A stiff upper lip! Almost the last word in that last letter. Ah, there wasn't any sleigh in the yard. She had only dreamed that Jim's father sat over there telling her not to watch or hope any more, to keep—a—stiff—upper—lip. It was a bad dream . . .

But over there on the floor by Aunt Sophy's rocker was—a colored silk handkerchief.

UP the lane spurted the doctor's horse. Henry; in the winter quiet the tinkle of sleigh bells made starlight music and the flicker of the swinging lantern was a tiny beacon for wayfarers of the dark. Elizabeth, untangling herself from the buffalo robe and the shawl and blanket, barely escaped plunging headlong into the snow; she rolled back the stable door and the reliable nag followed her, tumpity, tump, tumpity, tump, on to the floor, and waited. Chilled fingers undid buckles, turned and pulled off the jingling collar that left a dark necklace round Henry's neck. She stroked his nose and he nuzzled her shoulder and snorted politely, his breath blowing like a dragon's from his nostrils. Elizabeth delayed his hungry haste only long enough to dig a ball of snow from one hoof; then he clumped along, went down a step and entered his stall. She threw clean straw on the floor and heaped a feast before him, lingered while with satisfied gasps and grunts he set to. Funny, how they could like hay. Well, now she must go in and tell her news.

The kitchen was warm and light; Aunt Sophy checked her own impressive motion, looking back over her shoulder.

"I've dished up. I heard you. Thought you might come on the five o'clock boat. Supper's all ready to sit down to. You look a little chirked up."

At the head of the table sat Uncle Bill with cold ham and a dish of milk toast before him; around Aunt Sophy at the foot ranged the teapot and cups, and a yellow-and-blue bowl brimming with raspberry preserves; bread and butter and cookies were present in abundance. The children, in place, had already buried noses in glasses of milk over which their eyes rolled at their mother's entrance.

Uncle Bill exchanged a glance and a nod with Aunt Sophy, the code of the long-married. But he said nothing; he portioned out milk toast and ham to the adults and milk toast to the children.

"Put some preserves right on top o' that and it'll be master good. Pretty cold, eh, Bess?"

"Yes. 'Bout eighteen, 'Lijah Bacon just said. But there's no wind. Henry was in great spirits."

"He needs exercise, I guess. I took in three patients to-day." He sounded as happy as a young doctor over his first victims. "Think I'll drop round on Mrs. Elwell to-morrow. She's just spleeny and cranky, so I might's well get my hand in on her."

When the children were gone, Elizabeth looked first at Aunt Sophy and then at Uncle Bill, caught their expectant gaze on her as if they divined that her journey had meant more than a dutiful call on Captain Brown.

"I called on the School Board. They're different, all new men, except Mr. Price. David Bridge is the Chairman. I—he—they said I could have the fifth grade in the Ash Street School in the spring term. They've had some trouble with the teacher. I—I—" She hoped her voice wasn't going to play tricks on her, for both her hearers started at her first announcement.

"Going to work!" Aunt Sophy gasped her dismay.

"Teaching school again," muttered the Doctor, removing his spectacles and polishing them on his napkin; he peeped through each lens in turn ridiculously with one eye, then mounted them on his thin nose, hooking the padded bows behind his ears. "Ho hum. Be like old times."

Like old times! Elizabeth took a long drink of water, cleared her throat and picked up her thread. "Not exactly, Uncle Bill. I—it's like this, Aunt Sophy. I'm going to move into the little house Captain Brown gave to—us, and put the children in school over there. It—it'll be easier every way."

"Live in Bath!" cried Aunt Sophy, as if it were Patagonia. "Oh, 'Liz'beth!"

"We'd like for you to stay on here," pronounced Uncle Bill.

"There are too many of us. And the bigger the children grow the more numerous they seem. Sometimes they're like fifty wild Indians. They make a lot of work for Aunt Sophy and——"

"But I like to have them here!" wailed Aunt Sophy.

"You know they tire you. Why, they tire me. Sometimes I could poison them." Elizabeth tried to laugh.

"You can't teach school and keep house besides."

"Yes, I can. And we don't have too much money, Aunt Sophy. Jim—we wanted the children to have a college education and it costs a good deal and it's so near. Why, Jimmy's quite a big boy; he might enter high school right now. He's never had vacations from school like most children. And it won't be hard work. The boys can do lots of things round the house, they'll have to. Even Sal can do little chores and every year she can help me more."

"We can always spare any money you need. Why, if your Uncle William had ever collected a quarter of what people owe him we'd have a sight. But he takes a peck of potatoes instead of ten dollars." Aunt Sophy glared at her spouse. "And probably Cap'n Brown——"

"He offered—oh, I couldn't hang on him Of course, I'd ask you if I needed some. Anyway, that isn't the only reason. I—I've got to have something to do, something to occupy my mind, really occupy it. I—you know—just to think and think and wonder about things and never to understand——"

They knew. Uncle Bill nodded.

"When I'm teaching school five or six hours a day and the children are raising a hullabaloo the rest of the time, I won't have time to think or remember. And, by and by, I won't—mind so much, or maybe—I'll understand." She snatched her glass of water, swallowed it wildly, after the manner of Sal, strangled and coughed furiously. "I've got to keep busy," she snorted in a second fit of coughs."

"Guess you're right," agreed Uncle Bill. "Take a piece of bread for that coughing. Work's a good thing generally. Of course, we'll miss you like sixty, but you'll come over often, I hope. Summers. Anyway, I'm proud of your spunk, and——"

"Leggo and haul!" bellowed a chorus in the sitting-room, with an immediate crash of overturning furniture, a thud of bodies.

"My gracious!"

"My land," murmured Aunt Sophy, "That lamp!"

"It's only the rocking-chair tacking ship again," grinned Uncle Bill. "On a lee shore, I judge."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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